VOL. XXXV. FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 4.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

112 J W Pero Dec 88

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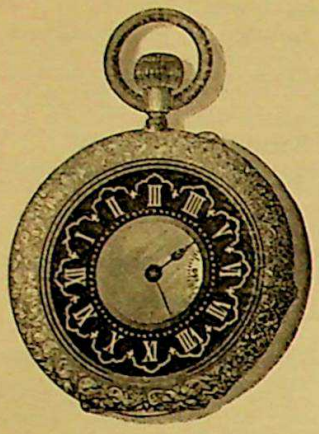

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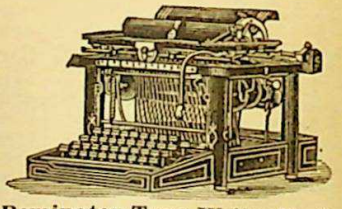

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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV. FEBRUARY, 1888. No. 4.

RANCH LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

OLD-STYLE TEXAN COWMAN.

THE great grazing lands of the West lie in what is known as the arid belt, which stretches from British America on the north to Mexico on the south, through the middle of the United States. It includes New Mexico, part of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, and the western portion of Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. It must not be understood by this that more cattle are to be found here than elsewhere, for the contrary is true, it being a fact often lost sight of that the number of cattle raised on the small, thick-lying farms of the fertile Eastern States is actually many times greater than that of those scattered over the vast, barren ranches of the far West; for stock will always be most plentiful in districts where corn and other winter food can be grown. But in this arid belt, and in this arid belt only,—save in a few similar tracts on the Pacific slope,—stock-raising is almost the sole industry, except in the mountain districts where there is mining. The whole region is one vast stretch of grazing country, with only here and there spots of farm-land, in most places there being nothing more like agriculture than is implied in the cutting of some tons of wild hay or the planting of a garden patch for home use. This is especially true of the northern portion of the region, which comprises the basin of the Upper Missouri, and with which alone I am familiar. Here there are no fences to speak of, and all the land north of the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains and between the Rockies and the Dakota wheat-fields might be spoken of as one gigantic, unbroken pasture, where cowboys and branding-irons take the place of fences.

The country throughout this great Upper Missouri basin has a wonderful sameness of character; and the rest of the arid belt, lying to the southward, is closely akin to it in its main features. A traveler seeing it for the first time is especially struck by its look of parched, barren desolation; he can with difficulty believe that it will support cattle at all. It is a region of light rainfall; the grass is short and comparatively scanty; there is no timber except along the beds of the streams, and in many places there are alkali deserts where nothing grows but sage-brush and cactus. Now the land stretches out into level, seemingly endless plains or into rolling prairies; again it is broken by abrupt hills and deep, winding valleys; or else it is crossed by chains of buttes, usually bare, but often clad with a dense growth of dwarfed pines or gnarled, stunted cedars. The muddy rivers run in broad, shallow beds, which after heavy rainfalls are filled to the brim by the swollen torrents, while in droughts the larger streams dwindle into sluggish trickles of clearer water, and the smaller ones dry up entirely, but in occasional deep pools.

All through the region, except on the great

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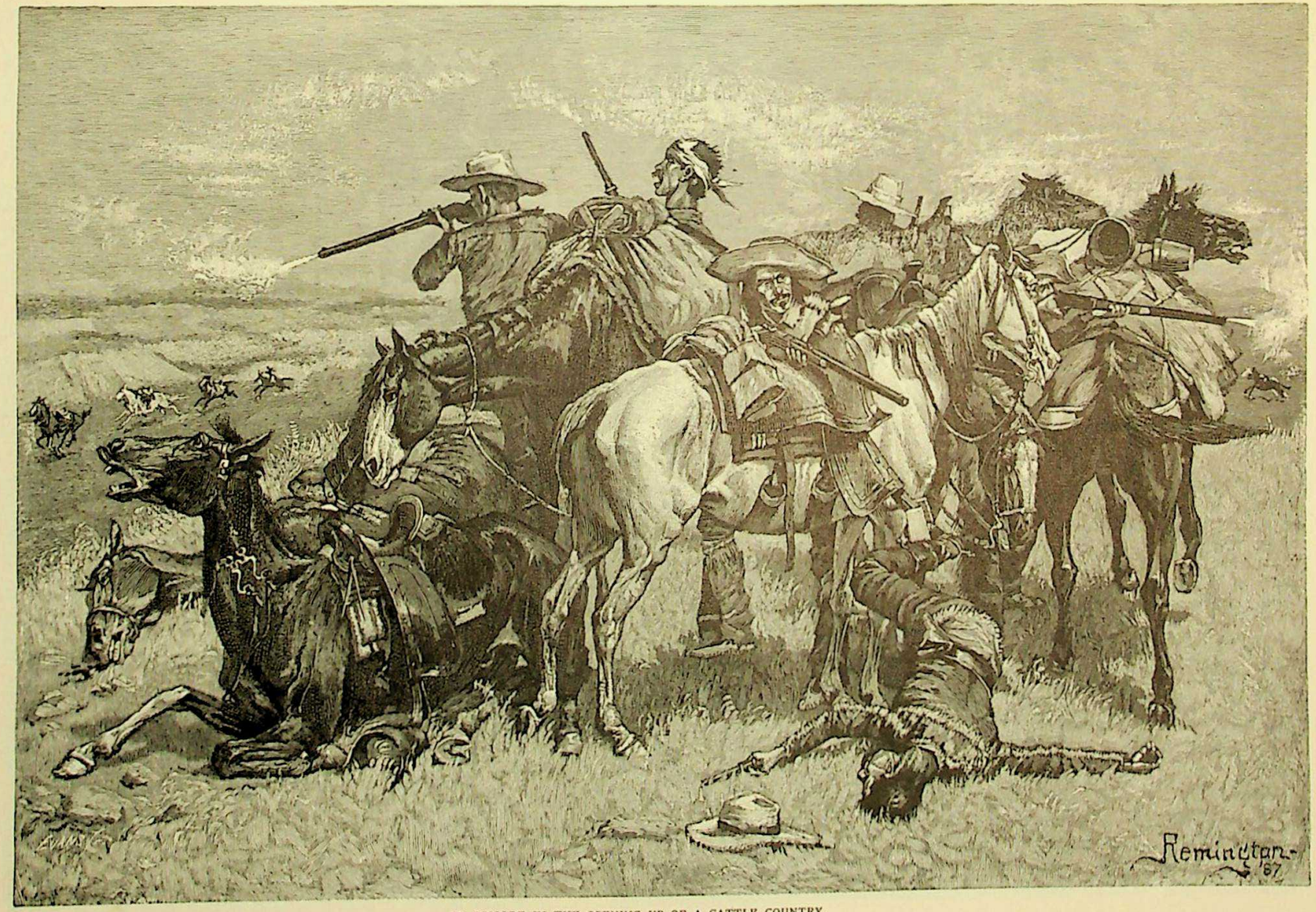
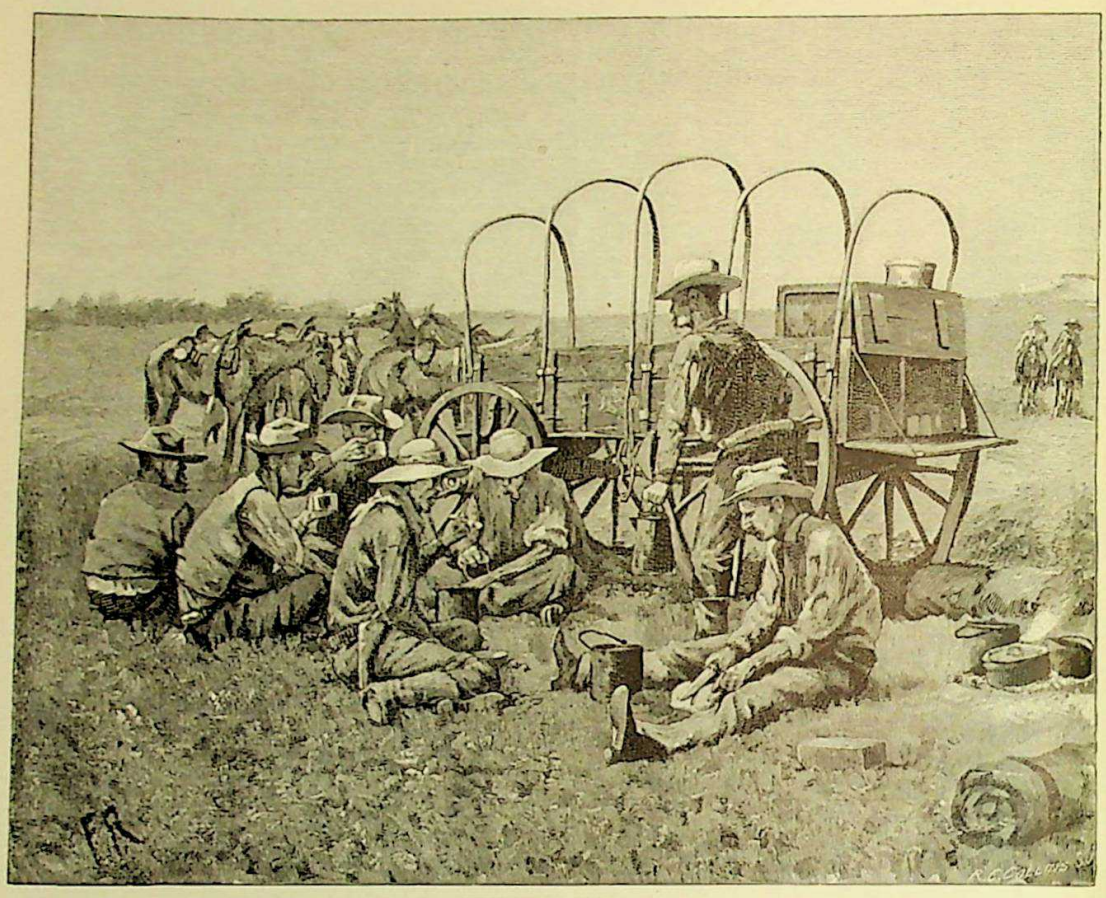
Indian reservation, there has been a scanty and sparse settlement, quite peculiar in its character. In the forest the woodchopper comes first; on the fertile prairies the granger is the pioneer; but on the long stretching uplands of the far West it is the men who guard and follow the horned herds that prepare the way for the settlers who come after. The high plains of the Upper Missouri and its tributary rivers were first opened, and are still held, by the stockmen, and the whole civilization of the region has received the stamp of their marked and individual characteristics. They were from the South, not from the East, although many men from the latter region came out along the great transcontinental railway lines and joined them in their northern migration.

They were not dwellers in towns, and from the nature of their industry lived as far apart from each other as possible. In choosing new ranges, old cow-hands, who are also seasoned plainsmen, are invariably sent ahead, perhaps a year in advance, to spy out the land and pick the best places. One of these may go by himself, or more often, especially if they have to penetrate little known or entirely unknown tracts, two or three will go together, the owner or manager of the herd himself being one of them. Perhaps their herds may already be on the border of the wild and uninhabited country: in that case they may have to take but a few days' journey before finding the stretches of sheltered, long-grass land that they seek. For instance, when I wished to move my own elkhorn steer brand on to a new ranch I had to spend barely a week in traveling north among the Little Missouri Bad Lands before finding what was then untrodden ground far outside the range of any of my neighbors' cattle. But if a large outfit is going to shift its quarters it must go much farther; and both the necessity and the

AN EXPLORING OUTFIT.



AN EPISODE IN THE OPENING UP OF A CATTLE COUNTRY.



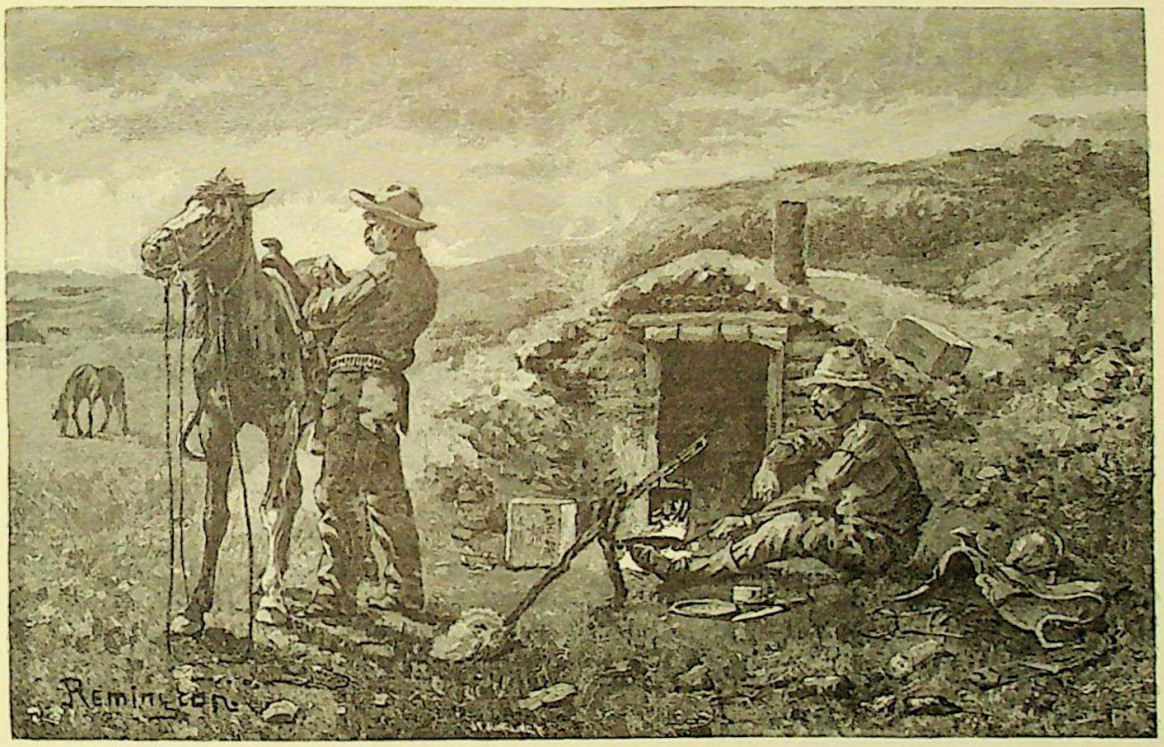
THE MIDDAY MEAL.

chance for long wanderings were especially great when the final overthrow of the northern Horse Indians opened the whole Upper Missouri basin at one sweep to the stockmen. Then the advance-guards or explorers, each on one horse and leading another with food and bedding, were often absent months at a time, threading their way through the trackless wastes of plain, plateau, and river-bottom. If possible they would choose a country that would be good for winter and summer alike; but often this could not be done, and then they would try to find a well-watered tract on which the cattle could be summered, and from which they could be driven in fall to their sheltered winter range—for the cattle in winter eat snow, and an entirely waterless region, if broken, and with good pasturage, is often the best possible winter ground, as it is sure not to have been eaten off at all during the summer, while in the bottom the grass is always cropped down soonest. Many outfits regularly shift their herds every spring and fall; but with us in the Bad Lands all we do, when cold weather sets in, is to drive our beasts off the scantily grassed river-bottom back ten miles or more among the broken buttes and plateaux of the uplands to where the brown hay, cured on the stalk, stands thick in the winding *coulées*.

These lookouts or forerunners having returned, the herds are set in motion as early in the spring as may be, so as to get on the ground in time to let the travel-worn beasts rest and gain flesh before winter sets in. Each herd is accompanied by a dozen, or a score, or a couple of score, of cowboys, according to its size, and beside it rumble and jolt the heavy four-horse wagons that hold the food and bedding of the men and the few implements they will need at the end of their journey. As long as possible they follow the trails made by the herds that have already traveled in the same direction, and when these end they strike out for themselves. In the Upper Missouri basin, the pioneer herds soon had to scatter out and each find its own way among the great dreary solitudes, creeping carefully along so that the cattle might not be overdriven and might have water at the halting-places. An outfit might thus be months on its lonely journey, slowly making its way

over melancholy, pathless plains, or down the valleys of the lonely rivers. It was tedious, harassing work, as the weary cattle had to be driven carefully and quietly during the day and strictly guarded at night, with a perpetual watch kept for Indians or white horse-thieves. Often they would skirt the edges of the streams for days at a time, seeking for a ford or a good swimming crossing, and if the water was up and the quicksand deep the danger to the riders was serious and the risk of loss among the cattle very great.

At last, after days of excitement and danger and after months of weary, monotonous toil, the chosen ground is reached and the



THE OUTLYING CAMP.

final camp pitched. The footsore animals are turned loose to shift for themselves, outlying camps of two or three men each being established to hem them in. Meanwhile the primitive ranch-house, out-buildings, and corrals are built, the unhewn cottonwood logs being chinked with moss and mud, while the roofs are of branches covered with dirt, spades and axes being the only tools needed for the work. Bunks, chairs, and tables are all home-made, and as rough as the houses they are in. The supplies of coarse, rude food are carried perhaps two or three hundred miles from the nearest town, either in the ranch-wagons or else by some regular freighting outfit, whose huge canvas-topped prairie schooners are each drawn by several yoke of oxen, or perhaps by six or eight mules. To guard against the numerous mishaps of prairie travel, two or three of these prairie schooners usually go together, the brawny teamsters, known either as "bull-whackers" or as "mule-skinners," stalking beside their slow-moving teams.

The small outlying camps are often tents, or mere dug-outs in the ground. But at the main ranch there will be a cluster of log buildings, including a separate cabin for the foreman or ranchman; often another in which to cook and eat; a long house for the men to sleep in; stables, sheds, a blacksmith's shop, etc.,—the whole group forming quite a little settlement, with the corrals, the stacks of natural hay, and the patches of fenced land for gardens or horse pastures. This little settlement may be situated right out in the treeless, nearly level open, but much more often is placed in the partly wooded bottom of a creek or river, sheltered by the usual background of somber brown hills.

When the northern plains began to be settled, such a ranch would at first be absolutely alone in the wilderness, but others of the same sort were sure soon to be established within twenty or thirty miles on one side or the other. The lives of the men in such places were strangely cut off from the outside world, and, indeed, the same is true to a

hardly less extent at the present day. Sometimes the wagons are sent for provisions, and the beef-steers are at stated times driven off for shipment. Parties of hunters and trappers call now and then. More rarely small bands of emigrants go by in search of new homes, impelled by the restless, aimless craving for change so deeply grafted in the breast of the American borderer: the white-topped wagons are loaded with domestic goods, with sallow, dispirited-looking women, and with tow-headed children; while the gaunt, moody frontiermen slouch alongside, rifle on shoulder, lank, homely, uncouth, and yet with a curious suggestion of grim strength underlying it all. Or cowboys from neighboring ranches will ride over, looking for lost horses, or seeing if their cattle have strayed off the range. But this is all. Civilization seems as remote as if we were living in an age long past. The whole existence is patriarchal in character: it is the life of men who live in the open, who tend their herds on horseback, who go armed and ready to guard their lives by their own prowess, whose wants are very simple, and who call no man master. Ranching is an occupation like those of vigorous, primitive pastoral peoples, having little in common with the humdrum, workaday business world of the nineteenth century; and the free ranchman in his manner of life shows more kinship to an Arab sheik than to a sleek city merchant or tradesman.

By degrees the country becomes what in a stock-raising region passes for well settled. In addition to the great ranches smaller ones are established, with a few hundred, or even a few score, head of cattle apiece; and now and then miserable farmers straggle in to fight a losing and desperate battle with drought, cold, and grasshoppers. The wheels of the heavy wagons, driven always over the same course from one ranch to another, or to the remote frontier towns from which they get their goods, wear ruts in the soil, and roads are soon formed, perhaps originally following the deep trails made by the vanished buffalo. These roads lead down the river-bottoms or along the crests of the divides or else strike out fairly across the prairie, and a man may sometimes travel a hundred miles along one without coming to a house or camp of any sort. If they lead to a shipping point whence the beeves are sent to market, the cattle, traveling in single file, will have worn many and deep paths on each side of the wheel-marks; and the roads between important places which are regularly used either by the United States Government, by stage-coach lines, or by freight teams become deeply worn landmarks — as, for instance, near us, the Deadwood and the old Fort Keogh trails.

Cattle-ranching can only be carried on in its present form while the population is scanty; and so in stock-raising regions, pure and simple, there are usually few towns, and these are almost always at the shipping points for cattle. But, on the other hand, wealthy cattlemen, like miners who have done well, always spend their money freely; and accordingly towns like Denver, Cheyenne, and Helena, where these two classes are the most influential in the community, are far pleasanter places of residence than cities of five times their population in the exclusively agricultural States to the eastward.

A true "cow town" is worth seeing,— such a one as Miles City, for instance, especially at the time of the annual meeting of the great Montana Stock-raisers' Association. Then the whole place is full to overflowing, the importance of the meeting and the fun of the attendant frolics, especially the horse-races, drawing from the surrounding ranch country many hundreds of men of every degree, from the rich stock-owner worth his millions to the ordinary cowboy who works for forty dollars a month. It would be impossible to imagine a more typically American assemblage, for although there are always a certain number of foreigners, usually English, Irish, or German, yet they have become completely Americanized; and on the whole it would be difficult to gather a finer body of men, in spite of their numerous shortcomings. The ranch-owners differ more from each other than do the cowboys; and the former certainly compare very favorably with similar classes of capitalists in the East. Anything more foolish than the demagogic outcry against "cattle kings" it would be difficult to imagine. Indeed, there are very few businesses so absolutely legitimate as stock-raising and so beneficial to the nation at large; and a successful stock-grower must not only be shrewd, thrifty, patient, and enterprising, but he must also possess qualities of personal bravery, hardihood, and self-reliance to a degree not demanded in the least by any mercantile occupation in a community long settled. Stockmen are in the West the pioneers of civilization, and their daring and adventurousness make the after settlement of the region possible. The whole country owes them a great debt.

The most successful ranchmen are those, usually South-westerners, who have been bred to the business and have grown up with it; but many Eastern men, including not a few college graduates, have also done excellently by devoting their whole time and energy to their work,— although Easterners who invest

their money in cattle without knowing anything of the business, or who trust all to their subordinates, are naturally enough likely to incur heavy losses. Stockmen are learning more and more to act together; and certainly the meetings of their associations are conducted with a dignity and good sense that would do credit to any parliamentary body.

during their long drives with every kind of team, through every kind of country, and in every kind of weather, who, proud of their really wonderful skill as reinsmen and conscious of their high standing in any frontier community, look down on and sneer at the plodding teamsters; trappers and wolfers, whose business is to poison wolves, with shaggy, knock-kneed

A ROW IN A CATTLE TOWN.

But the cowboys resemble one another much more and outsiders much less than is the case even with their employers, the ranchmen. A town in the cattle country, when for some cause it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about, always presents a picturesque sight on the wooden sidewalks of the broad, dusty streets. The men who ply the various industries known only to frontier existence jostle one another as they saunter to and fro or lounge lazily in front of the straggling, cheap-looking board houses: hunters, in their buckskin shirts and fur caps, greasy and unkempt, but with resolute faces and sullen, watchful eyes, that are ever on the alert; teamsters, surly and self-contained, with slouch hats and great cowhide boots; stage-drivers, their faces seamed by hardship and exposure

ponies to carry their small bales and bundles of furs — beaver, wolf, fox, and occasionally otter; silent sheep-herders, with cast-down faces, never able to forget the absolute solitude and monotony of their dreary lives, nor to rid their minds of the thought of the woolly idiots they pass all their days in tending,— these are the men who have come to town, either on business or else to frequent the flaunting saloons and gaudy hells of all kinds in search of the coarse, vicious excitement that in the minds of many of them does duty as pleasure, the only form of pleasure they have ever had a chance to know. Indians too, wrapped in blankets and with stolid, emotionless faces, stalk silently round among the whites, or join in the gambling and horse-racing. If the town is on the borders of the

mountain country, there will also be sinewy lumbermen, rough-looking miners and packers, whose business it is to guide the long mule trains that go where wagons can not and whose work in packing needs special and peculiar skill; and mingled with and drawn from all these classes are desperadoes of every grade, from the gambler up through the horse-thief to the murderous professional bully, or, as he is locally called, "bad man"—now, however, a much less conspicuous object than formerly.

But everywhere among these plainsmen and mountain-men, and more important than any, are the cowboys,—the men who follow the calling that has brought such towns into being. Singly, or in twos or threes, they gallop their wiry little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle; while their stirrups are so long that their knees are hardly bent, the bridles not taut enough to keep the chains from clanking. They are smaller and less muscular than the wielders of ax and pick; but they are as hardy and self-reliant as any men who ever breathed—with bronzed, set faces, and keen eyes that look all the world straight in the face without flinching as they flash out from under the broad-brimmed hats. Peril and hardship, and years of long toil broken by weeks of brutal dissipation, draw haggard lines across their eager faces, but never dim their reckless eyes nor break their bearing of defiant self-confidence. They do not walk well, partly because they so rarely do any work out of the saddle, partly because their *chaperajos* or leather overalls hamper them when on the ground; but their appearance is striking for all that, and picturesque too, with their jingling spurs, the big revolvers stuck in their belts, and bright silk handkerchiefs knotted loosely round their necks over the open collars of the flannel shirts. When drunk on the villainous whisky of the frontier towns, they cut mad antics, riding their horses into the saloons, firing their pistols right and left, from boisterous lightheartedness rather than from any viciousness, and indulging too often in deadly shooting affrays, brought on either by the accidental contact of the moment or on account of some long-standing grudge, or perhaps because of bad blood between two ranches or localities; but except while on such sprees they are quiet, rather self-contained men, perfectly frank and simple, and on their own ground treat a stranger with the most whole-souled hospitality, doing all in their power for him and scorning to take any reward in return. Although prompt to resent an injury, they are not at all apt to be rude to outsiders, treating them with what can almost be called a grave courtesy. They are much better fellows and pleasanter companions than small farmers or agricultural laborers; nor are the mechanics and workmen of a great city to be mentioned in the same breath.

The bulk of the cowboys themselves are South-westerners; but there are also many from the Eastern and the Northern States, who if they begin young do quite as well as the Southerner. The best hands are fairly bred to the work and follow it from their youth up. Nothing can be more foolish than for an Easterner to think he can become a cowboy in a few months' time. Many a young fellow comes out hot with enthusiasm for life on the plains, only to learn that his clumsiness is greater than he could have believed possible; that the cowboy business is like any other and has to be learned by serving a painful apprenticeship; and that this apprenticeship implies the endurance of rough fare, hard living, dirt, exposure of every kind, no little toil, and month after month of the dullest monotony. For cowboy work there is need of special traits and special training, and young Easterners should be sure of themselves before trying it: the struggle for existence is very keen in the far West, and it is no place for men who lack the ruder, coarser virtues and physical qualities, no matter how intellectual or how refined and delicate their sensibilities. Such are more likely to fail there than in older communities. Probably during the past few years more than half of the young Easterners who have come West with a little money to learn the cattle business have failed signally and lost what they had in the beginning. The West, especially the far West, needs men who have been bred on the farm or in the workshop far more than it does clerks or college graduates.

Some of the cowboys are Mexicans, who generally do the actual work well enough, but are not trustworthy; moreover, they are always regarded with extreme disfavor by the Texans in an outfit, among whom the intolerant caste spirit is very strong. Southern-born whites will never work under them, and look down upon all colored or half-caste races. One spring I had with my wagon a Pueblo Indian, an excellent rider and roper, but a drunken, worthless, lazy devil; and in the summer of 1886 there were with us a Sioux half-breed, a quiet, hard-working, faithful fellow, and a mulatto, who was one of the best cow-hands in the whole round-up.

Cowboys, like most Westerners, occasionally show remarkable versatility in their tastes and pursuits. One whom I know has abandoned his regular occupation for the past nine months, during which time he has been in succession a bartender, a school-teacher,

COWBOY FUN.

and a probate judge! Another, whom I once employed for a short while, had passed through even more varied experiences, including those of a barber, a sailor, an apothecary, and a buffalo-hunter.

As a rule the cowboys are known to each other only by their first names, with, perhaps, as a prefix, the title of the brand for which they are working. Thus I remember once overhearing a casual remark to the effect that "Bar Y Harry" had married "the seven Open A girl," the latter being the daughter of a neighboring ranchman. Often they receive nicknames, as, for instance, Dutch Wannigan, Windy Jack, and Kid Williams, all of whom are on the list of my personal acquaintances.

No man traveling through or living in the country need fear molestation from the cowboys unless he himself accompanies them on their drinking-bouts, or in other ways plays the fool, for they are, with us at any rate, very good fellows, and the most determined and effective foes of real law-breakers, such as horse and cattle thieves, murderers, etc. Few of the outrages quoted in Eastern papers as their handiwork are such in reality, the average Easterner apparently considering every individual who wears a broad hat and carries a six-shooter a cowboy. These outrages are, as

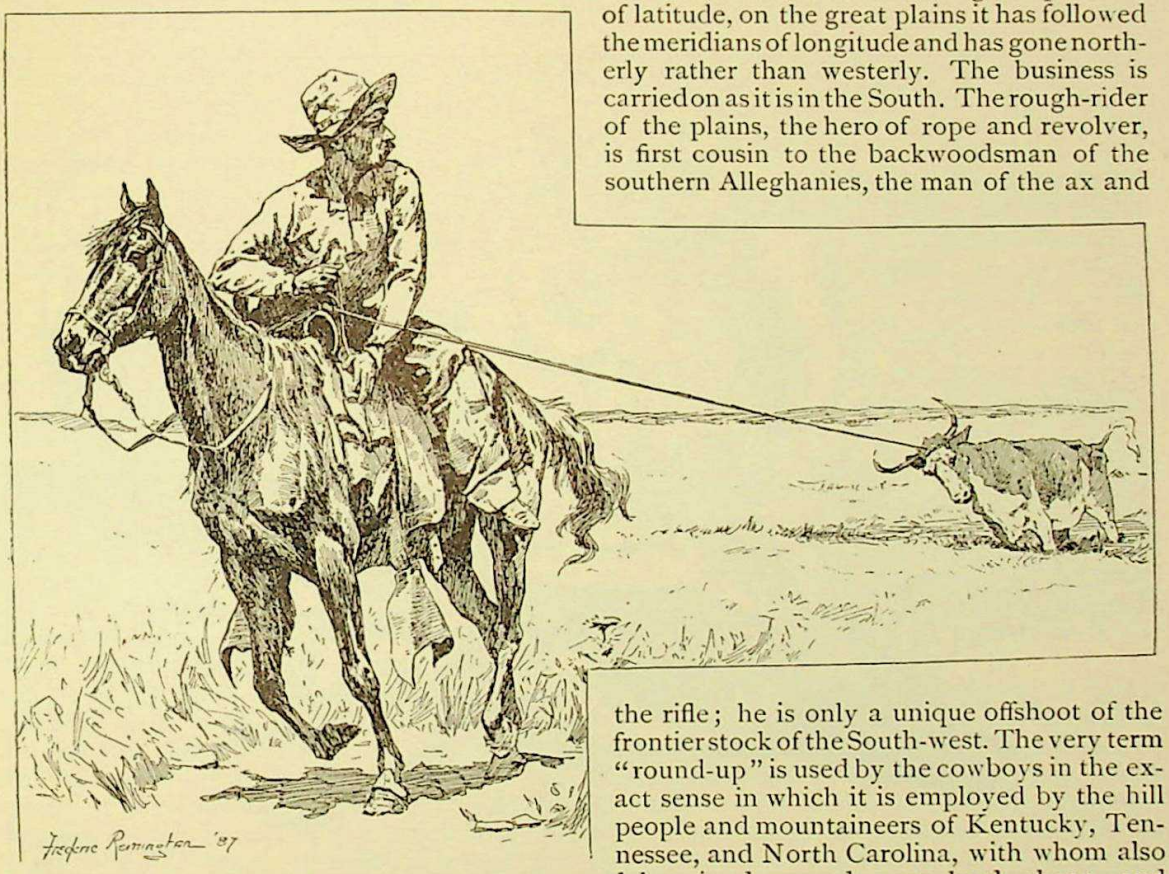
IN A BOG-HOLE.

a rule, the work of the roughs and criminals who always gather on the outskirts of civilization and who infest every frontier town until the decent citizens become sufficiently numerous and determined to take the law into their own hands and drive them out. The old buffalo-hunters, who formed a distinct class, became powerful forces for evil once they had destroyed the vast herds of mighty beasts whose pursuit had been their means of livelihood. They were absolutely shiftless and improvident; they had no settled habits; they were inured to peril and hardship, but entirely unaccustomed to steady work; and so they afforded just the materials from which to make the bolder and more desperate kinds of criminals. When the game was gone they hung round the settlements for some little time, and then many of them naturally took to horse-stealing, cattle-killing, and highway robbery, although others, of course, went into honest pursuits. They were men who died off rapidly, however; for it is curious to see how many of these plainsmen, in spite of their iron nerves and thews, have their constitutions completely undermined, as much by the terrible hardships they have endured as by the fits of prolonged and bestial revelry with which they have varied them.

The "bad men," or professional fighters and man-killers, are of a different stamp, quite a number of them being, according to their light, perfectly honest. These are the men who do most of the killing in frontier communities; yet it is a noteworthy fact that the men who are killed generally deserve their fate. These men are, of course, used to brawling, and are not only sure shots, but, what is equally important, able to "draw" their weapons with marvelous quickness. They think nothing whatever of murder, and are the dread and terror of their associates; yet they are very chary of taking the life of a man of good standing, and will often weaken and back down at once if confronted fearlessly. With many of them their courage arises from confidence in their own powers and knowledge of the fear in which they are held; and men of this type often show the white feather when they get in a tight place. Others, however, will face any odds without flinching. On the other hand, I have known of these men fighting, when mortally wounded, with a cool, ferocious despair that was terrible. As elsewhere, so here, very quiet men are often those who in an emergency show themselves best able to hold their own. These desperadoes always try to "get the drop" on a foe — that is, to take him at a disadvantage before he can use his own weapon. I have known more men killed in this way, when the affair was wholly one-sided, than I have known to be shot in fair fight; and I have known fully as many who were shot by accident. It is wonderful, in the

event of a street-fight, how few bullets seem to hit the men they are aimed at.

During the last two or three years the stockmen have united to put down all these dangerous characters, often by the most summary exercise of lynch law. Notorious bullies and murderers have been taken out and hung, while the bands of horse and cattle thieves have been regularly hunted down and destroyed in pitched fights by parties of armed cowboys; and as a consequence most of our territory is now perfectly law-abiding. One such fight occurred north of me early last spring. The horse-thieves were overtaken on the banks of the Missouri; two of their number were slain, and the others were driven on the ice, which broke, and two more were drowned. A few months previously another gang, whose headquarters were near the Canadian line, were surprised in their hut; two or three were shot down by the cowboys as they tried to come out, while the rest barricaded themselves in and fought until the great log-hut was set on fire, when they broke forth in a body, and nearly all were killed at once, only one or two making their escape. A little over a year ago one committee of vigilantes in eastern Montana shot or hung nearly sixty — not, however, with the best judgment in all cases.

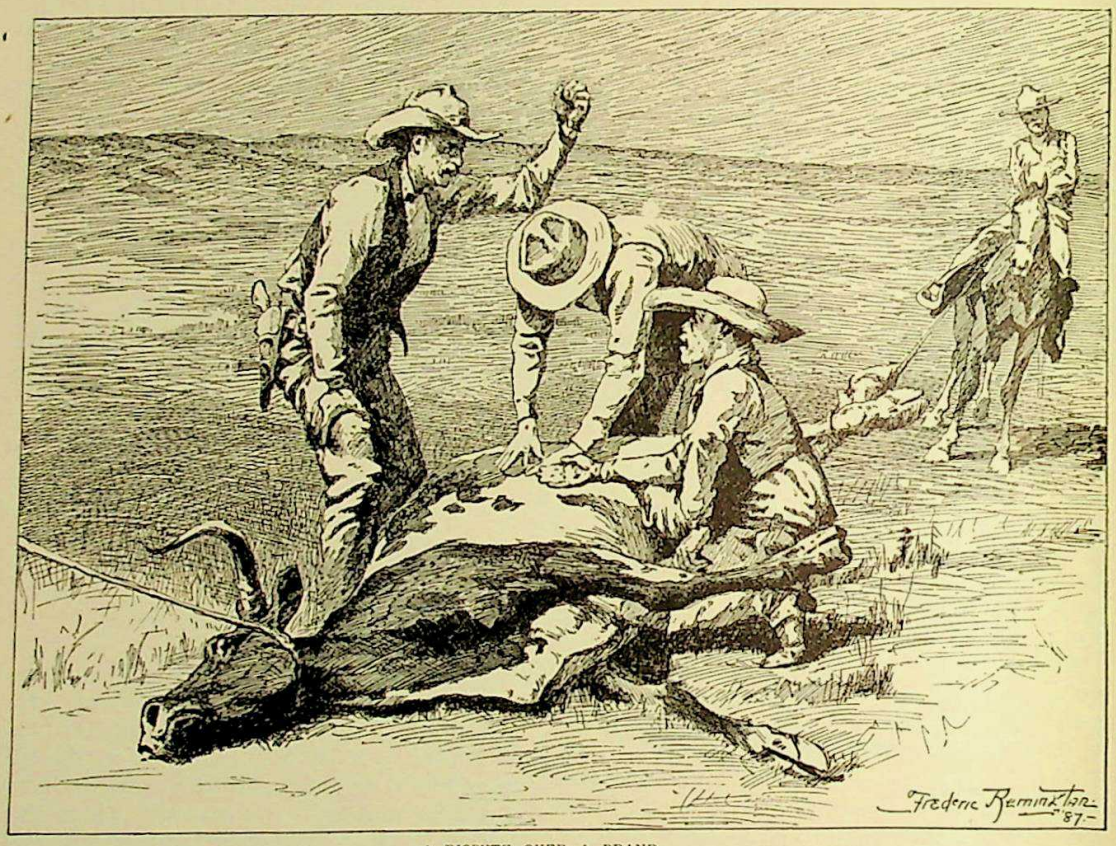


PULLING A COW OUT OF THE MUD.

A stranger in the North-western cattle country is especially struck by the resemblance the settlers show in their pursuits and habits to the Southern people. Nebraska and Dakota, east of the Missouri, resemble Minnesota and Iowa and the States farther east, but Montana and the Dakota cow country show more kinship with Texas; for while elsewhere in America settlement has advanced along the parallels of latitude, on the great plains it has followed the meridians of longitude and has gone northerly rather than westerly. The business is carried on as it is in the South. The rough-rider of the plains, the hero of rope and revolver, is first cousin to the backwoodsman of the southern Alleghanies, the man of the ax and the rifle; he is only a unique offshoot of the frontier stock of the South-west. The very term "round-up" is used by the cowboys in the exact sense in which it is employed by the hill people and mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, with whom also labor is dear and poor land cheap, and whose few cattle are consequently branded and turned loose in the woods exactly as is done with the great herds on the plains.

But the ranching industry itself was copied from the Mexicans, of whose land and herds the South-western frontiermen of Texas took forcible possession; and the traveler in the North-west will see at a glance that the terms and practices of our business are largely of Spanish origin. The cruel curb-bit and heavy stock-saddle, with its high horn and cantle, prove that we have adopted Spanish-American horse-gear; and the broad hat, huge blunt spurs, and leather *chaperajos* of the rider, as well as the corral in which the stock are penned, all alike show the same ancestry. Throughout the cattle country east of the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande to the Saskatch-

ewan, the same terms are in use and the same system is followed; but on the Pacific slope, in California, there are certain small differences, even in nomenclature. Thus, we of the great plains all use the double *cincha* saddle, with one girth behind the horse's fore legs and another farther back, while Californians prefer one with a single *cincha*, which seems to us much inferior for stock-work. Again, Californians use the Spanish word "lasso," which with us has been entirely dropped, no plainsman with pre-



A DISPUTE OVER A BRAND.

tensions to the title thinking of any word but "rope," either as noun or verb.

The rope, whether leather lariat or made of grass, is the one essential feature of every cowboy's equipment. Loosely coiled, it hangs from the horn or is tied to one side of the saddle in front of the thigh, and is used for every conceivable emergency, a twist being taken round the stout saddle-horn the second the noose settles over the neck or around the legs of a chased animal. In helping pull a wagon up a steep pitch, in dragging an animal by the horns out of a bog-hole, in hauling up logs for the fire, and in a hundred other ways aside from its legitimate purpose, the rope is of invaluable service, and dexterity with it is prized almost

or quite as highly as good horsemanship, and is much rarer. Once a cowboy is a good roper and rider, the only other accomplishment he values is skill with his great army revolver, it being taken for granted that he is already a thorough plainsman and has long mastered the details of cattle-work; for the best roper and rider alive is of little use unless he is hard-working, honest, keenly alive to his employer's interest, and very careful in the management of the cattle.

All cowboys can handle the rope with more or less ease and precision, but great skill in its use is only attained after long practice, and for its highest development needs that the man should have begun in earliest infancy. A really first-class roper can command his own price, and is usually fit for little but his own special work.

It is much the same with riding. The cowboy is an excellent rider in his own way, but his way differs from that of a trained school horseman or cross-country fox-hunter as much as it does from the horsemanship of an Arab or of a Sioux Indian, and, as with all these, it has its special merits and special defects — schoolman, fox-hunter, cowboy, Arab, and

Indian being all alike admirable riders in their respective styles, and each cherishing the same profound and ignorant contempt for every method but his own. The flash riders, or horse-breakers, always called "bronco busters," can perform really marvelous feats, riding with ease the most vicious and unbroken beasts, that no ordinary cowboy would dare to tackle. Although sitting seemingly so loose in the saddle, such a rider cannot be jarred out of it by the wildest plunger, it being a favorite feat to sit out the antics of a bucking horse with silver half-dollars under each knee or in the stirrups under each foot. But their method of breaking is very rough, consisting only in saddling and bridling a beast by main force and then riding him, also by main force, until he is exhausted, when he is turned over as "broken." Later on the cowboy himself may train his horse to stop or wheel instantly at a touch of the reins or bit, to start at top speed at a signal, and to stand motionless when left. An intelligent pony soon picks up a good deal of knowledge about the cow business on his own account.

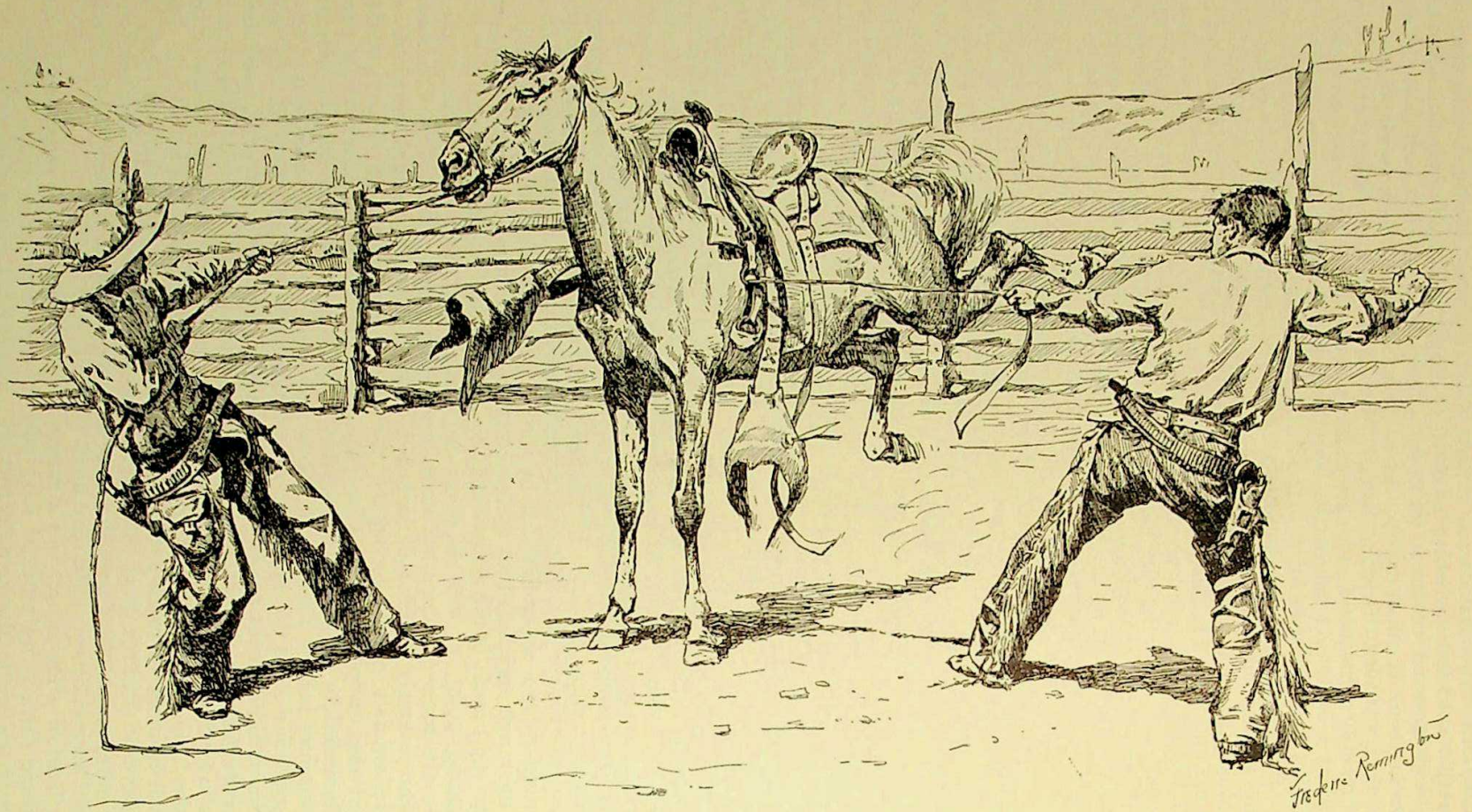
All cattle are branded, usually on the hip, shoulder, and side, or on any one of them, with letters, numbers, or figures, in every combination, the outfit being known by its brand. Near me, for instance, are the Three Sevens, the Thistle, the Bellows, the OX, the VI., the Seventy-six Bar ($\frac{7}{6}$), and the Quarter Circle Diamond ($\widehat{\diamond}$) outfits. The dew-lap and the ears may also be cut, notched, or slit. All brands are registered, and are thus protected against imitators, any man tampering with them being punished as severely as possible. Unbranded animals are called *mavericks*, and when found on the round-up are either branded by the owner of the range on which they are, or else are sold for the benefit of the association. At every shipping point, as well as where the beef cattle are received, there are stock inspectors who jealously examine all the brands on the live animals or on the hides of the slaughtered ones, so as to detect any foul play, which is immediately reported to the association. It becomes second nature with a cowboy to inspect and note the brands of every bunch of animals he comes across.

Perhaps the thing that seems strangest to the traveler who for the first time crosses the bleak plains of this Upper Missouri grazing country is the small number of cattle seen. He can hardly believe he is in the great stock region, where for miles upon miles he will not see a single head, and will then come only upon a straggling herd of a few score. As a matter of fact, where there is no artificial food put up for winter use cattle always need a good deal of ground per head; and this is peculiarly the case with us in the North-west, where much of the ground is bare of vegetation and where what pasture there is is both short and sparse. It is a matter of absolute necessity, where beasts are left to shift for themselves in the open during the bitter winter weather, that they then should have grass that they have not cropped too far down; and to insure this it is necessary with us to allow on the average about twenty-five acres of ground to each animal. This means that a range of country ten miles square will keep between two and three thousand head of stock only, and if more are put on, it is at the risk of seeing a severe winter kill off half or three-quarters of the whole number. So a range may be in reality overstocked when to an Eastern and unpracticed eye it seems hardly to have on it a number worth taking into account.

Overstocking is the great danger threatening the stock-raising industry on the plains. This industry has only risen to be of more than local consequence during the past score of years, as before that time it was confined to Texas and California; but during these two decades of its existence the stockmen in different localities have again and again suffered the most ruinous losses, usually with overstocking as the ultimate cause. In the south the drought, and in the north the deep snows, and everywhere unusually bad winters, do immense damage; still, if the land is fitted for stock at all, they will, averaging one year with another, do very well so long as the feed is not cropped down too close.

But, of course, no amount of feed will make some countries worth anything for cattle that are not housed during the winter; and stockmen in choosing new ranges for their herds pay almost as much attention to the capacity of the land for yielding shelter as they do to the abundant and good quality of the grass. High up among the foot-hills of the mountains cattle will not live through the winter; and an open, rolling prairie land of heavy rainfall, and where in consequence the snow lies deep and there is no protection from the furious cold winds, is useless for winter grazing, no matter how thick and high the feed. The three essentials for a range are grass, water, and shelter: the water is only needed in summer and the shelter in winter, while it may be doubted if drought during the hot months has ever killed off more cattle than have died in consequence of exposure on shelterless ground to the icy weather, lasting from November to April.

The finest summer range may be valueless either on account of its lack of shelter or because it is in a region of heavy snowfall — portions of territory lying in the same latitude



BRONCO BUSTERS SADDLING.

and not very far apart often differing widely in this respect. This loss, of course, had nothing to do with overstocking; and the same was true of the loss that visited the few herds which spent the very hard winter of 1880 on the northern cattle plains. These were the pioneers of their kind, and the grass was all that could be desired; yet the extraordinary severity of the weather proved too much for the cattle. This was especially the case with those herds consisting of "pilgrims," as they are called—that is, of animals driven up on to the range from the south, and therefore in poor condition. One such herd of pilgrims on the Powder River suffered a loss of thirty-six hundred out of a total of four thousand, and the survivors kept alive only by browsing on the tops of cottonwoods felled for them. Even seasoned animals fared very badly. One great herd in the Yellowstone Valley lost about a fourth of its number, the loss falling mainly on the breeding cows, calves, and bulls,—always the chief sufferers, as the steers, and also the dry cows, will get through almost anything. The loss here would have been far heavier than it was had it not been for a curious trait shown by the cattle. They kept in bands of several hundred each, and during the time of the deep snows a band would make a start and travel several miles in a straight line, plowing their way through the drifts and beating out a broad track; then, when stopped by a frozen watercourse or chain of buttes, they would turn back and graze over the trail thus made, the only place where they could get at the grass.

A drenching rain, followed by a severe snap of cold, is even more destructive than deep snow, for the saturated coats of the poor beasts are turned into sheets of icy mail, and the grass-blades, frozen at the roots as well as above, change into sheaves of brittle spears as uneatable as so many icicles. Entire herds have perished in consequence of such a storm. Mere cold, however, will kill only very weak animals, which is fortunate for us, as the spirit in the thermometer during winter often sinks to fifty degrees below zero, the cold being literally arctic; yet though the cattle become thin during such a snap of weather, and sometimes have their ears, tails, and even horns frozen off, they nevertheless rarely die from the cold alone. But if there is a blizzard blowing in at such a time, the cattle need shelter, and if caught in the open, will travel for scores of miles before the storm, until they reach a break in the ground, or some stretch of dense woodland, which will shield them from the blasts. If cattle traveling in this manner come to some obstacle that they can not pass, as, for instance, a wire fence or a steep railway embankment, they will not try to make their way back against the storm, but will simply stand with their tails to it until they drop dead in their tracks; and, accordingly, in some parts of the country—but luckily far to the south of us—the railways are fringed with countless skeletons of beasts that have thus perished, while many of the long wire fences make an almost equally bad showing. In some of the very open country of Kansas and Indian Territory, many of the herds during the past two years have suffered a loss of from sixty to eighty per cent., although this was from a variety of causes, including drought as well as severe winter weather. Too much rain is quite as bad as too little, especially if it falls after the 1st of August, for then, though the growth of grass is very rank and luxuriant, it yet has little strength and does not cure well on the stalk; and it is only possible to winter cattle at large at all because of the way in which the grass turns into natural hay by this curing on the stalk.

But scantiness of food, due to overstocking, is the one really great danger to us in the north, who do not have to fear the droughts that occasionally devastate portions of the southern ranges. In a fairly good country, if the feed is plenty, the natural increase of a herd is sure shortly to repair any damage that may be done by an unusually severe winter—unless, indeed, the latter should be one such as occurs but two or three times in a century. When, however, the grass becomes cropped down, then the loss in even an ordinary year is heavy among the weaker animals, and if the winter is at all severe it becomes simply appalling. The snow covers the shorter grass much quicker, and even when there is enough, the cattle, weak and unfit to travel around, have to work hard to get it by exertion tending to enfeeble them and render them less able to cope with the exposure and cold. Again, the grass is, of course, soonest eaten off where there is shelter; and, accordingly, the broken ground to which the animals cling during winter may be grazed bare of vegetation though the open plains, to which only the hardiest will at this season stray, may have plenty; and insufficiency of food, although not such as actually to starve them, weakens them so that they succumb readily to the cold or to one of the numerous accidents to which they are liable—as slipping off an icy butte or getting cast in a frozen washout. The cows in calf are those that suffer most, and so heavy is the loss among these and so light the calf crop that it is yet an open question whether our northern ranges are as a whole fitted for breeding. When the animals get weak they will huddle into some nook or corner or empty hut and simply stay there till they die.

Overstocking may cause little or no harm for two or three years, but sooner or later there comes a winter which means ruin to the ranches that have too many cattle on them; and in our country, which is even now getting crowded, it is merely a question of time as to when a winter will come that will understock the ranges by the summary process of killing off about half of all the cattle throughout the North-west

In our northern country we have "free grass"; that is, the stockmen rarely own more than small portions of the land over which their cattle range, the bulk of it being unsurveyed and still the property of the National Government—for the latter refuses to sell the soil except in small lots, acting on the wise principle of distributing it among as many owners as possible. Here and there some ranchman has acquired title to narrow strips of territory peculiarly valuable as giving water-right; but the amount of land thus occupied is small with us,—although the reverse is the case farther south,—and there is practically no fencing to speak of. As a consequence, the land is one vast pasture, and the man who overstocks his own range damages his neighbors as much as himself. These huge northern pastures are too dry and the soil too poor to be used for agriculture until the rich, wet lands to the east and west are occupied; and at present we have little fear from grangers. Of course, in the end much of the ground will be taken up for small farms, but the farmers that so far have come in have absolutely failed to make even a living, except now and then by raising a few vegetables for the use of the stockmen; and we are inclined to welcome the incoming of an occasional settler, if he is a decent man, especially as, by the laws of the Territories in which the great grazing plains lie, he is obliged to fence in his own patch of cleared ground, and we do not have to keep our cattle out of it.

At present we are far more afraid of each other. There are always plenty of men who for the sake of the chance of gain they themselves run are willing to jeopardize the interests of their neighbors by putting on more cattle than the land will support—for the loss, of course, falls as heavily on the man who has put on the right number as on him who has put on too many; and it is against these individuals that we have to guard so far as we are able. To protect ourselves completely is impossible, but the very identity of interest that renders all of us liable to suffer for the fault of a few also renders us as a whole able to take some rough measures to guard against the wrong-doing of a portion of our number; for the fact that the cattle wander intermixed over the ranges forces all the ranchmen of a locality to combine if they wish to do their work effectively. Accordingly, the stockmen of a neighborhood, when it holds as many cattle as it safely can, usually unitedly refuse to work with any one who puts in another herd. In the cow country a man is peculiarly dependent upon his neighbors, and a small outfit is wholly unable to work without their assistance when once the cattle have mingled completely with those of other brands. A large outfit is much more master of its destiny, and can do its own work quite by itself; but even such a one can be injured in countless ways if the hostility of the neighboring ranchmen is incurred. So a certain check is put to undue crowding of the ranges; but it is only partial.

The best days of ranching are over; and though there are many ranchmen who still make money, yet during the past two or three years the majority have certainly lost. This is especially true of the numerous Easterners who went into the business without any experience and trusted themselves entirely to their Western representatives; although, on the other hand, many of those who have made most money at it are Easterners, who, however, have happened to be naturally fitted for the work and who have deliberately settled down to learning the business as they would have learned any other, devoting their whole time and energy to it. As the country grows older, stock-raising will in some places die out, and in others entirely change its character; the ranches will be broken up, will be gradually modified into stock-farms, or, if on good soil, may even fall under the sway of the husbandman.

In its present form stock-raising on the plains is doomed, and can hardly outlast the century. The great free ranches, with their barbarous, picturesque, and curiously fascinating surroundings, mark a primitive stage of existence as surely as do the great tracts of primeval forests, and like the latter must pass away before the onward march of our people; and we who have felt the charm of the life, and have exulted in its abounding vigor and its bold, restless freedom, will not only regret its passing for our own sakes only, but must also feel real sorrow that those who come after us are not to see, as we have seen, what is perhaps the pleasantest, healthiest, and most exciting phase of American existence.

Theodore Roosevelt.

SOME LETTERS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

I WAS first directed to Landor's works by hearing how much store Emerson set by them. I grew acquainted with them fifty years ago in one of those arched alcoves in the old college library in Harvard Hall, which so pleasantly secluded without wholly isolating the student. That footsteps should pass across the mouth of his Aladdin's Cave, or even enter it in search of treasure, so far from disturbing only deepened his sense of possession. These faint rumors of the world he had left served but as a pleasant reminder that he was the privileged denizen of another, beyond "the flaming bounds of place and time." There, with my book lying at ease and in the expansion of intimacy on the broad window-shelf, shifting my cell from north to south with the season, I made friendships, that have lasted me for life, with Dodsley's Old Plays, with Cotton's Montaigne, with Hakluyt's Voyages, among others that were not in my father's library. It was the merest browsing, no doubt, as Johnson called it, but how delightful it was! All the more, I fear, because it added the stolen sweetness of truancy to that of study, for I should have been buckling to my allotted task of the day. I do not regret that diversion of time to other than legitimate expenses, yet shall I not gravely warn my grandsons to beware of doing the like?

I was far from understanding all I heard in this society of my elders into which I had smuggled myself, and perhaps it was as well for me; but those who formed it condescended to me at odd moments with the tolerant complacency of greatness, and I did not go empty away. Landor was in many ways beyond me, but I loved the company he brought, making persons for me of what before had been futile names, and letting me hear the discourse of men about whom Plutarch had so often told me such delightful stories. He charmed me, sometimes perhaps he imposed on me, with the stately eloquence that moved to measure always, often to music, and never enfeebled itself by undue emphasis, or raised its tone above the level of good breeding. In those ebullient years of my adolescence it was a wholesome sedative. His sententiousness, too, had its charm, equally persuasive in the carefully draped folds of the chlamys or the succinct tunic of epigram. If Plato had written in English, I thought, it is thus that he would have written. Here was a man who knew what literature was, who had assimilated what was best in it, and himself produced or reproduced it.

Three years later, while I was trying to persuade myself that I was reading law, a friend* who knew better gave me the first series of the "Imaginary Conversations," in three volumes, to which I presently added the second series, and by degrees all Landor's other books as I could pick them up, or as they were successively published. Thus I grew intimate with him, and, as my own judgment gradually affirmed itself, was driven to some abatement of my hitherto unqualified admiration. I began to be not quite sure whether the balance of his sentences, each so admirable by itself, did not grow wearisome in continuous reading,—whether it did not hamper his freedom of movement, as when a man poises a pole upon his chin. Surely he has not the swinging stride of Dryden, which could slacken to a lounge at will, nor the impassioned rush of Burke. Here was something of that cadenced stalk which is the attribute of theatrical kings. And sometimes did not his thunders also remind us of the property-room? Though the flash failed, did the long reverberation ever forget to follow? But there is always something overpassionate in the recoil of the young man from the idols of the boy. Even now when I am more temperate, however, I cannot help feeling that his humor is horse-play; that he is often trivial and not seldom slow; that he now and again misses the true mean that can be grave without heaviness and light without levity, though he would have dilated on that virtue of our composite tongue which enabled

* Let me please myself by laying a sprig of rosemary ("that's for remembrance") on his grave. This friend was John Francis Heath of Virginia, who took his degree in 1840. He was the handsomest man I have ever seen, and in every manly exercise the most accomplished. His body was as exquisitely molded as his face was beautiful. I seem to see him now taking that famous standing-jump of his, the brown curls blowing backward, or laying his hand on his horse's neck and vaulting into the saddle. After leaving college he went to Germany and dreamed away nine years at Heidelberg. We used to call him Hamlet, he could have done so much and did so absolutely nothing. He died in the Confederate service, in 1862. He was a good swordsman (we used to fence in those days), and the rumor of his German duels and of his intimacy with Prussian princes reached us when some fellow-student came home.

it to make the distinction, and would have believed himself the first to discover it. He can not be familiar unless at the cost of his own dignity and our respect. I sometimes question whether even that quality in him which we cannot but recognize and admire, his loftiness of mind, should not sometimes rather be called uppishness, so often is the one caricatured into the other by a blusterous self-confidence and self-assertion.

He says of himself—

> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;

but I am inclined to think that it was Art he loved most. His perennial and abiding happiness was in composition, in fitting word to word, and these into periods, like a master-workman in mosaic. This, perhaps, is why he preferred writing Latin verse, because in doing that the joy of composing was a more conscious joy. Certainly we miss in him that quality of spontaneousness, that element of luck, which so delights us in some of the lesser and all the greater poets. By his own account the most audacious of men, his thought and phrase have seldom the happy audacity of what Montaigne calls the first jump. Father Thames could never have come upon *his* stage with both his banks on the same side, refreshing as that innovation might have been to an audience familiar with the humdrum habits of the river. Yet he is often content to think himself original when he has lashed himself into extravagance; and the reserve of his better style is the more remarkable that he made spoiled children of all his defects of character. It might almost seem that he sought and found an equipoise for his hasty violence of conduct in the artistic equanimity of his literary manner. I think he had little dramatic faculty. The creations of his brain do not detach themselves from it and become objective. He lived almost wholly in his own mind and in a world of his own making which his imagination peopled with casts after the antique. His "Conversations" were imaginary in a truer sense than he intended, for it is images rather than persons that converse with each other in them. Pericles and Phocion speak as we might fancy their statues to speak,—nobly indeed, but with the cold nobleness of marble. He had fire enough in himself, but his pen seems to have been a non-conductor between it and his personages. So little could he conceive the real world as something outside him, that nobody but himself was astonished when he was cast in damages at the suit of a lady to whom he had addressed verses that would have blackened Canidia. But he had done it merely as an exercise in verse; it was of that he was thinking, more than of her, and I doubt if she was so near his consciousness, or so actual to him, as the vile creatures of ancient Rome whose vices and crimes he laid at her door. Even his in every way admirable apothegms seem to be made out of the substance of his mind, and not of his experience or observation. And yet, with all his remoteness, I can think of no author who has oftener brimmed my eyes with tears of admiration or sympathy.

When we have made all deductions, he remains great and, above all, individual. There is nothing in him at second-hand. The least wise of men, he has uttered through the mask of his interlocutors (if I cannot trust myself to call them characters) more wisdom on such topics of life and thought as interested or occurred to him than is to be found outside of Shakspere; and that in an English so pure, so harmonious, and so stirringly sonorous that he might almost seem to have added new stops to the organ which Milton found sufficient for his needs. Though not a critic in the larger sense,—he was too rash for that, too much at the mercy of his own talent for epigram and seemingly conclusive statement,—no man has said better things about books than he. So well said are they, indeed, that it seems ungrateful to ask if they are always just. One would scruple to call him a great thinker, yet surely he was a man who had great thoughts, and when he was in the right mood these seam the ample heaven of his discourse like meteoric showers. He was hardly a great poet, yet he has written some of the most simply and conclusively perfect lines that our own or any other language can show. They float stately as swans on the tamer level of his ordinary verse. Some of his shorter poems are perfect as crystals. His metaphors are nobly original; they stand out in their bare grandeur like statues against a background of sky; his similes are fresh, and from nature; he plucks them as he goes, like wild-flowers, nor interrupts his talk. An intellectual likeness between him and Ben Jonson contantly suggests itself to me. Both had burly minds with much apparent coarseness of fiber, yet with singular delicacy of temperament.

In politics he was generally extravagant, yet so long ago as 1812 he was wise enough (in a letter to Southey) to call war between England and America civil war, though he would not have been himself if he had not added, "I detest the Americans as much as you do." In 1826 he proposed a plan that would have pacified Ireland and saved England sixty years of odious mistake.

Ten or twelve years ago I tried to condense my judgment of him into a pair of quatrains, written in a copy of his works given to a dear

young friend on her marriage. As they were written in a happier mood than is habitual with me now, I may be pardoned for citing them here with her permission, and through her kindness in sending me a copy:

> A villa fair, with many a devious walk
> Darkened with deathless laurels from the sun,
> Ample for troops of friends in mutual talk,
> Green Chartreuse for the reverie of one:
> Fixed here in marble, Rome and Athens gleam;
> Here is Arcadia, here Elysium too;
> Anon an English voice disturbs our dream,
> And Landor's self can Landor's spell undo.

His books, as I seem to have hinted here, are especially good for reading aloud in fitly sifted company, and I am sure that so often as the experiment is tried this company will say, with Francesca:

> Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
> Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso.

Landor was fond of saying that he should sup late, but that the hall would be well lighted, and the company, if few, of the choicest. The table, indeed, has been long spread, but will he sit down till the number of the guests is in nearer proportion to that of the covers? It is now forty years since the collected edition of his works was published, probably, as was usual in his case, a small one. Only one re-impression has yet been called for. Mr. Forster's biography of him is a long plea for a new trial. It is a strange fate for a man who has written so much to interest, to instruct, to delight, and to inspire his fellow-men. Perhaps it is useless to seek any other solution of the riddle than the old *habent sua fata libelli*. But I envy the man who has before him the reading of those books for the first time. He will have a sensation as profound as that of the peasant who wandered in to where Kaiser Rothbart sits stately with his knights in the mountain cavern biding his appointed time.

I saw Landor but once — when I went down from London, by his invitation, to spend a day with him at Bath in the late summer of 1852. His friend the late Mr. Kenyon went with me,— his friend and that of whoever deserved or needed friendship, the divinely appointed *amicus curiæ* of mankind in general. For me it was and is a memorable day, for Landor was to me an ancient, and it seemed a meeting in Elysium. I had looked forward to it, nevertheless, with a twinge of doubt, for three years before I had written a review of the new edition of his works, in which I had discriminated more than had been altogether pleasing to him. But a guest was as sacred to Landor as to an Arab, and the unaffected heartiness of his greeting at once reassured me. I have little to tell of our few hours' converse, for the stream of memory, when it has been flowing so long as mine, gathers an ooze in its bed like that of Lethe, and in this the weightier things embed themselves past recovery, while the lighter, lying nearer the surface, may be fished up again. What I can recollect, therefore, illustrates rather the manner of the man than his matter. His personal appearance has been sufficiently described by others. I will only add, that the suffused and uniform ruddiness of his face, in which the forehead, already heightened by baldness, shared, and something in the bearing of his head, reminded me vividly of the late President Quincy, as did also a certain hearty resonance of speech. You felt yourself in the presence of one who was emphatically a Man, not the image of a man; so emphatically, indeed, that even Carlyle thought the journey to Bath not too dear a prize to pay for seeing him, and found something royal in him. When I saw him he was in his seventy-eighth year, but erect and vigorous as in middle life. There was something of challenge even in the alertness of his pose, and the head was often thrown back like that of a boxer who awaits a blow. He had the air of the arena. I do not remember that his head was large, or his eyes in any way remarkable.

After the first greetings were over, I thought it might please him to know that I had made a pilgrimage to his Fiesolan villa. I spoke of the beauty of its site. I could not have been more clumsy, had I tried. "Yes," he almost screamed, "and I might have been there now, but for that in-tol-e-rrr-a-ble woman!" pausing on each syllable of the adjective as one who would leave an imprecation there, and making the *r* grate as if it were grinding its teeth at the disabilities which distance imposes on resentment. I was a little embarrassed by this sudden confidence, which I should not here betray had not Mr. Forster already laid Landor's domestic relations sufficiently bare. I am not sure whether he told me the story of his throwing his cook out of a window of this villa. I think he did, but it may have been Mr. Kenyon who told it me on the way back to London. The legend was, that after he had performed this summary act of justice, Mrs. Landor remonstrated with a "There, Walter! I always told you that one day you would do something to be sorry for in these furies of yours." Few men can be serene under an "I always told you so"— least of all men could Landor. But he saw that here was an occasion where calm is more effective than tempest, and where a soft answer is more provoking than a hard. So he replied mildly: "Well, my dear, I *am* sorry, if that will do you any good. If I had remembered that our best tulip-bed was under that window, I 'd have flung the dog out of t' other."

He spoke with his wonted extravagance (he was always in extremes) of Prince Louis Napoleon: "I have seen all the great men that have appeared in Europe during the last half-century, and he is the ablest of them all. Had his uncle had but a tithe of his ability, he would never have died at St. Helena. The last time I saw the Prince before he went over to France, he said to me, 'Good-bye, Mr. Landor; I go to a dungeon or a throne.' 'Good-bye, Prince,' I answered. 'If you go to a dungeon, you may see me again; if to a throne, never!'" He told me a long story of some Merino sheep that had been sent him from Spain, and which George III. had "stolen." He seemed to imply that this was a greater crime than throwing away the American colonies, and a perfidy of which only kings could be capable. I confess that I thought the sheep as shadowy as those of Hans in Luck, for I was not long in discovering that Landor's memory had a great deal of imagination mixed with it, especially when the subject was anything that related to himself. It was not a memory, however, that was malignly treacherous to others.

I mentioned his brother Robert's "Fountain of Arethusa"; told him how much it had interested me, and how particularly I had been struck with the family likeness to himself in it. He assented; said it *was* family likeness, not imitation, and added: "Yes, when it came out many people, even some of my friends, thought it was mine, and told me so. My answer always was, 'I wish to God I *could* have written it!'" He spoke of it with unfeigned enthusiasm, though then, I believe, he was not on speaking terms with his brother. Whenever, indeed, his talk turned, as it often would, to the books or men he liked, it rose to a passionate appreciation of them. Even upon indifferent matters he commonly spoke with heat, as if he had been contradicted or hoped he might be. There was no prophesying his weather by reading the barometer of his face. Though the index might point never so steadily to *Fair*, the storm might burst at any moment. His quiet was that of the cyclone's pivot, a conspiracy of whirlwind. Of Wordsworth he spoke with a certain alienated respect, and made many abatements, not as if jealous, but somewhat in the mood of that Athenian who helped ostracize Aristides. Of what he said I recollect only something which he has since said in print, but with less point. Its felicity stamped it on my memory. "I once said to Mr. Wordsworth, 'One may mix as much poetry with prose as one likes, it will exhilarate the whole; but the moment one mixes a drop of prose with poetry, it precipitates the whole.' He never forgave me!" Then followed that ringing and reduplicated laugh of his, so like the joyous bark of a dog when he starts for a ramble with his master. Of course he did not fail to mention that exquisite sea-shell which Wordsworth had conveyed from *Gebir* to ornament his own mantel-piece.

After lunch, he led us into a room the whole available wall-space of which was hung with pictures, nearly all early Italian. As I was already a lover of Botticelli, I think I may trust the judgment I then inwardly pronounced upon them, that they were nearly all aggressively bad. They were small, so that the offense of each was trifling, but in the aggregate they were hard to bear. I waited doggedly to hear him begin his celebration of them, dumfounded between my moral obligation to be as truthful as I dishonestly could and my social duty not to give offense to my host. However, I was soon partially relieved. The picture he wished to show was the head of a man, an ancestor, he told me, whose style of hair and falling collar were of the second quarter of the seventeenth century. Turning sharply on me, he asked: "Does it remind you of anybody?" Of course this was a simple riddle; so, after a diplomatic pause of deliberation, I replied, cheerfully enough: "I think I see a likeness to you in it." There was an appreciable amount of fib in this, but I trust it may be pardoned me as under duress. "Right!" he exploded, with the condensed emphasis of a rifle. "Does it remind you of anybody else?" For an instant I thought my retribution had overtaken me, but in a flash of inspiration I asked myself, "Whom would Landor like best to resemble?" The answer was easy, and I gave it forthwith: "I think I see a likeness to Milton." "Right again!" he cried triumphantly. "It *does* look like me, and it *does* look like Milton. That is the portrait of my ancestor, Walter Noble, Speaker of one of Charles First's parliaments. I was showing this portrait one day to a friend, when he said to me, 'Landor, how can you pride yourself on your descent from this sturdy old cavalier — you who would have cut off Charles's head with the worst of 'em?' '*I* cut off his head? Never!' 'You would n't? I 'm astonished to hear you say that. What would you have done with him?' 'What would I have done? Why, *hanged* him, like any other malefactor!'" This he trumpeted with such a blare of victory as almost made his progenitor rattle on the wall where he hung. Whether the portrait was that of an ancestor, or whether he had bought it as one suitable for his story, I can not say. If an ancestor, it could only have been Michael (not Walter) Noble, Member of Parliament (not Speaker) during the Civil War, and siding with the Commons against the King. Landor had con-

founded him with Sir Arnold Savage (a Speaker in Henry Seventh's time), whom he had adopted as an ancestor, though there was no probable, certainly no provable, community of blood between them. This makes the anecdote only the more characteristic as an illustration of the freaks of his innocently fantastic and creative memory. I could almost wish my own had the same happy faculty, when I see how little it has preserved of my conversation, so largely monologue on his part, with a man so memorable.

The letters which follow can lay no claim to importance, but they illustrate pleasantly the more playful as well as the more lovable side of his nature. They are at least more interesting, and bear more clearly the stamp of the writer's character, than many of Goethe's to the Frau von Stein. Landor has not, it is true, the literary or historical importance of Goethe, but he was one of the most remarkable men of a remarkable generation, and of rarer type, perhaps, than any of them as a conscious artist in words. The letters will add nothing to his fame and little to our knowledge of him, but they will be welcome to those who already value him, and may awaken some curiosity about him in others. They give an amiable picture of him without his armor, and in an undress, though never a careless or slovenly one. That on the death of his dog Pomero is especially worth having, and the slapdash judgments upon artists in others are very characteristic. They were written, in various years, to Miss Mary Boyle. That sister to whom he sends messages was Miss Carolina Boyle, for many years maid of honor to Queen Adelaide. As Landor seems almost never to have dated his letters, it is impossible to assign any but a conjectural order to them. The postmark of one enables us to pin it down to 1842. The annotations are Miss Boyle's.

I was going to say that more than fif— but I feel Cynthius at my ear, and shall say instead, that in honor of Miss Mary Boyle, Silvio Pellico, just released from his Prigioni, wrote some of those facile verses that sing in Italian, but are apt to have bad colds in English. Indiscreet readers may look up the date if they will. Miss Boyle bears no discoverable relation to dates. As nobody ever knew how old the Countess of Desmond was, so nobody can tell how young Miss Mary Boyle is. Known formerly as a vivacious amateur authoress, her recent historical and biographical catalogues of the art treasures at Longleat and Panshanger have a serious value. No knock could surprise the modest door of what she calls her Bonbonnière in South Audley street, for it has opened and still opens to let in as many distinguished persons, and, what is better, as many devoted friends, as any in London. However long she may live,—and may so excellent a woman live as long as she chooses!—hers can never be that most cheerless of fates, to outlive her friends, while cheerfulness, kindliness, cleverness, and contentedness, and all the other good nesses have anything to do with the making of them.

James Russell Lowell.

I.

My Dear Miss Boyle: Your letter is really a most delightful ramble. I believe I must come and be your writing-master. Certainly, if I did nothing else by drilling, I should make rank and file stand closer.

We must now be serious. I am grieved and shocked at the idea of any dog in existence, quadruped or other, tearing your handkerchief. Hampton Court — indeed any court upon earth — would loudly protest against such an outrage. I, who am too low for ambition, take out my pencil and try my hand at accounts, and find that two such handkerchiefs as ladies now carry are worth in hard cash somewhat more than the purchase of a villa (freehold, delightfully situated, furnished, etc., etc.) on the Southampton-water. If you can trust me in the making of a bargain, I will go forthwith to my neighbour and acquaintance Lord Ashtown, with the fragments of yours in my hand, and offer them to him for his, which is a very pretty and commodious one. If you consent to it, I will allow him to remove the pictures. This will not materially diminish any little advantage in the transfer: so do not stand out for them. I like to do things handsomely, particularly at another's expense. I must fit Grison's * face to mine, and reason with him amicably on running away with a treasure which he can neither make use of nor lay up.

You cannot overvalue † James. There is not on God's earth (I like this expression, vulgar or not) any better creature of his hand, any one more devoted to his highest service, the office of improving us through our passions. You are destined and gifted by the same Power for the same glorious work. I am curious to see your sister's two petitions. Her commands may assume that form, but they are commands nevertheless, and must be executed. This morning at breakfast I wrote some verses on the Chinese war. Here they are.

There may be many a reason why,
O ancient land of Kong-Fu-Tsi!
We burn to make the little feet

* Miss Boyle's large Sardinian greyhound.
† Mr. G. P. R. James, the novelist.

Of thy indwellers run more fleet.
But while (as now) before my eyes
The steams of thy sweet herb arise,
Amid bright vestures, faces fair,
Long eyes and closely braided hair,
I cannot wish thee wrongs or woes.
And when thy lovely single rose,
Which every morn I run to see,
Smiles with fresh-opened flower on me,
And when I think what hand * it was
Cradled the nursling in its vase,
By all the Gods, O, ancient land!
I wish thee, and thy laws, to stand.

Altissimo Poeta, non è vero?

Are you acquainted with the Eltons at Southampton? The girls are most delightful; the father an excellent man and good poet. I have a great regard for all the family.

II.

BATH, June 28 [1841].

DEAR MISS BOYLE: Your letter has followed me from Bath to Paris, and from Paris back again to Bath, not without a short delay in London. Had I been aware that you and your fair sister were at Hampton Court, I should certainly have paid you my respects there. I was in town only 5 days as I went and only 3 as I returned. No lady on earth will believe that any person can dislike Paris. I hate and abominate it: yet never in any place have I received so much civility and attention. There was no opera, and the gallery of the Louvre was open only for the exhibition of modern works. The French have no Landseer, no Stanfield, no Eastlake. I hope you have enjoyed the sight of their wonderful productions. This year, I am sorry to say, ill-health has prevented Landseer from displaying his wonderful powers, but Stanfield has a picture which I hear is sold for seven hundred guineas, representing the Island of Ischia in the beginning of a storm, to which neither Claude nor Gaspar nor Nicotas Poussin ever painted anything equal. Eastlake's Christ weeping over the fate of Jerusalem is worthy of Domenichino, to say the least. Between the time of Hogarth and Eastlake we never had an artist who could draw. Reynolds and Lawrence are on a level in this particular.

You perhaps will wonder what could have induced me to revisit Bath at such a season. The fact is, I abhor all popular bustle, and had I made the visits I intended to make, I should have been in the midst of contested elections, and what is worse, where some of my personal friends are opposed. This very day an election is going on here; but I neither hear, nor will go where I can hear, anything of the matter. To-morrow I will write to our friend James — as great a *conservative* as I am, even of his temper. With love to your sister (for nobody can give her less), believe me, ever sincerely, Yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

III.

DEAR MISS BOYLE: It is incredible to me that I should have permitted your letter to remain unanswered. So, at last, you can be enthusiastic about our artists. Take especial care to avoid the expression of your enthusiasm in good society. You know it is forbidden on all subjects, particularly on works of art or literature, by those we may see and serve. Stanfield, in his view of Ischia, has produced a nobler work, in my opinion, than the best of Claude or Poussin. I rejoice to hear that Boxall† has been painting your family. He is an excellent artist and a modest man. Do not think me too obstinate in persisting to call myself a conservative. My "Letters of a Conservative"‡ were written to bring the apostate Bishops back to Christianity; to make them useful as teachers; that the indignation of the people might not rise up against the only unreformed Church in Christendom. It would grieve me to see religion and education taken out of the hands of gentlemen, and turned altogether, as it is in part, into those of the uneducated and vulgar. I would rather see my own house pulled down than a cathedral. But if Bishops are to sit in the House of Lords as Barons, voting against no corruption, against no cruelty, not even the slave-trade, the people ere long will knock them on the head. Conservative I am, but no less am I an *aristocratic radical* like yourself. I would eradicate all that vitiates our constitution in church and state, making room for the gradual growth of what altered times require, but preserving the due ranks and orders of society, and even to a much greater degree than most of the violent tories are doing.

You have here my profession of political faith, explicit, and without mystery.

Remember me to your brother, and present me with your usual grace to Lady Boyle and your sister. Above all, believe me very sincerely

Yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

IV.

DEAR MISS BOYLE: It is humane and generous in you to wish me a happy New Year, and judicious not to wish me many of them.

* Rose was the name of a great favorite of the writer's.

† Afterwards Sir William Boxall, and Director of the National Gallery.

‡ Published in 1836.

You ask me whether I have ever seen Burleigh.* Yes; nearly a half-century ago. Nevertheless, I have not forgotten its magnificence. No place ever struck me so forcibly. And then the grounds! Surely they were made expressly for the grand attitudinarian Grison. Being but a boy when I saw Burleigh, I admired, as most people do to the end of their lives, by prescription. I had not then learnt pictures by costly experience, and the probability is, that I admired a celebrated work by the vilest and least imaginative of painters even more than the Domenichino to which you allude. The Christ breaking the bread, by Carlo Dolce, is the most celebrated in England of that painter's works. I happen to possess the one which is the most celebrated in Italy, the one in which the pearls of the Madonna (they tell you, and tell you truly) "*paiono vere*": I gave, out of wantonness, sixty louis for it, the real value is three farthings. How many thousand of such fellows as Carlo Dolce and Sasso Ferrato are worth less than a finger's breadth of Domenichino. In regard to his frescoes you are nearly right. But it is impossible to conceive the perfection of frescoes out of Siena. Not Michelangelo, nor even Raffael himself, quite understood the coloring. Razzi, Beccafumi, and their contemporaries in Siena, did perfectly. Nearest to them is Andrea del Sarto.

But all their works, with Michelangelo's included, are incomparably less than equivalent to the Incendio del Borgo. Well, let us be contented. The cartoons make us nearly as rich as Italy herself in painting, and all the sculpture in Italy is not worth the single figure of the Ilyssus in the Elgin marbles. We are pleased to underrate our contemporaries, partly thro' ignorance, and partly thro' malignity. But I question whether the twelve of the greater Gods, by any ancient, were comparable to the twelve Apostles of Thorwaldsen.

Of course, if Phidias was the sculptor, they were; but we hear only of his Zeus and Pallas. I have no doubt that he not only designed but finished the Ilyssus and Theseus. These fragments are the *only* remains of any very great Greek sculptor. Happily they are of the very greatest — the unapproachable Zeus of sculptors.

And now let me turn to the work which you are about. James† would no more tell you to throw it into the fire, than he would tell you to throw fire into it. The one would be an arson for which there would be a thousand prosecutors, all of whom would have lost valuable property by it, and the other (the throwing fire into it), I am certain, is done already.

What I myself have been doing is hardly worth mentioning. I have given strict orders not even to have it advertised, much less puffed. Nevertheless it is not unlikely that it will be puffed — puffed away, when it reaches Burleigh. I shall give orders this moment for it to be sent to you.

Remember me to your sister, if she is awake, but do not waken her on purpose, and to your brother, and believe me, dear Miss Boyle,

Yours very sincerely,

W. S. LANDOR.

BATH, January 5.

V.

DEAR MISS BOYLE: Everybody who writes to you begins with "I am delighted, I am charmed," etc., etc. For my part, I am quite incapable of originality and must say the same thing. James† wrote to me also. It appears the Duke of Wellington asked him whether it would be possible to establish a Newspaper which should tell the truth. Alas! what a question for a wise man — for a man of experience — above all, for a politician — for a minister of state!

If the thing *is* to be done, he must do it himself. But you are very capable of furnishing one good article — take care it is quite true. The paragraph may run somewhat thus: "On Tuesday last Miss Mary Boyle, accompanied by her cousin the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Boyle, did Mr. Landor the honour of calling on him on his ground-floor No. 35 St. James Sq., Bath.

"They found him writing some nonsense verses, by which he acquired great distinction both at school, and since. We are enabled, by the favour of our fair correspondent, to give the reader a sample.

"The leaves are falling; so am I;
The few late flowers have moisture in the eye;
So have I too.
Scarcely on any bough is heard
Joyous (or e'en unjoyous) bird
The whole wood through.
Winter *may* come; he brings but nigher
His circle (yearly narrower) to the fire
Where old friends meet.
Let him! now heaven is overcast
And spring and summer both are past,
And all things sweet!"

VI.

AND so, Carissima, you want to know whether I shall be *glad* to see you, or *sorry* to see you, on the twentieth. Well then — *sorry* — to *have* seen you — glad, exultingly glad, to see you. And now I am resolved not to tell you which I love best, Melcha or Mora.‡

* Seat of the Marquis of Exeter.

† Mr. G. P. R. James.

‡ Names of two characters in a poetical drama by Miss Mary Boyle.

Melcha colpisce fortemente — Mora più ancora s'innamora.

I have broken my word to myself, all thro' you.

Tell the Maid of Honour I w^d^ rather the Queen* gave her a thousand pounds than any one else gave her *qualsi voglia somma.*

You see I have learnt to write from you — only I can sometimes get three or four words into a line — which you can never do for the life of you. But there are several in which I find two entire ones. I do not like to spoil the context, otherwise I would order them to be glazed, and framed in gold.

The Grand-duke of Tuscany has completed his collection of hieroglyphics, so I need give you no assurance that I will not make money of those I expect.

I was at a pic-nic on Saturday. The dancing did not tire me. I can only account for it from having used my eyes only. I like the Polka amazingly, and many years shall not elapse before I take a lesson or two. I do not promise to dance at your wedding, but I will promise to dance at your eldest daughter's if I receive an invitation. *Addio*, Carina.

VII.

I HOPE you have enough of appellatives. For my part, I have no notion of giving any to young ladies, unless it be such as they, by acceptance at the altar, have fairly taken. Godfathers and godmothers are small authority for me. Many a man has admired the pitch of his courage, and the charms of his handwriting, at that pretty word *Dear*, preceding a name that always has a long and sweet quaver in it, be its constituent vowels and consonants what they may. I myself, in times past, have looked at the two together so long that it required an effort to make the pen follow the flutterings of the heart. For be it known, hearts were worn then. So, you are resolved to have a *name*, are you? I suspected as much at the very first page of yours I ever read. But how can you expect an author to call you dear, or any such thing? or even to say, what all men of sound judgment agree in, and many whose judgment is thrown a trifle off the balance — that "Mary" has the sweetest sound of any? Before I am driven into a letter, I usually think I have been in the presence of, if not still conversing with the person I write to. Otherwise I doubt whether I could overcome my disposition to idleness — in the fingers at least. When I have called you dear, pray tell me how I must go on — and whether when I have written the next word, I am to put a comma or a mark of admiration. If you leave it to me — indeed whether you do or not — I am for the! Three generations, you tell me, were present at your triumphal entry to Marston. This is not enough for me. When you can muster four, I shall take it unkind of the hospitable rector if he does not invite me again. Should he forget it, I will sit upon the park-gate and write a squib on every soul that enters. I wonder by what right or reason they presented you with anything like *freedom.*† You who have made so many wish to lose it, ought to forfeit it forthwith. And now which of your lords is to take you to the concert? Lord Cork, Lord Dungarvon, or that lord who will be prouder than either, seeing that certain rights and privileges are conferred on him under your sign manual. I leave this place, Torquay, after the Regatta, the end of next week, and shall be then at Llanbedr Hall, Ruthin. It is rich in orange-flowers — so you need not provide any for me if you summon me to Marston. Furthermore, the waistcoat I had ordered for the Regatta ball shall be kept unopened. I will descend no farther to particulars, but assure you that you *shall* have a name, and that I am very sincerely and affectionately yours,

W. S. LANDOR.

Say some tender thing for me to your sister, and, this being duly performed, lay your face (as far as it will go) along Grison's, with my blessing.

VIII.

IN speaking of two sisters, *the* two — how dare you talk of the older and the younger? Do you not know that all the angels were created at once — *ad un fiato?*

Now you little thought that the old Torment (for "Tormen*tor*" is a weak expression) would take you at your word. He will, however, and without so much as a finger at nose-side or ear-side, by way of taking counsel with himself.

Expect your Imaginary Conversation to make its appearance in front of my last volume.

Some critic in another century may, by way of paradox, start a doubt whether it is genuine, that is, *mine;* but all the rest will cry out against his temerity. *Addio*, Madcap.

IX.

IT is only this evening that I received the Bridal of Melcha.‡ I do not like to be an Echo, but I am certain I must be one in expressing my admiration of it.

To-night is our Fancy Ball. You should be at it, crowned with myrtle and bay. If I had

* Alluding to the marriage portion of maids of honor.

† A birthday jest,—"freedom of the city."

‡ A dramatic poem by Miss Mary Boyle.

opened the volume but at the very hour of meeting my friends there, I could not have refrained from reading it through before I set out.

Indeed it is already late enough, and, I suspect, past the post-office hour, so adieu, Musa-Grazia! and call me in future anything but Dottissimo. Remember, you have a choice of Issimi. Among them all there is no one who can glorify you for more of noble and exalted attributes than

W. LANDOR.

1 St. James Square,
Monday, April 22.

Say everything you can think of, on my part, to our incomparable friend James,* and his lady.

If you distribute any kisses for me among the lesser ones, I know not through what banker to send you the amount.

Non essendo pratico,
Come sanno tutti.

X.

1842.

To meet with a failure is one thing, and to commit one is another. Now even you are liable to the former. It was vexation, it was grief to me when I found the little card of the little lady. I was ready to strike my forehead, but I feared from its vacuity it might make a loud report in the square, and I should be bundled off to Dr. Foxe's. And so your sister permitted the noblest of the animal creation (his serene Highness)† to travel without her! For shame! for shame!

I saw him the very day of my arrival in Bath. He recognized me, but was rather ashamed of acknowledging me. He stood with one foot upon the carriage-wheel remonstrating against delay. I put my face to his, and my hand on his hard loins, hard as if he had been mesmerized. I wanted to whisper a few words in his ear, but he thought it too great a liberty, and shook me off; just as if he had been one fresh from court — as he probably was. O that I were acquainted with the Satirist or John Bull! He should be down for it. And pray what have you been doing, that you shd inflict on yourself the voluntary penance of reading my poems? Before you get them (which will not be until we meet at Millard's Hill), I must admonish you that the *amatory* are all ideal. Some have fancied that *Ianthe* (stolen by Byron) is only Jane, with the Greek θ (th) put in. What noodles are commentators!

If ever you read the "Foreign Quarterly," you will find in the two last numbers two *Articles*, as they are called, by me on Catullus and Theocritus. A friend made me break my resolution of declining all entreaties to review, because he had an interest in this publication. *Addio.*

* Mr. G. P. R. James.

† Grison, a large Sardinian greyhound.

XI.

IF you quarrel with yourself I will quarrel with you, for I am the sworn enemy of all yours. You have been happy, and have made others so — now what would you have or do? At this moment I return from a cricket club, where indeed I did not play at cricket, but I did at quoits, and won two games in three, after a disuse of nearly half a century. Hereupon I think myself no inconsiderable personage. Nevertheless I suspect there are certain proud Boyles here and there, who fancy they have done as great things merely because they have been men of state, or men of war, with a philosopher or so, and now and then a beauty at the buttonhole. I can clearly prove the contrary, and will.

You will grant that Apollo was among the first to move in what is called a high sphere. He composed well on various subjects. In fact he did everything well but play at quoits.

There he mistook a boy's head for a feather; why! it would have almost been a mistake if it had been a girl's! Now I made the feather shake, and the turf about it, at every cast of my quoits.

Apropos of hitting and missing — at least at one of them, I will not say which — do you meditate as much mischief to the grouse this month as you did to the pheasants in Hampshire? What a clear conscience! what unbroken slumbers are yours! On second thought, I will not swear to that. But you appear to have adopted the notion,

That a brave *pheasantry*, a manor's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Never did so vile a verse make so deep an impression.

I am worth only one pen in the world, and were it no bull, I would say it is a borrowed one. I can make nothing of it, else I would speedily show you how much better my handwriting is than yours. I must now leave off — for here are come from the hotel sundry porters for sundry shillings to be disbursed — one of them indeed has very much of a half-crown face, for he sports a speck of black hair under his nether lip. So, adieu.

XII.

Sept. 12 [1842].

Più che Dottissima! I should be very much delighted to see you as you describe yourself with one cheek crimson, and the other a livid white, and yellow eyes. Surely some extraor-

dinarily scientific painter must have arranged these colours for you.

Whatever lady presumes to wear them henceforth, I shall cry out against her audacious plagiarism. But as you, like all your sex, are fond of change, I am ready to lay any wager that when I see you, it will be the fashion for you to wear both cheeks slightly tinged with pink, and both eyes more the colour of the heavens than of the sun. This latter change may perhaps be less glorious: never mind! be moderate and submit.

What a glorious day is this for the pictures and the gardens and the waters and the Nymphs of Hampton Court! Do not let Campbell's Life of Petrarch darken it. I have not read the book and never shall read it — but I hear it is wretched. I am sorry for this. However, his fame is fairly established, by the admirable poem "Hohenlinden," and some others. Do not start if I tell you that in my poor opinion Campbell is a much better poet than Petrarch. I do not say a better; I say a *much* better. But the world ought to venerate the friend of Boccaccio — of Boccaccio, the most creative genius that the continent has produced since *the* creation: for Homer and Dante were not preëminent as creators. I love the lover of Laura, the recluse of Arquà, the defender of resuscitated Liberty, and the recoverer of ancient learning. But among all the departed men of genius Boccaccio is the one most after my own heart; a friend of freedom, a despiser of faction and of popularity, and too great to enter as a dependent or suitor the courts of princes. Literary men in general are the vilest of the human race: happy we, who enjoy the friendship of one* incomparably good and great in all his works, words, and thoughts.

Another is Southey, to whose wife, I may almost say widow, I will write to-day if I can — for I often sit, when I am thinking of her and him, with my pen in my hand and with ink in it until it dries up. I am now at Warwick, on a visit to my sister. Toward the end of next week I propose setting out for Staffordshire, to see my brother the rector of Birlingham, whom I have not seen these five years; and about the end of October I hope to be at Bath. Now, unless you tell me that you are writing in good earnest, I will never say again that I am, affectionately,

Yours,

W. L.

XIII.

TAKE care, Graziosissima! If you lead captive a single beau, I will add a couple of belles to my territories, forthwith.

"Time has not thinned my flowing locks." Now do not suspect me of fibbery, or rub your memory till it smarts again. The thing is sure enough — and the "*perché*" is — they never flowed at all, but were equally stagnant and shallow at all seasons of my life — pretty nearly. At last, however, they have acquired that fine silvery tone which great painters have attained after long practice: something of the Guido, and something of the Vandyck.

Now for news. I sent your brother a ticket (I had six at my disposal) for Lady John Somerset's ball, at Clifton. But he would not go, because he had a cold, and his nose was red. His nose must be turned into a salamander, and his cold into an iceberg, before the ladies will find another so acceptable to them. But if ever he intends to marry, he should not throw away seven years more. It is rarely that pure blood and plentiful gold roll together in the same channel. If he wishes to raise a full cup to his lips, he must stoop a little. As to you and your sister, I will give my consent to nothing below the dignity of Earl. Somehow I like the sound of that title better than marquis or duke — it sounds more English — it looks nearer Alfred. There was a duke of Shrewsbury — and he was nothing at all — but one can hardly form an idea of any title so glorious as Earl of Shrewsbury. Shakespeare was the sovereign who conferred it; but not without merit.

And so! it was to you I promised my teapot,— was it? Never mind. I have a "*cosa stupenda*" for flowers and butterflies — a Japan pattern, large enough to hold an apronful of primroses. You must come for it, and remind me — for you see how apt we young people are to forget our promises. I knew I had something to present to you; and there are flowers and butterflies on both — as there is a river as well at Macedon as at Monmouth. *Addio, Graziosissima* and *mi creda sempre divotissimo.*

XIV.

MARIUCCIA MIA.

[March, 1856.]

IT is not always that I know one of the places, out of the two, where you are — but one I do know to a certainty. Alas! I have lost my poor dear Pomero.† He died, after a long illness, apparently from a kick he received in the stomach in my absence. The whole house grieved for him. I buried him in a coffin in the garden. I would rather have lost everything else I possess in the world. Seven years we lived together in more than amity. He loved me to his heart — and what a heart

* Mr. G. P. R. James.

† The writer's pet white Pomeranian dog.

it was! Mine beats audibly while I write about him.

At present I am doing nothing. Last month I ordered some "Leaves for the Study" to be printed for the benefit of a day-labourer who has written some good and manly poetry, now published by subscription. If you read "Fraser's Magazine," you will see in April two imaginary conversations of mine. My scenes are on Antony and Octavius — characters of which it appears to me that Shakespeare has made sad work — and worse in Cleopatra. God bless you, my pleasant Mariuccia. Pray for me, and Pomero. Some people are so wicked as to believe we shall never meet again!

W. S. L.

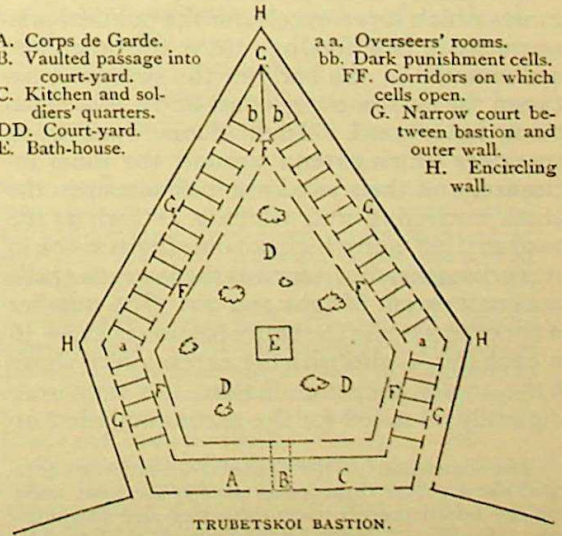
A RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISON.

THE FORTRESS OF PETROPAVLOVSK.

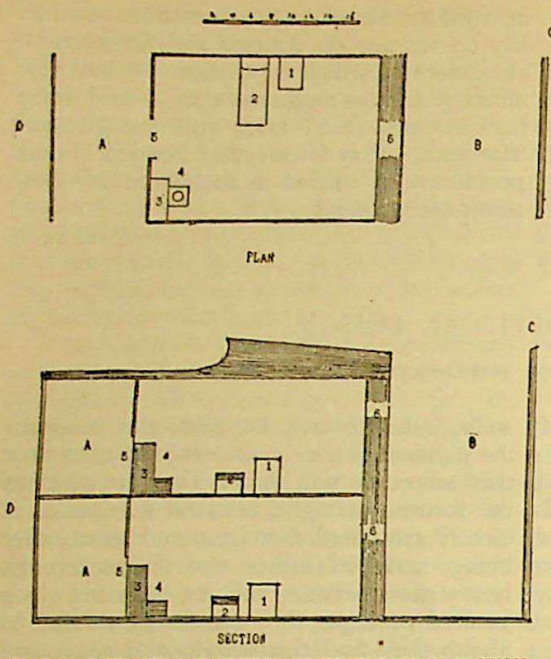
THE great state prison of Russia — the prison in which all important and dangerous political offenders sooner or later find themselves — is the fortress of Petropavlovsk. Every traveler who has visited St. Petersburg must remember the slender gilded spire which rises to a height of nearly four hundred feet from the low bank of the Neva opposite the Winter Palace, and which shines afar like an uplifted lance of gold across the marshy delta of the river and the shallow waters of the Finnish Gulf. It is the spire of the fortress cathedral under which lie buried the bones of Russia's Tsars and around which lie buried almost as effectually the enemies of the Tsars' government. All that can be seen of the fortress from the river, upon which it fronts, is a long, low wall of gray stone broken sharply into salient and reëntering angles with a few cannon *en barbette*, a flag fluttering from the parapet, and over all the white belfry and burnished spire of the cathedral and the smoking chimneys of the Imperial mint. The main entrance to the fortress is a long vaulted passage leading through the wall near the end of the Troitski bridge and opening into a rather spacious grassy and well-shaded park or boulevard to which the public are admitted at all hours of the day and through which the residents of "the Petersburg side," as that part of the city is called, go to and from their homes. It is impossible, however, to obtain by merely walking along this thoroughfare any definite idea of the extent or character of Russia's great political prison. The fortress as a whole is an immense aggregation of bastions, ravelins, curtains, barracks, and storehouses which must cover at least three-quarters of a square mile and which is intersected by the boulevard above referred to, and by a canal or moat which separates the citadel or fortress proper from the "crown-work" in the rear. In what part of this vast labyrinth of walls, gates, courts, bastions, and redoubts the political prisoners are confined even they themselves do not know. They are taken to the fortress at night, between gendarmes in closely curtained carriages, and when, after being conveyed hither and thither through heavy gates between echoing walls and along vaulted passages, they are finally ordered to alight, they find themselves in a small and completely inclosed court-yard from which nothing whatever can be seen except the sky overhead. Where this court-yard is situated they can only conjecture. There is some reason to believe that the part of the fortress where the political prisoners are confined while awaiting trial is a bastion which projects on the river side in the direction of the Bourse; but even this is not certain. All that I could learn from the political exiles whose acquaintance I made in Siberia was that they had been shut up in what they believed to be the Trubetskoi bastion. Of this particular part of the fortress, however, they could give me a full description, and a plan of it, drawn by an exile who is now in Eastern Siberia, will be found below.

A. Corps de Garde.
B. Vaulted passage into court-yard.
C. Kitchen and soldiers' quarters.
DD. Court-yard.
E. Bath-house.

a a. Overseers' rooms.
bb. Dark punishment cells.
FF. Corridors on which cells open.
G. Narrow court between bastion and outer wall.
H. Encircling wall.



TRUBETSKOI BASTION.



PLAN OF CASEMATE AND SECTION OF RIGHT FACE OF BASTION FROM INNER COURT-YARD TO OUTER WALL.

A. Corridor; B. Outer court; C. Encircling wall; D. Inner court.
1. Table; 2. Bed; 3. Oven; 4. Commode; 5. Door; 6. Window.

THE TRUBETSKOI BASTION.

THE Trubetskoi bastion is a massive, pentagonal, two-story structure of stone and brick, about 300 feet in length from the flanked angle to the base and 250 feet in width on a line drawn between the two shoulder angles.* It stands in a court which is 25 or 30 feet longer and wider than the bastion itself, and which is formed by a high wall corresponding in outline with the bastion faces and separated from them all around by a space of 12 or 15 feet. The effect of this encircling wall is to completely shut the bastion in. The casemates which serve as cells for the political prisoners are in two tiers, one above the other, and are situated in the body of the structure, between the narrow outer court and a more spacious inner yard. Their doors open upon corridors which extend around the inner inclosure, and their windows look out upon the blank encircling wall which is as high as the bastion itself, and which not only limits vision in every direction, but deprives the lower tier cells to a great extent of light and air. The number of the casemates in the entire bastion is 72,—36 in each tier,—and with the exception of those in the angles, they are all alike. As they were originally intended for the accommodation of heavy cannon, they are much larger than ordinary prison cells. Their dimensions are approximately 24 feet in length from door to window, 16 feet in width between partition walls, and 12 feet in height to a slightly vaulted ceiling. The walls and ceilings are of brick, and the floors are concrete. The massive outer face of the bastion is pierced in each casemate by one arched window at a height of eight or nine feet from the floor, the tunnel-like aperture is guarded by double gratings, and the lower right-hand pane of the iron sash is hung on hinges so that it can be opened for the admission of air. Owing to the height of the window from the floor the prisoner cannot reach it without support, and can see nothing out of it except the upper part of the outer wall and a narrow strip of sky. The heavy doors of the casemates are of wood, and in the middle of each is a square port-hole which can be closed by a hinged panel. The panel swings up and down like a miniature drawbridge, and when lowered to a horizontal position forms a shelf upon which food for the prisoner can be placed by the guard. Immediately over it is a narrow horizontal slit about as large as the opening for letters in a street letter-box, covered by a pivoted strip of wood which can be raised and lowered like the blade of a jack-knife so as to open or close the aperture. This contrivance, which is known to the political prisoners as the "Judas," enables the guard to look into the cell at any time without attracting the attention of the occupant. The furniture of the casemate consists of a common Russian oven with its door in the corridor; an iron bedstead, bolted into the masonry at one end so that it cannot be moved; a shelf-like slab of iron, also bolted into the wall near the head of the bed and intended for use as a table; a stationary iron wash-basin; a wooden box, containing an excrement bucket; a small cheap image of the Madonna before which the prisoner can say his prayers, and a tin cup suspended against the wall under the window to catch the moisture which drips from the slopes of the deep embrasure. The general aspect of the casemate is somber, gloomy, and forbidding; and the first idea suggested to the mind by the massive walls, the vaulted ceiling, the iron window, the damp, lifeless air, and the profound stillness is the idea of a burial vault or crypt.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE FORTRESS.

WHEN a political prisoner is brought at night to one of these casemates he is first of all stripped naked. A careful examination is made of his person to ascertain whether he

* The dimensions of the Trubetskoi bastion as here stated must not be regarded as strictly accurate, since they are based merely upon estimates and computations.—G. K.

has anything concealed in his hair, mouth, ears, or nostrils, and when the guard are satisfied that he has not, they give him in the place of his own clothing a prison costume consisting of a coarse gray linen shirt, drawers of the same material, a long blue linen dressing-gown, woolen stockings, and a pair of soft felt slippers. As soon as he has put on these garments the soldiers of the guard retire, the heavy wooden door closes behind them, the key grinds in the rusty padlock, and the prisoner is left alone in the dimly lighted casemate. The stillness is that of the grave. There is not a footstep, nor a voice, nor a sound of any kind to indicate the presence of another human being in the bastion. Every fifteen minutes the bells of the fortress cathedral chime out slowly the air with which the words, "Have mercy, O Lord!" are associated in the Russian liturgy, and every hour they ring the melody of the ecclesiastical chant, "How glorious is our Lord in Zion!" The damp, heavy atmosphere, the dripping walls, the oppressive silence, and the faint muffled tones of the cathedral bells chiming mournful airs from the church liturgy, all seem to say to the lonely and dejected prisoner, "Although not dead, you are buried." Crushed by the thought that this is the end of all his hopes and aspirations and struggles for the welfare of his country, tortured by anxiety concerning the fate of those nearest and dearest to him, he rises from the narrow iron bed upon which he has thrown himself in the first paroxysm of despair and begins to pace his cell. "How long," he asks himself, "will this continue?" He reviews mentally the events which preceded and followed his arrest, recalls the questions that were asked him at the preliminary examination, and tries to form from the facts of his case a calm judgment as to the probable duration of his imprisonment. The offense with which he is charged is not, he thinks, a serious one; there are no complicating circumstances to retard the investigation; perhaps he will be tried and released in a few weeks. But as this ray of hope enters his heart he stoops to replace the loose felt slipper which has fallen from one foot, and in so doing notices for the first time what seems to be a faint path leading from one corner of the cell to another on the same diagonal which he has been pacing. Startled by a vague apprehension, he seizes the small lamp and examines it more closely. It is unquestionably a path—a shallow but perceptible groove worn into the solid concrete by human footsteps. The mournful significance of this discovery comes to him almost with the shock of a new misfortune. He then is not the first prisoner who has been buried in this lonely casemate, nor the first who has sought in physical exercise relief from mental strain. Somebody who perhaps was also accused of a political offense—somebody who perhaps was also hopeful of a speedy trial—made that significant groove. Somebody heart-sick with hope long deferred trod that path from corner to corner not merely a hundred times nor a thousand times, but hundreds of thousands of times, until the solid floor of the casemate had been worn away by his weary feet, and a long shallow depression marked the line of his monotonous march. This melancholy record of an unknown predecessor's loneliness and isolation disheartens the prisoner more than all that has happened to him since his arrest. He recalls the history of the Decembrists, and remembers that in this same fortress many of that gallant band of revolutionists spent all the years of their early manhood and finally died, committed suicide, or went insane. One of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Battenkoff, languished here in solitary confinement for almost a quarter of a century;* another, Midshipman Diboff, was held a prisoner here until death came to his relief; a third, Lieutenant Zaikin, unable to endure the mind-destroying torture of complete isolation, killed himself by dashing his head against the wall; while a fourth, preferring even a death of agony to a life clouded by mental disorder, swallowed glass broken from his cell window.† In this same fortress still another officer lay in solitary confinement until the guards re-

* The history of the attempt made by a number of army and navy officers at the accession to the throne of the Emperor Nicholas to bring about a revolution and establish a constitutional form of government is well known. Lieutenant-Colonel Battenkoff, one of the participators in this movement, was punished by solitary confinement in the fortress from December, 1825, to February, 1846, a period of more than twenty years. During this time he was never outside of the Alexei ravelin, and never saw a human being except his guards. He was permitted to have a Hebrew Bible and a lexicon, and he spent a large part of his time in making a new translation of the Old Testament into Russian. This mental occupation probably saved him from insanity, which is the fate most dreaded by political prisoners and which is the almost invariable result of long solitary confinement. With the exception of the lexicon and a few religious books, Lieutenant-Colonel Battenkoff had access to no literature, and in the whole twenty years did not see a newspaper nor hear a word of intelligence from the outside world. He was, in fact, buried alive in the strictest sense of the words. In February, 1846, he was finally released and exiled to western Siberia. Some interesting facts with regard to his life and character will be found in a letter from his friend Mr. A. Luchtef to the Irkutsk newspaper, "Sibir," for January 30, 1883, and in Maximoff's "Siberia and Penal Servitude," Vol. II., p. 166.

† "Recollections of a Decembrist," p. 185, by A. Belaieff. St. Petersburg, 1882. Much was crossed out in the manuscript of Mr. Belaieff's book by the censor, but the above statements were allowed to stand.

ported that he had ceased to answer questions, and an official examination showed that he had become a complete imbecile. He could still eat, drink, and perform the actions that years of unbroken routine had rendered habitual; but from his heavy, glazed eyes the last spark of human intelligence had vanished, and he sat motionless on his bed for days at a time in the profound stupor of intellectual death.*

Oppressed by these gloomy recollections of fortress history, the prisoner can pace his cell no longer. He imagines that he can feel with his lightly clad feet the shallow trough made by the feet of his unknown predecessor, and every step in it suggests possibilities of suffering which he dares not contemplate. Seating himself again on the narrow bed, he listens long and intently for some sound of life from the outside world — some faint, audible evidence of human activity to break up this oppressive nightmare of burial in a subterranean crypt haunted by phantasms of tortured suicides and imbeciles. The bells of the fortress cathedral chime out slowly again, "Have mercy, O Lord!" but the faint tones of the mournful supplication die away into a stillness more profound, if possible, than that which went before. Suddenly the prisoner becomes conscious of two human eyes staring at him with fixed, unwinking gaze from the middle of the casemate door. Startled, nervous, excited, it seems to him for a moment as if the phantasms of his disordered imagination were taking definite objective form — as if the ghost of some political suicide, at that dead hour of the night, were peering into the gloomy casemate where on a tragic day long past it left its emaciated mortal tenement lying on the floor with a fractured skull or a throat full of broken glass. But as he gazes in spell-bound fascination at the mysterious, expressionless eyes they suddenly vanish, and a faint click, made by the cover of the "Judas" as it falls into place over the slit where the eyes have been, shows him that the fancied apparition was only the guard looking into the cell from the corridor. A momentary feeling of relief is followed by still deeper depression, as he realizes for the first time that although absolutely alone he is the object of constant suspicion and vigilance. The eyes of a supernatural visitant would at least have been compassionate and sympathetic; but the impersonal, unrecognizable, expressionless eyes of an unknown spy appearing noiselessly now and then at the aperture of the "Judas" only render his situation the more intolerable. The very solitude seems now to be pervaded and dominated by a watchful, hostile, pitiless presence which he can neither see nor escape from.

As the prisoner's emotional excitement gradually subsides he begins to feel conscious of the damp chilliness of the casemate, and in a shiver, due partly to cold and partly to nervous reaction, he creeps into his narrow bed and draws the thin blanket up over his shoulders for the night. The last sound which he hears as he sinks into a troubled, fitful sleep is that of the cathedral chime ringing at midnight, "God save the Tsar."

ROUTINE OF LIFE IN A CASEMATE.

THE daily routine of a prisoner's life in the Trubetskoi bastion begins with the serving of hot water for tea about 8 o'clock in the morning. Nothing except the hot water is furnished at the expense of the Government; but if the prisoner has money of his own in the hands of the "smatritel," or warden, the latter will purchase for him tea, sugar, white bread, tobacco, and other simple luxuries not forbidden by prison rules. About 2 o'clock the guard appears at the port-hole in the door with the prisoner's dinner, which consists of soup with a few fragments of meat floating in it, "kasha," made of unground barley or oats boiled in enough water to saturate the grains, and a pound and a half of black rye-bread. What remains of the soup from dinner is warmed up for supper, and at a later hour in the evening hot water is brought again for tea. All food is served in block-tin or pewter dishes, and is eaten with wooden spoons. Knives and forks are regarded as dangerous implements and are not allowed to go into a prisoner's hands under any circumstances. Previous to 1879 the food provided for political prisoners in the Trubetskoi bastion was abundant and good. Thirty-five or forty out of fifty or more exiles whom I questioned on the subject in Siberia told me that during the time that they were imprisoned in the fortress — between 1873 and 1878 — complaint with regard to food could not fairly be made. It was better in

* Neither the name nor the offense of this officer is known. The fact of his existence was disclosed by certain gendarmes who served as guards in the Alexei ravelin in 1882, and who in August of that year were exiled to Siberia for permitting political prisoners to communicate with their friends. According to the story of these gendarmes, the imbecile officer, who was known only by the number of his casemate, had been thrown into the fortress many years before they first saw him for offering a grievous insult to the Emperor Alexander II. The cause for the insult was said to be the ruin by the Tsar of the officer's sister. Whether this story had a foundation in fact, or was merely a prison rumor which obtained currency as an explanation of the officer's long confinement and strict seclusion, I do not know; but the exiled gendarmes were in perfect agreement as to the facts of the unknown prisoner's life which had come under their own immediate observation, and described with many pathetic details the gradual decay of his mental powers.

quality and more plentiful in quantity than that furnished to prisoners of the same class in other prisons of the empire. About the time, however, that the Terrorists began their activity in 1879, the treatment of political prisoners everywhere underwent a change for the worse, and in the fortress that change was marked by a decrease in the quantity and a deterioration in the quality of the food. Finally, after the assassination of Alexander II., the imprisoned revolutionists were deprived of nearly all the privileges that they had previously enjoyed, were treated with greater severity and rigor than ever, and were put virtually upon the same footing with common criminals. In 1882, when a young law student of my acquaintance named Stassoff was brought to the Trubetskoi bastion, the food furnished there was so bad that at first he could not force himself to eat it, although he had already been four months in prison in another part of the empire. The guard, noticing that he left his dinner and supper untouched, said to him, "Do you intend to starve yourself to death?"

"Suppose I do," replied the prisoner; "why not?"

"We won't let you," said the guard; "we will feed you by force."

"How by force?"

"Simply enough; we will put a rubber pipe down your throat and pour milk into it."

"But," said Mr. Stassoff, "if you 'll only give me milk, I 'll take that now without any rubber pipe." The guard, a good-humored young soldier, smiled and turned away, advising the prisoner to eat what was set before him. Hunger finally compelled Mr. Stassoff to swallow the prison ration, but that the food thus forced upon him was insufficient and bad is shown by the fact that in less than three months he was prostrated by scurvy, and at the expiration of four months it was found necessary to remove him to the House of Preliminary Detention in order to save his life. He was so weak that he could not leave his bed, his face was pale and haggard, his eyes were sunken, and blood flowed from his swollen gums at every attempt to eat. He had then been eight months in solitary confinement without trial, and had been reduced from robust health to a condition so low that the fortress surgeon who was called to examine him said, "We must get you out of this grave or it will soon be too late."

The dreary monotony of life in the Trubetskoi bastion is relieved to some extent by a daily walk of ten or fifteen minutes in the small inner court-yard. Every morning or afternoon, at a certain appointed hour, a soldier enters the casemate with the clothing which the prisoner had on when he was arrested and, throwing it upon the bed, says, "Pazholuyte na progulku"—"You will please take your walk." It is one of the rules of the fortress that a prisoner shall put on his own dress every time he leaves his cell, in order that the prison garments which he has been wearing may be thoroughly searched during his temporary absence. He is required therefore to change his apparel throughout, even to underclothing and stockings, and is closely watched meanwhile to see that he does not transfer anything from one suit of clothes to the other. When he has made this complete change of dress he is taken out into the little court-yard where, between two gendarmes, he promenades slowly back and forth for ten minutes. He can see little more from his exercise ground than he could from his cell; but in summer and in fair weather even a walled court-yard is a pleasant change from the gloom, dampness, and death-like stillness of a bomb-proof casemate. It is at least open to the universe overhead, and as the prisoner walks back and forth in it the sun shines warmly and brightly in his face; the green foliage of a few shrubs and stunted trees gratifies the craving of his eyes for color; he can hear occasionally the whistle of a passing steamer on the unseen Neva, or the faint music of a band in the neighboring zoölogical garden; and now and then, when the wind is fair, it brings to his nostrils the cool, moist fragrance of the woods. If this walk could be prolonged for two or three hours, it would have a most beneficial influence upon the prisoner's health and spirits; but as there are sometimes sixty or seventy political offenders in the bastion, and as the Government does not intend that they shall ever see one another, much less have an opportunity to exchange signals, only one of them is allowed to walk in the court-yard at a time. This limits the daily outing of each to about ten minutes. While the prisoner is taking his walk, the cell which he has left and the prison dress which he has temporarily laid aside are both carefully searched, in order to make sure that he has not accidentally come into possession of an old rusty nail; that he is not saving up bits of cigarette paper with a view to surreptitious correspondence; that he is not hoarding matches with the hope of getting enough together to poison himself—that, in short, he is not hiding anything which can be used either as a means of making his life more endurable or as an instrument for putting it to an end. When the prisoner returns to his cell at the end of his walk he puts on again the coarse linen prison garb which has just been searched, and the citizen's dress which he has worn for ten minutes in the court-

yard is taken away by the gendarmes to be searched in its turn. This ends the day's "recreation."

It is the concurrent testimony of fifty or more exiles whom I met in Siberia, that the worst privations of life in the Trubetskoi bastion are the loneliness, the stillness, and the lack of occupation. Physical hardships, such as bad food, foul air, dampness and cold, can be endured; but the mental and moral torture of complete isolation, perfect stillness, and the absence of all employment for hands and brain soon becomes literally insupportable.

HOW PRISONERS ARE WATCHED AND GUARDED.

THE system of discipline enforced in the fortress is of the strictest possible character. In 1881 there were constantly on guard in each of the several corridors of the Trubetskoi bastion two sworn "nadziratels," or overseers, five soldiers armed with rifles and revolvers, and four gendarmes. Their duties were to carry food and water to the prisoners in their cells, to keep up fires in the ovens in winter, to remove the excrement buckets when necessary, to see that no noise was made in any part of the bastion, and to watch the prisoners constantly night and day through the "Judas" slits in the doors of the casemates. They all wore soft felt slippers, so that they could steal along the corridors and peep into the cells without making the slightest noise; they were forbidden to talk to one another or to the prisoners in a tone above a whisper, or to speak to the latter at all, except in case of absolute necessity; and they had orders to report instantly any unusual or suspicious action or behavior on the part of the occupant of any cell on their corridor. Finally, the three classes of guards — overseers, soldiers, and gendarmes — were required to watch not only the prisoners, but one another; so that if a soldier, for example, came to feel affection and sympathy for a prisoner, and wished to help or shield him, he would be restrained from doing so by the consciousness that he himself was watched by the gendarmes, and that the least relaxation of severity or manifestation of sympathy on his part would be noticed and reported. There is always danger in a Russian prison that the political prisoners, who are generally men of education and character, will establish friendly relations with their guards — especially with the soldiers — and will secure the aid of the latter in carrying on secret correspondence with their friends, both inside and outside the prison walls. This has happened again and again in all parts of the empire, and more than once in the fortress itself. In order to prevent it the Government has not only made it the duty of the soldiers and the gendarmes to watch one another, but has adopted the plan of changing them so frequently that a prisoner has not time even to lay the foundation of an acquaintance with one of them before another takes his place. In 1881 the soldiers on duty in the corridors of the Trubetskoi bastion were changed every hour; and as the prison authorities could draw soldiers from an army of fifty or sixty thousand men massed in and about St. Petersburg, they could put a different battalion on guard duty every day for six months. The gendarmes were also shifted frequently; and the overseers, who were twenty-four in number, changed stations every day, going from one story or corridor of the bastion to another at irregular and uncertain intervals, so that a prisoner sometimes did not see the same overseer twice in a fortnight, and could never count on the presence of a particular one in his corridor at a particular time. Once a month the prisoners are taken separately to a little bath-house in the middle of the court-yard, where they bathe under guard of two gendarmes, and as often as may be necessary the prison barber visits them in their cells for the purpose of cutting their finger-nails, toe-nails, and hair. Edged tools are not allowed to go into their hands for an instant, and a female prisoner who obtains permission to sew in her casemate must call the guard every time she wishes to use scissors, and give him the material to be cut.

INTERVIEWS WITH RELATIVES.

THE loneliness and monotony of life in the Trubetskoi bastion are relieved, in the cases of many of the prisoners, by occasional interviews with relatives. Once a month the father, mother, sister, brother, wife, or child of a political prisoner may obtain from the Minister of the Interior or the Chief of Gendarmes permission to visit the fortress in a closed carriage under guard and talk with the prisoner for ten minutes. In the room where the interview takes place there are two net-work partitions or gratings of iron wire, five or six feet apart, with a square aperture in each like a bank teller's window, at about the height of a man's head from the floor. The visitor stands on the outside of one of these gratings, and the prisoner on the outside of the other, with their faces at the square port-holes, while at a small table in the inclosure between them sits an officer whose duty it is to listen to the conversation. Both visitor and prisoner are warned in advance that their talk must be limited to strictly personal and domestic matters; that it must be perfectly intelligible to the listening

officer; and that it must contain neither names of persons nor references to public affairs. In order to guard against a possible interchange of secret signals, a gendarme stationed directly behind the prisoner watches every motion and expression of the visitor, while another, stationed behind the visitor, watches every motion and expression of the prisoner. At the slightest indication of an attempt on the part of either to convey forbidden intelligence to the other, an end is put to the interview and the privilege is not again granted. Many prisoners regarded the so-called privilege as a mere mockery, and refused to see their relatives altogether. Doctor Melnikoff, a bright, cultivated young surgeon whom I found living in exile in a village of eastern Siberia near the frontier of Mongolia, said to me in a conversation on this subject: "Interviews with my wife were a source of pain and distress to me rather than of pleasure. I could not say anything to her that I wanted to say; I could not take her in my arms; I could not even touch her hand; and it seemed like a desecration of love to speak of it in the presence of hired eavesdroppers, jailers, and spies to whom it might afterward be nothing more than a subject for coarse jest and laughter. All I could do, therefore, was to ask and answer a few formal questions; look with aching heart at my wife's pale, convulsed face streaming with tears; and then bid her good-bye and go back to my casemate. For days afterward her agonized face haunted me and I was more miserable than ever. I finally refused to see her."

PRIVILEGES AND DIVERSIONS.—AN ARTIFICIAL HICCOUGH.

THE only privilege of a prisoner's life in the Trubetskoi bastion which is really prized is the use of books and writing materials. There is in the bastion a very good library of about a thousand volumes, made up chiefly of books which have been sent to or purchased by the prisoners in the course of the last twenty years, but which the owners were not permitted to take away with them at the expiration of their terms of imprisonment. From this library many — perhaps most — of the politicals awaiting trial are allowed to draw books. Writing materials, in the shape of a pen and ink and a small copy-book made of half a dozen sheets of coarse paper stitched together, are also loaned to them for a few hours at a time upon condition that they shall be returned without injury or mutilation. These privileges, however, are not granted at all times nor to all of the prisoners. Nikolai Charushin, one of the early propagandists, who spent two years and a half in the Trubetskoi bastion, was not allowed for the first five months to see a single printed line. Solomon Chudnofski, a well-known publicist and a member of the western Siberian branch of the Imperial Geographical Society, was put into a strait-jacket in the same bastion in the spring of 1878 for insisting upon his legal right to have pen and paper for the purpose of writing a letter of complaint to the Procureur. Many other prisoners were deprived of these and all other privileges for months at a time, without the assignment of any reason whatever by the prison authorities. There would seem to be sometimes a deliberate intention on the part of the Government to break down the resolution and disorder the mental faculties of obstinate political offenders by depriving them of all means of mental employment. Doctor Melnikoff, for example, the young surgeon of whom I have spoken, was not allowed for a long time to have either books or writing materials, and finding that the loneliness and lack of occupation were becoming insupportable, he saved a part of his daily ration of black rye-bread, and after moistening it enough to render it plastic he began to mold it into small figures. This diversion was a perfectly harmless one, even from the point of view of the strictest disciplinarian, and if it had been permitted it would have enabled the young surgeon to while away many long, weary hours, and might have made for him all the difference between mental health and insanity. No sooner, however, did the gendarmes on duty in the corridor notice what he was doing than they took away both the figures and the bread and warned him that if he attempted anything of the kind again he would be punished.

The death-like stillness of the casemate where Doctor Melnikoff was confined became in time as intolerable as the absence of employment. His feet, clad in soft felt slippers, made not the slightest noise when he walked; he dared not knock or drum with his fingers; and it was so long since he had heard the sound of his own voice that he sometimes doubted whether he still had a voice. He finally went into the remotest part of the casemate, crouched down in a corner, with his back to the door, and began to talk softly aloud to himself. The next time the guard peeped through the "Judas" and discovered what the prisoner was doing he opened the door and said to him that talking aloud even to one's self was "neilza,"— "impossible,"— and that if he repeated the offense he would be put into a dark cell. Baffled again, the young surgeon was for a long time silent, but he finally conceived the idea of making a noise, and at the same time reassuring himself as to the

unimpaired efficiency of his vocal cords, by counterfeiting a hiccough. This stratagem succeeded. The guard of course insisted that the prisoner should stop it; but the prisoner declared that hiccough is a spasmodic affection of the diaphragm and glottis which cannot be controlled by the will, and that if the guard wanted it stopped the best thing he could do was to get him some medicine for it from the fortress surgeon. The soldier, acting on this suggestion, went to consult the "feldsher" or assistant medical officer of the bastion, while the prisoner, with a sense of perfect security, hiccoughed so vociferously and joyously that he could be heard out in the corridor. All efforts of the prison authorities to cure Doctor Melnikoff's hiccough proved unavailing. It was a chronic infirmity, and when it assumed an acute and paroxysmal form, as it did every day or two throughout the remainder of his term of imprisonment, it set all remedies at defiance. I said to the young surgeon when he related to me in Siberia this incident of his prison life, that I presumed the distressing malady disappeared with his liberation from the fortress. "Oh, no," interposed his wife laughingly. "Whenever he feels lonesome or '*ennuied*' he hiccoughs to himself artificially for a quarter of an hour at a time; but he does it now unconsciously, so that it really is a disease."

PRISONERS' METHODS OF INTERCOMMUNICATION.

THE principal object of the rigorous system of prison discipline enforced in the Trubetskoi bastion is the prevention of communication between the prisoners. As the politicals in this part of the fortress are all persons who have not yet been tried, the Government regards it as extremely important that they shall not have an opportunity to secretly consult one another and agree upon a scheme of defense; that they shall not be allowed to give one another points and suggestions after preliminary examination; and that those who have been a long time in prison shall not be able to learn from those just arrested what has happened in the outside world since their removal from it. The Government intends, in short, to isolate every political offender, if possible, so completely that he will suppose himself to be the only human being shut up in that part of the fortress and will not think, therefore, of knocking on the wall or trying in any other way to attract sympathetic attention. If the prisoners were permitted to talk aloud, either to the guards or to themselves, such isolation as this would be impracticable. They would occasionally hear one another's voices and would thus be apprised of their nearness to one another; and then if they were allowed to make the least noise they would contrive a method of transmitting intelligence by means of that noise from cell to cell. Even footsteps on a hard floor, if the feet were not muffled in soft felt slippers, might be so timed and spaced as to indicate numbers and letters in the cipher-square. In view of these considerations the Government believes it to be absolutely necessary to watch the prisoners constantly and to maintain throughout the bastion the stillness of a sepulcher. The results of this strict system of surveillance and repression are not, however, as satisfactory in practice as they presumably are in theory. The political prisoners communicate with one another in three or four different ways in spite of all the measures of prevention and precaution that official ingenuity can devise. In the first place they communicate by means of the knock alphabet. The prison authorities made an attempt in 1876 to put a stop to surreptitious telegraphy by masking the walls of all the casemates with screens of wire net-work covered with soft thick felt. This scheme however created a new evil without remedying the old one. The space between the screens and the wall served the prisoners as a convenient hiding-place for scraps of cigarette paper, old nails, pins, bits of string, ends of burnt matches, and other useful articles of that sort which they had previously had great difficulty in concealing from the gendarmes. The screens, moreover, did not prevent the knocking. The prisoners soon discovered that the little shelf-like iron table bolted into the wall of each casemate near the head of the bed would convey sound as well as the wall itself, and that if an instructed listener put his ear to one of these tables he could hear distinctly the faintest tap made upon the corresponding table in the cell above or below. This discovery rendered communication between the cells of the upper and the lower tier comparatively safe and easy. All that the prisoner had to do was to seat himself on the bed, bury his head in his arms on the table as if he were tired or despondent, and tap softly with the ball of one finger on the iron slab under cover of his shoulder. The attitude was a perfectly natural one and excited no mistrust in the mind of the guard, and by a slight change of position the ear could be laid against the table when it became necessary to listen. Gentle tapping upon a non-resonant substance like iron did not make noise enough to be heard across the casemate, and yet every stroke set up a slight vibration in the table which was communicated through the wall to the corresponding table in the cell

above or below, where it became audible as a faint, soft throb. This method of knocking was much safer than the one in ordinary use, because when the prison authorities set a trap for the knockers, as they frequently did, by secretly removing three or four prisoners from alternate cells and putting gendarmes in their places, no harm ever came of it. The knocking of course continued, but as the official eavesdroppers never thought of putting their ears to the tables, they were unable to detect the slightest sound.

CIPHER-MEDICATED BREAD PILLS.

ONLY two successful methods of preventing intercommunication by means of the knock alphabet were ever devised by the fortress authorities. One of them necessitated the disuse of all the cells immediately adjoining those occupied by political offenders, and the other required the stationing of a gendarme and a soldier in every casemate. Even these measures, however, did not entirely stop intercommunication unless the prisoners were deprived at the same time of their daily walk and of the privilege of drawing books from the library. If all the cells around a prisoner were left empty and he found that he could not get a response to his knocks, he saved bits of cigarette paper, pierced holes in them with a sharp splinter or dotted them with the burnt end of a match in such a manner that the groups of holes or dots when counted would indicate numbers answering to certain letters in the cipher-square, and then inclosing the papers in a small ball of moistened bread, he laid them aside until he should be taken out for his daily walk. As soon as he heard the gendarmes coming for him he concealed the cipher-medicated bread pill in his mouth, and when after the usual change of dress he was conducted into the court-yard, he contrived to drop it unnoticed in a place where he thought it would be discovered by the next prisoner who came there to walk. The little brownish ball of rye-bread was so nearly of the color of the ground that it was not likely to attract the attention of the guard, and yet it was almost certain to be noticed by men who were looking with intense passionate eagerness for secret tidings from a brother, wife, or dearest friend who, if alive, was somewhere in that gloomy bastion. Occasionally, when a prisoner was unable to procure cigarette paper, he unraveled a little yarn from his stocking or drew out a thread from his cotton sheet, and having tied knots in it in such a way that the groups of knots would make numbers in the cipher-square, he dropped that in the court-yard. The first prisoner who discovered the bread pill or the tangled thread generally managed to secure it either by pretending to tie his shoe or by some other similar ruse; and having obtained possession of it, he concealed it in his mouth, carried it back to his cell, and at the first opportunity read the cipher message which it contained or embodied. Such communications were necessarily brief, but they were sometimes full of significance and pathos. In November, 1880, there was in the fortress a well-known revolutionist named Goldenberg, whose mental faculties had become partially disordered as the result of solitary confinement. In a fit of morbid depression he reasoned himself into the belief that the revolutionary movement was hopeless; that a continuance of the struggle could lead to nothing but further misery and disaster; and that the best way to stop it and to prevent the sacrifice of more lives was to make a full and frank confession to the Chief of Gendarmes of all that he knew, and thus enable the Government to crush the revolutionary organization by a single decisive blow. The reasoning was that of an unbalanced brain, but Goldenberg acted upon it and gave to the Government all the information in his possession with regard to the plans and *personnel* of the organization to which he belonged. This betrayal almost destroyed the revolutionary party by leading to the immediate arrest of a large number of its ablest and bravest representatives. After taking this fatal step Goldenberg was tormented by the thought that his comrades in prison would misunderstand his motives and perhaps attribute his action to the basest treachery or cowardice. He was still in solitary confinement in the fortress and had no opportunity to explain or defend his course, but the secret communications in cipher which he began to drop in the court-yard showed his comrades that he had some explanation to make. A prominent revolutionist who was then in the Trubetskoi bastion, but who is now in eastern Siberia, said to me, "Hardly a day passed that some of us did not find in the court-yard a bread pill or a leaf or a scrap of cigarette paper bearing in cipher the words, 'I can explain — Goldenberg'; or 'Don't condemn me — Goldenberg'; or 'Hear before you judge — Goldenberg.' It was pathetic to see how the poor fellow longed to unbosom himself to some of us, and how he was tortured by the thought that we might regard him as a traitor or a coward." Goldenberg died mysteriously in the fortress before the end of that same year, and is believed to have committed suicide. The Government used his confession against Zheliaboff in the trial of the regicides in 1881, but refused to give any information

with regard to the time or circumstances of his death.*

Another method of intercommunication, which was resorted to when knocking became for any reason impracticable, was that by means of library books. When a volume was returned by a prisoner after perusal, every page of it was scrutinized by a gendarme before it was replaced in the library, in order to guard against the possibility of communication by means of writing on the margins or fly-leaves. Notwithstanding this precaution, the prisoners managed to mark the books in such a way that the marks were not perceptible to the examining gendarme, but could be found by other prisoners into whose hands the volumes might subsequently come. This they accomplished by making shallow indentations with a splinter or a pin over selected letters of the print. The indentations were so faint that they were not noticeable when the leaf of the book made a right angle with the line of vision, but they clearly appeared when the page was held up to the light at an acute angle, with the eye of the reader near the lower margin. An indentation over the second letter from the beginning of a line indicated the figure 2, and another over the third letter from the end of the same line the figure 3, and the number 23 stood in the cipher square for the letter "h." In this way a message might be spelled out in cipher even in the presence of a gendarme, and there was hardly one chance in a hundred that the faint indentations would be discovered by an official examiner who had to look over three or four hundred pages in a few moments, and who often performed his duty in a formal and perfunctory manner.

A WINGED MESSENGER.

IT would be thought that human ingenuity could go no further in the contrivance of schemes to relieve the monotony of solitary confinement by a secret interchange of ideas and emotions with other prisoners, but in the fortress there were occasionally practiced methods of intercommunication even more extraordinary than any of these.

"One afternoon in the summer of 1881," said Doctor Melnikoff to me in the course of a conversation about his fortress life, "I was lying on the bed in my casemate, wondering how I should get through the rest of the day, when there flew into the cell through the open port-hole in the door a large blue-bottle fly. In the stillness and loneliness of one of those casemates any trifle is enough to attract a man's attention, and the occasional visit of a fly is an important event in one's life. I listened with pleasure to the buzz of his wings, and followed him with my eyes as he flew back and forth across the cell until I suddenly noticed that there was something unnatural in the appearance of his body. He seemed to have something attached to him. I arose from the bed in order to get nearer to him, and soon satisfied myself that there was a bit of paper fastened to his body. How to catch him and secure that paper without attracting the attention of the guard in the corridor I hardly knew, as he was flying most of the time in the upper part of the cell beyond my reach. For ten or fifteen minutes I watched him without being able to think of any way to capture him; but at last he came down nearer to the floor, and as he passed me I succeeded in catching him in the hollow of my hands without injuring him. Attached to his body by a fine human hair I found a small folded scrap of thin cigarette paper, upon which a man's name had been written with the burnt end of a match. It was not the name of any one whom I knew; but as it was evident that some strictly guarded prisoner hoped by this means to let his friends in the bastion know either that he had been arrested or that he was still alive, I fastened the paper again to the fly as well as I could and put him out into the corridor through the port-hole, saying 'S'Bogom'" ["With God," or "Go with God"—a Russian expression commonly used in bidding a friend good-bye].

"Did you ever hear anything more of the fly," I inquired, "or find out who the prisoner was?"

"Never," he replied. "The fly disappeared in the corridor, but whether the paper ever reached anybody who was acquainted with the prisoner, or not, I don't know—probably not, for the chances were a thousand to one against it."

If these pages should ever be seen by the political prisoner who wrote his name on that scrap of cigarette paper, and who, if alive, is now in Siberia, he will know that his little winged messenger did not wholly fail, but carried his name to another prisoner, who, although a stranger, thought of him often with sympathy and pity and remembers him still, even in Siberian exile.

George Kennan.

*Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides, p. 7. St. Petersburg, 1881.

A SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

(BEFORE SUNRISE.)

'MID foliage green and gold,
And bloom-sprays manifold,
I feel
The fragrance of eternal freshness steal
Forth from the rising day,
And far away,
Like the murmur of a stream,
Or a lute-chord in a dream,
On the horizon stirs
The rich and rapturous anthem of the Future's choristers.
How it flows
And grows!
On its notes
What triumph floats!
Before it earth is gladdened and the sea is like a rose.

The dawn
Is coming on —
Sweeter,
Fleeter,
In rhythms and rhymes and ripples flow the rays.
The high,
Blue, boundless, splendid sky
Flares like a rimpled blaze
Of sympathy divine.
A rare
Bouquet upon the air,
As if of mellow wine
Out of old flagons bursting,
Sets the whole world wildly thirsting.
The ships leap
On the fragrant, breezy deep,
And the broad fields are billowy with grains.
The great mills roar;
Earth's veins of wealth outpour,
And tireless engines pierce the hills and crash across the plains.

Hurled
Around the world,
The lightning-bolts of man's best words to man
Burn chains in two,
Turn old things new;
And, flung back from the trumpets in the van,
To the dull, listless ear
Of the straggler in the rear
Come precious notes blown on the dewy rim
Of the morning cool and dim.

Hist!
Ere the strain is whist,
A voice, out of the dawn's vague, rosy mist:
Pure as God's highest fire
The worker's golden hire,
And the home he makes with it,
And the peace he takes with it
To wife and children, are reward as fair
As soul can compass or as love can bear!

O brothers all! come near
And hear
A bird's
Melodious dreaming set to words,
And flung
The spring's new leaves and tender buds among,
For very joy of life, and hope, and love,
In a world made broad enough
For all God's creatures to be merry in,
With joyous clash and din,
And yet too small
For any greed at all!
Lo! deep and sure
Is cut this truth in heaven's book of gold:
Out of one mother in the garden old
Were born the rich and poor.

O ditcher in the mire!
O stoker by the fire,
And driver on the engine flying far,
And brakeman on the car!
O molder, strong and grim!
O 'longshoreman, and open-hearted tar,
And pilot, tough and true!
O miner in the coal-shaft damp and dim!
O factory girl with eyes serenely blue,
And cheerful matron washing clothes for hire!
O all who work and suffer and aspire!
Give ear!
Look up, and hear
And make thine own
This song, out of the future blown
So keen and clear:—
O pure of heart and faithful, hand in hand,
The strong, the weak, the great and small shall stand
Upright and free in Freedom's favored land,
And know
That howso blow
The winds of chance and change,
Onward and upward every step shall go,
And farther and freer every soul shall range!

How good
This universal bond of brotherhood,
And all this wide,
Strong, equal-flowing tide
Of human love and human charity
Foaming and heat-flushed as the rosy flood
of some deep tropic sea!

No?
Not so?—
As I swing
And sing,
I hear a myriad voices answer mine,
From the oak woods and the pine,
From the seas and from the lakes,
From the brakes,
From the cities and the shops,
From the mines and mountain-tops,
From field and fold,
Out of hot Southern marsh and Northern prairie cold,
All murmuring: "We are poor;
How long shall we endure
This burden that we bear
And the iron chains we wear?"

O brothers, though you grope
For the lowest rung of hope;
O sisters, though you weep
In darkness doubly deep,
And cry
From out foul pits of nameless misery,
Seeing on lofty places
Vague splendors and grand dreams
Flashing from fervent eyes and godlike faces,
Whereon the favor of Heaven divinely beams,
Envy not,
Nor curse your lot;
For lo! the best of all
God's gifts on you shall fall,
And your hearts shall over-brim
With ecstatic praise to Him!

Yea,
Deny it as you may,
The dawn
Is coming on,
And the heights must feel the glow
Before the valleys low;
But the great midday
Will strike
The peaks and vales alike,
And they
Who in life's hollows stay
Shall feel the heat divine,
When the strong noon sun shall shine
At the zenith, clear and high,
Of a just and liberal sky!

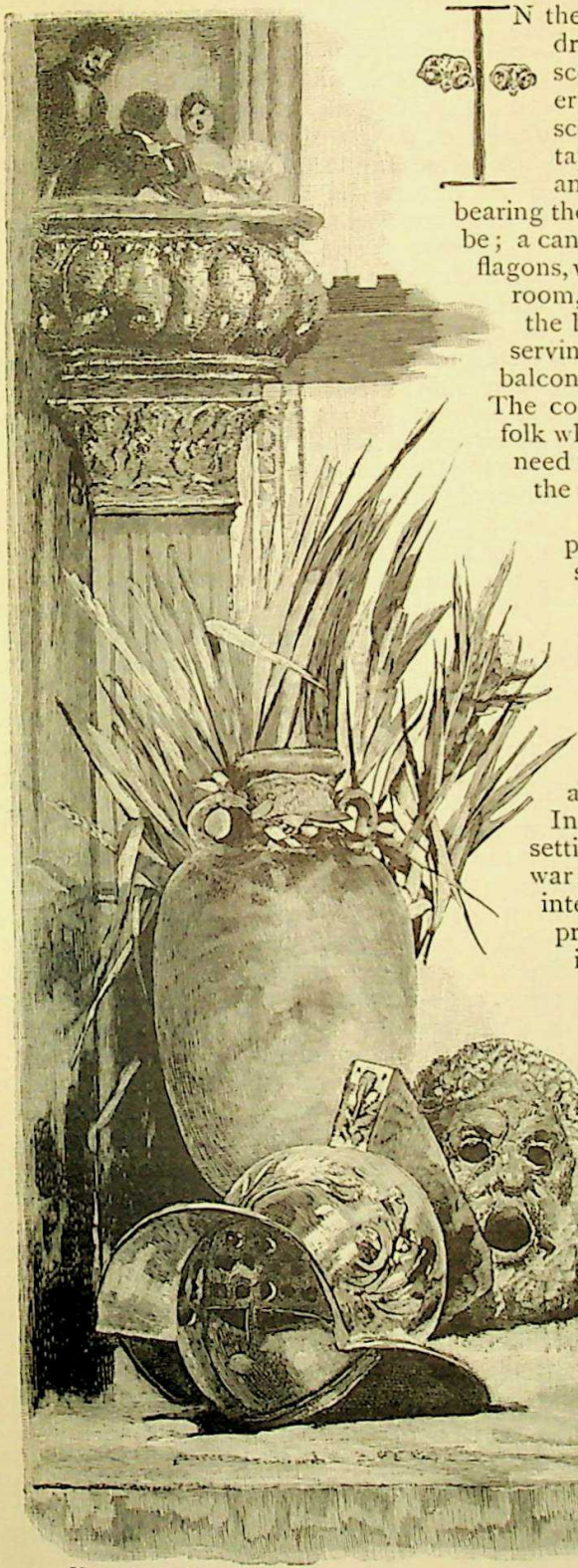
In some manger cold,
In some hovel mean and lone
That the beasts would scorn to hold,
Laughs the babe that shall be king;
Whilst on a blazing throne
Sits an abject, hopeless thing,
Silent and shivering!

O Poor!
God's promises are sure;
High
As the starry sky
Is your children's destiny;
And broad,
And giant-waved and tempest-bearing, like the sea,
Is the flood
That shall soon come roaring, leaping,
Over earth, and sweeping
The horses, chariots, hosts and homes, banners and citadel
Of earth's tyrants into hell!
O king! O lord! O usurer!
O rich man's heart that no heart's cry can stir!
What gold may bar the path
Of the storm-flood and the whirlwind of God's wrath?
What ships with iron mail,
What steel-girt fortress, what hired armies strong,
Intrenched in wrong,
With bristling guns and bayonets, shall avail
Against the crushing missiles of God's vengeance sent
Out of the raging, rent, and flaming firmament?
It is sweet! sweet! sweet!
(I hear a million voices in unison repeat)
This vengeance that is coming on the world,
When the lofty shall lie low,
And the blood of kings shall flow
In rivers round the thrones in fragments hurled!

Peace!
Cease!
Such thoughts as these
Set all their harshness hissing through my song
And do my voice irreparable wrong!
Blown clear,
As glass through fire,
Let breath of love grow sweeter year by year;
Blown farther, higher,
The bugle-call of Hope still guide us on,
Until at last
The night be past,
And, rushing to the zenith from the dawn,
We see the sun pour light of life on all,
And hear a voice out of near heaven fall,
Saying to those who in the caves and lonely hollows dwell:
"Come forth; I am thy God, and all is well!"

Maurice Thompson.

PICTORIAL ART ON THE STAGE



IN the age of Elizabeth, during the great epoch of dramatic achievement, no attempt was made at scenic illusion. The stage was almost bare; properties and costumes were few and simple; painted scenery was unknown; rushes strewed the floor; tapestry-covered screens marked the entrances and exits; locality was indicated by a placard bearing the name Rome, Venice, Illyria, as the case might be; a canopied seat, a bed, a table, with tankards and flagons, were all that was required to represent a throne-room, a chamber, or a tavern; the fixed wall at the back of the stage, a maid-of-all-work accessory, serving any and all occasions, stood for *Juliet's* balcony, the ramparts of Angers, or *Brabantio's* house. The court gallants, the rough sailors, and the townsfolk who crowded the Cockpit and the Globe did not need the aid of scene-painter and costumer to make the creations of their dramatists real and living.

If the plays of Webster and Marlowe, Shakspere and Jonson, were given without painted scenery or historic costumes, are scenery and costumes not mere adjuncts, dividing the interest, distracting the attention, of the spectator? Why, then, do we in this age of wide reading, archæological studies, and foreign travel require them?

To answer these questions we must pass to a consideration of the conditions of the audience.

In the sixteenth century daily life had a splendid setting: religious and civic ceremonies, public sports, war even, were pageants. The citizen was himself an integral part of these splendors; he walked in the procession, knelt in the cathedral, wore a glittering costume to the wars.

In the memories of these men were the bloody birth of the new faith and the bloodier death of the old; in their middle age they were blown to the four quarters of the seas, trading with Hawkins, fighting with Drake, roaming the flower forests of South America, hearing eye-witness tales of the golden civilizations of Mexico and Peru, — scattered to the world's end, until the Armada loomed upon the horizon and called them together again. Drunk and dazzled between these enchantresses of the East and the West, Italy and the southern seas, such

were the imaginations to which Shakspere appealed.

The world was young for the second time, and to these men a few words of description were as fire to tow.

If these were their powers of imagination, their possibilities for expression in scene-setting were very different: the splendors could not be realistically represented upon small stages and with imperfect machinery. Costume could not be impressive, because upon the very

BACCHUS POURING A LIBATION BEFORE THE PLAY.

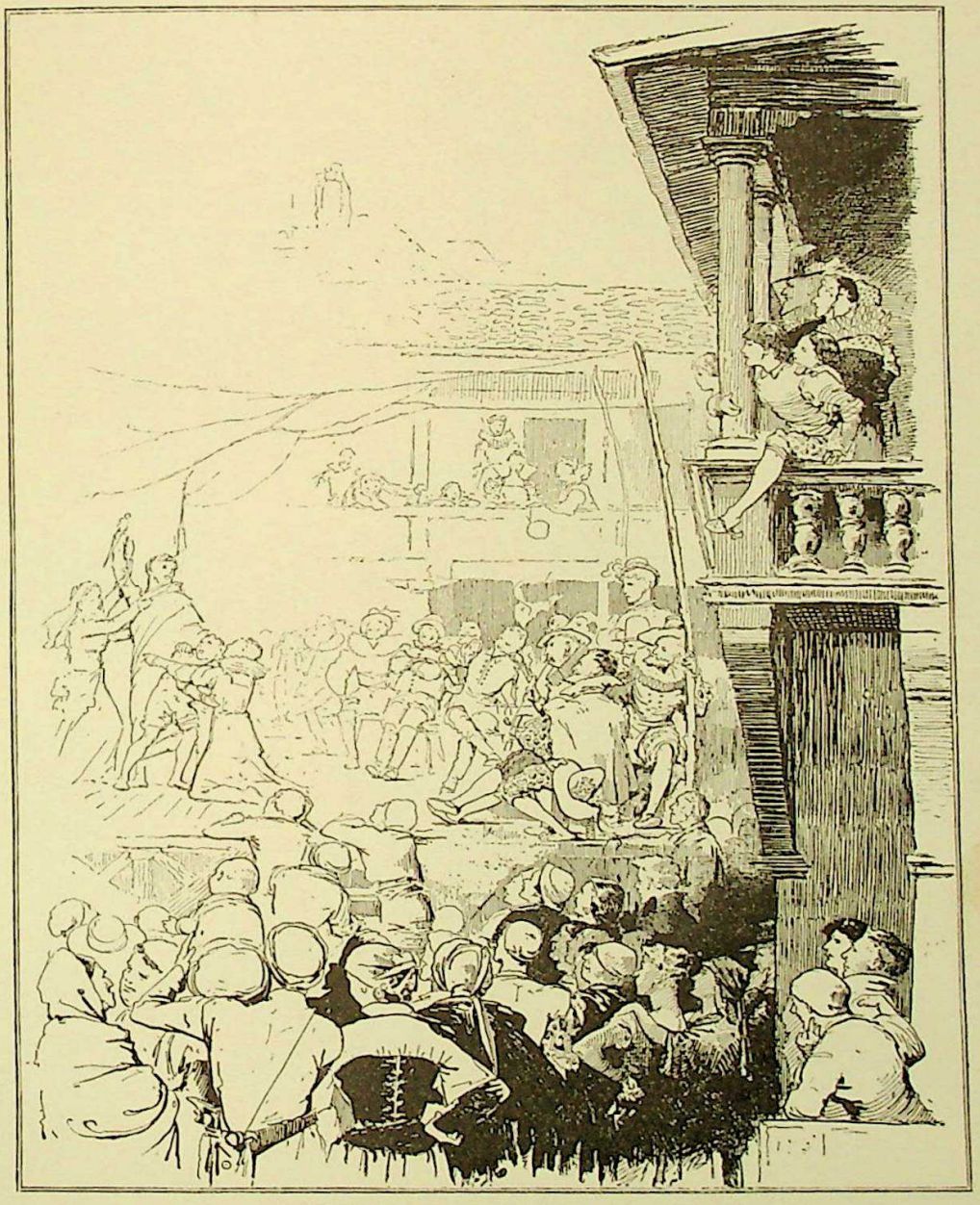
stage itself sat, as spectators, the ruffling gallants of the time, the noblest and richest among the auditors, clad in the costliest fashions that have ever been worn. Chaffing the pit, criticising aloud the action of the piece, they divided with the players the attention of the audience, and by their blaze of color made dramatic concentration impossible. The play in those days was costumed contemporaneously, and the poor actor could not vie with these birds of paradise — he would have been a ridiculous anticlimax. In the past, simplicity was natural to the stage; beauty, pageantry were parts of daily life — the theater needed but to suggest them. To these men their drama was not an exotic or an antiquity so much as ours is. It was a natural growth of the soil, a product of the artistic needs of the age, reflecting its manners, ethics, and ideals. This is far from being the case with us. In seeing any play of the past we have to put ourselves in a certain mental attitude, shift our ordinary point of view, acclimatize ourselves to the foreign atmosphere. Therefore, historic costumes and settings are indispensable to create the illusion for which the actor strives: the direct appeal to the eye puts the audience unconsciously in sympathy with the spirit of a remote era. Let us take an example: In Delavigne's "Louis XI." we change from our age of freedom to that of an absolute king, an age of jealousy and insecurity. Our minds are brought into immediate recognition of this by the castle, the drawbridge, the thick walls, and the heavily armed attendants, without obliging us to go through any mental process in order to realize these changed conditions. Man has in every age a craving for beauty of architecture, color and grouping. To-day, "no longer able to be an actor, he desires to be a spectator" of the picturesque, for in our time pageantry has been shifted from daily life to the stage. The man of the sixteenth century, having it in his city, his dress, and his home, did not need it at the theater. We have reversed these conditions. With our civilization of mechanics and the exact sciences, life has grown dun and civil-suited: the Puritans themselves would wonder at the plainness of our daily attire. Processions have all but disappeared; court ceremonial has been simplified; color abandoned even by the peasant and the soldier, and at present the armies of Europe are being uniformed in dull blues and grays, and only gala days see the people of Spain and Italy in their old-time brilliancy.

Let us not then drive picturesqueness from its last stronghold, the theater. *There* much can be done for us with slight means: behind the footlights everything is relative, and relatively the largest frames are small, be they even the prosceniums of San Carlo and La Scala; in them much may be represented by little, a few seem many, an hundred be an army. To the man of the Renaissance, who had perhaps during the day seen a thousand knights ride by against the splendid background of a mediæval city, the twelve horsemen of "La Juive" at the Paris Grand Opera would not be impressive; to us they help the spectacle greatly. Those who object to elaborate settings, holding that high thought is incompatible with the sensuous gratification of the eye, have a too flexible standard. They do not logically define their position. Their theories, pushed to their legitimate sequence, would give the stage its Elizabethan simplicity, or indeed find their most direct expression in Coquelin's monologues recited in evening-dress in a drawing-room.

A fine setting can not belittle good poetry — it may be too gorgeous, it cannot be too good; and the fact that elaborate costumes and scenery may carry a poor piece does not prove that

they may hurt a good one; just as the occasional success of great personal beauty in an indifferent actress is no argument against the possession of a handsome person by an actress of genius.

Most important of all is the fact that it is the quality of *novelty* which makes fine stage-settings distracting to many persons. Once thoroughly accustomed to good and correct scenery and costume, we shall cease to be unduly occupied by them: when Garrick and Talma made a few innovations, it is probable that even such simple alterations as discarding the bag-wig disturbed old play-goers. To-day we are willing enough that the painted Arden shall be leafy and beautiful; *Rosalind* is not less so: we are familiar with the loveliness of a forest. *Theodora's* palace is rich and striking, and we say that it is scenic and distracts us from Bernhardt's acting: we are unaccustomed to Byzantine architecture. *Tony Lumpkin*, *Lady Teazle* must be well costumed; the eighteenth century is about us still in our old country homes. *Cæsar* must be toged; the veriest primer thus shows him to us. In Shakspere's time *Brutus* conspired, slew, and died in ruff and feathered hat and Spanish rapier.



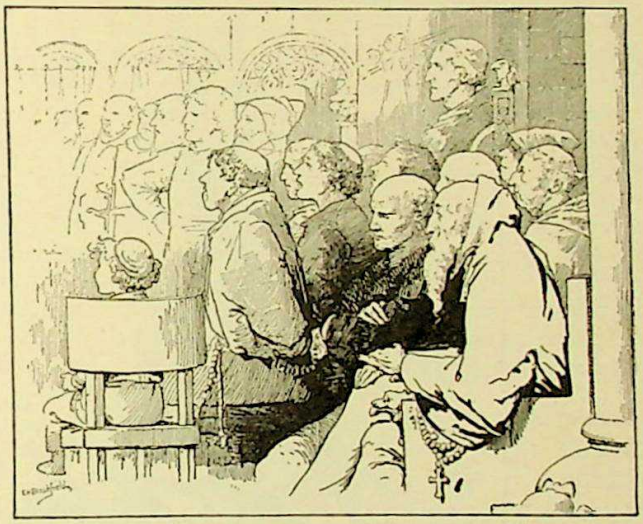
THE THEATER OF THE ELIZABETHAN STROLLERS — THE INN YARD.

We live in an eclectic age and can not dress our players contemporaneously as did the Ve-

IN A MIRACLE PLAY.

netians; we would not accept a *Hamlet* in high hat and ulster. Since, therefore, we must costume our actors, let us learn to apply the laws of beauty in form and color guided by æsthetics rather than by archæology: the latter, pure and simple, we do not want; it would hamper us, but decent fitness always helps. Anything *outré* is bad; unfamiliar archæological ugliness should, of course, be let alone, but unfamiliar archæological beauty by usage soon becomes familiar.*

The possibilities of scenic expression have made great strides within a few years. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries but little attempt at realistic setting, historical accuracy, or local color was made upon the French or English stage. In the last quarter of the last century Voltaire had warmly advocated studies in that direction, and in the first quarter of ours Walter Scott began to write his tales, and the love of the picturesque as embodied in the quaint and the remote grew apace. In France a hard struggle ensued between the old conventional and the new romantic schools, during which the red waistcoat of Théophile Gautier was the oriflamme of the innovator, and the young Victor Hugo faced a tempest of howls and hisses, to triumph utterly at last. For the first time approximately correct costumes, local color, and realistic scenery were presented with the drama. Hugo's plays were examples of minute setting; each scene was preceded by an elaborate description of the requisite scenery, costumes, and properties. Finally even that abode of conventionality, the opera, was affected, so irresistible was the new movement.



THE AUDIENCE OF A MIRACLE PLAY IN AN ABBEY.

Meyerbeer, with Scribe as librettist, began to mount his pompous "machines." The cathedral scene of the "Prophet," the ship in "L'Africaine," where the whole stage swings around as *Nelusko* puts the vessel about, had a European reputation. Progress continued, but until very recently, while form and line were good, color was still violent and inharmonious; and at the opera the maids of honor filed along in sequence of chromes, vermilions, magentas, like the dearly remembered but gaudy Noah family of the arks of our childhood. Towards 1873, Offenbach, as manager of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, gave his "Orphée aux Enfers" enlarged to the proportions of a five-act spectacle. With this relatively trivial work, delicate color made one of its first successes. In Paris, Grévin, the designer superintending the costumes, put gods and goddesses, mermen and mermaidens, mortals, satyrs, Pegasus, and all into the lightest and most delicate colors, using only a few dark or dull tones for contrast. Almost banishing the usual gold and silver, he obtained the most brilliant effect of color that had been seen up to that time upon the French stage. "Orphée" was successful, and Paris cried out that tinsel must go—"plus de clinquant!" Good color was now expected at the theater, and in England Mr. Irving added the dignity, sobriety, and nobility of color which befitted the more serious drama. South Kensington and the new art movement of course aided. In France, M. Sardou and others followed. Careful stage-setting was now in full progress on both sides of the Channel, and American audiences could judge of its results during the western tours of the Lyceum Company.

Let us pass to the consideration of the appli-

* The Greek drama has been purposely left unconsidered in this question. Human, universal, eternal as are the great plays, should we see them acted and set as they were in the days of Pericles, they would seem to us local, strange, and remote. The Greek scene was of masonry, a fixture, part of the theater itself, and usually represented the façade of a palace; to its three doors were respectively assigned the entrances of the principal actor, the strangers or guests, and the common people of the play. The players wore huge conventional masks, set wigs, high-soled buskins, and were stuffed and padded under their formal draperies. Everything about the Greek drama, from the plot of the play to the costume of the actor, had a character of immutability and fixity quite opposed to our ideal of the most subtle, emotional, and evanescent of all the arts.

The Greek play is therefore so foreign to our life, so seldom represented on our stage, that it is not necessary to consider it in reference to modern needs; its conditions differ as utterly from our dramatic requirements as the antique theater, hewn out of the hillside, open to the sky, lighted by the southern sunshine, differs from our play-houses.

cation of pictorial law to the theater. The pictorial part in the production of a play may be continued in the painting of the scenery, the construction of the costumes and the properties, and the combination of all into stage pictures.

A BATTLE.

Theatrical settings are to a considerable extent governed by the same laws which control the execution of easel pictures,—harmony of color, agreeable distribution of the masses, groups, and lighting, as in a composition upon canvas; recognition of the pictorial principle that simple central objects will bear an elaborate background, and that an intricate foreground needs simplicity behind it. In a few words, the relief which is given to the principal rôles, by their inherent importance and the superiority of the actors filling them, may be greatly enhanced by purely pictorial means of color and lighting.

Let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose a case from "Julius Cæsar," as given by Mr. Barrett at the Star Theater winter before last. The leading actors were in the foreground in white togas, while behind, at the back of the

stage, were the plebeians, represented by the pupils of the Lyceum School, dressed, as they really were at the rehearsal, some in brilliant red, many in white, or bright yellow, each pupil trying sincerely though mistakenly to add to the general effect by being as conspicuous as possible. Against this rainbow the principal actors showed but poorly. With the ready consent of Mr. Barrett, Mr. Millet, who had volunteered his assistance in the arrangement of the costumes, ordered thirty or forty dresses of neutral colors,— light and dark ochers, dull reds, olives, and mauves. Once upon the scene, these yielded not only a delightful harmony of colors among themselves, but a fine relief to the white figures of the senators. Thus by good judgment the desired effects were focused and made to tell. *Antony* in black, upon the tribune, had for a complement the hurry and confusion of the mob; in the senate-house the foreground of senators struggling with *Cæsar* gave the detail; the neutral costumes of the Lyceum massed upon the benches furnished the simple background. For, observe that a massing or multiplication of parts either upon canvas, bas-relief, or scene yields simplicity, when the same spaced or scattered would confuse. These are a few instances of pictorial laws applied to grouping. Special cases have to be met as they come up at rehearsals. Other instances are more directly personal: for example, rouging and making-up are largely dependent upon the size of the house. It is again a question of the painter's canvas and its distance from the spectator. Rouge, if too violent, by a natural law of color causes the planes of the cheeks to recede from the planes of the other and whiter portions of the face, thus producing a look of age and of gauntness. The sparing use of rouge is good. The Greeks, those most logical of artists, touched the cheeks of their canephoræ with it for the Panathenaic procession, but in their use of color, whether upon the faces of their girls or upon the triglyphs and metopes of their temples, they estimated at its full value the glazing and harmonizing power of sunlight.

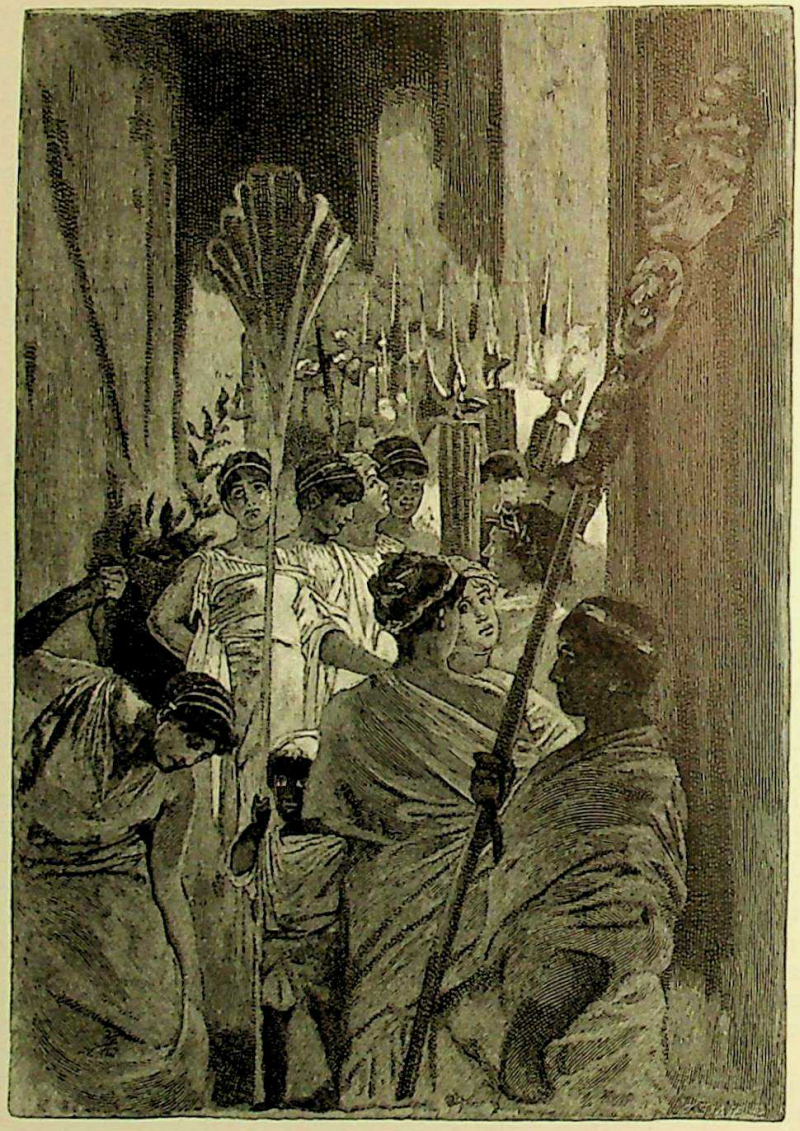
When considering costumes and scenery, emphasis must be placed upon the fact that good effects in many cases do not or should not cost more than poor ones. A single illustration will be better than much explanation. In the fine rendering of the "Valkyr" by the German Opera Company last winter, the furs, characteristic helmets, lances, and big shields of the warrior-maidens — costly things — were constructed with taste and skill, but the fine effect that should have been produced by this care and cost was spoiled by so simple a matter as the cloaks of the Valkyrs. Such dyes were used as had, we fondly hoped, perished off the face of the earth, or been imprisoned in the glass jars of druggists' windows. Paris green, magenta, chrome,— what names can be found for such crudities! The same expenditure with a feeling for color would have made all perfect: many in the audience would have been hurt by false notes in the music, many were by the bad color, the laws of which exist somewhere, though infinitely subtle and not yet formulated. *Pure* color should be used with the greatest care, and in the smallest quantities. White is the noblest of all, and for brilliant effects incomparable; while for general use and masses we must rely on the secondaries and tertiaries. It was the good fortune of the art epochs — antiquity, the Middle Ages, the Orient of the past — that their imperfect chemistry did not know how to create pure color; tones which were perforce free from sharpness, employed for centuries, educated the eyes of men, and in spite of Western dyes the modern Japanese continues to be a colorist, though not in his full measure.

As to material, woolens, crêpes, and cheese-cloth, good in color, well cut and draped, are better than satin and velvet ill applied. The costliness of the latter should insure them good treatment, but often does not.

Fine costume is the result of a lavish expenditure, but it is the expenditure of thought and training; money plays only a secondary part. Some artists are almost sure to be well costumed, the public hardly realizing what care and study have been given to apparently unimportant detail. For exquisite scales of color we have had Mr. Irving's *Benedick* dress and Mr. Norman Forbes's *Claudio* costume in the first act of "Much Ado," Miss Terry's gowns as *Beatrice*, Madame Modjeska's beautifully draped *Juliet* costume in the garden scene with the *Nurse*,— indeed, the names of these artists suggest a whole series of pictures.

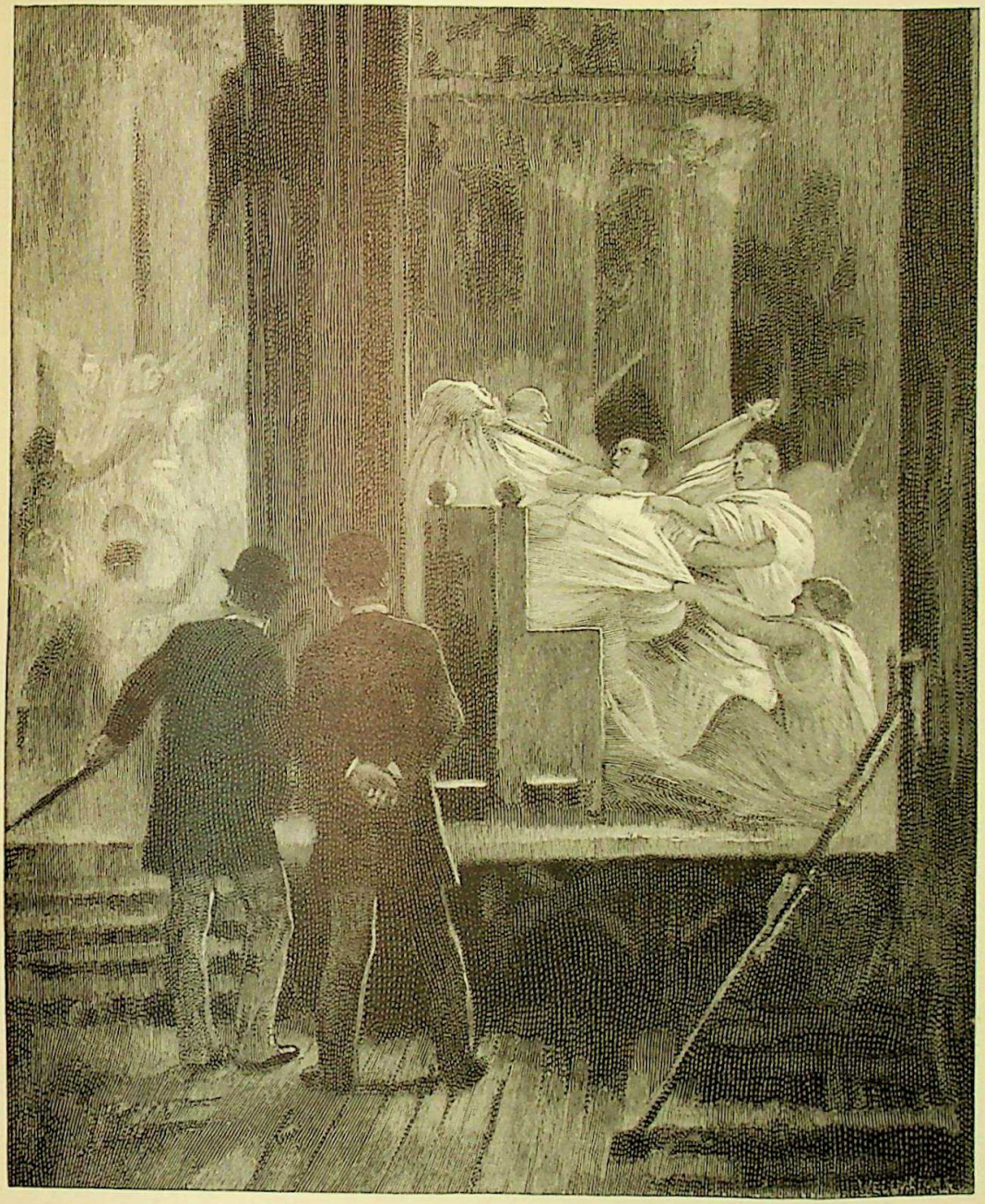
The meticulous care of Mr. Irving's personal make-ups has been criticised. Signor Salvini, on the other hand, makes but few changes; we always see the same high, bald forehead, full, drooping mustache, and handsome face. He is a great genius, but his performance is not greater because of his slight make-up; if so, it would be greater still in modern dress. Mr. Irving studies the pictures and prints of the time until he walks on to the stage the very man Charles Stuart and no other, so that the audience almost look for the Vandyke frame out of which he has stepped. As *Louis XI.* sits in his chair of state, his sharp knees almost meet his chin in the pose so familiar to us; the chair is cunningly contrived for this very effect, and helps to give the bent

and drawn look. Is this trickery? Not at all; it is good art, excellent art. The inner passions and struggles which the actor is to express surely carve the outer shell which he is also to present. The handsome soldier who rushes on to the stage, armor clattering, one tasse torn half away, hair flying, bears in his outward presence the courtliness and bravery that history yields to Charles I. in spite of his weakness and treachery; the crouching ugliness of the French king is wicked ugliness, and the man *Louis* in the throne-room above infers the iron cage in the dungeon below. So to the audience the make-up is a part of the man, and the pictorial becomes the psychological.



IN THE WINGS — WAITING TO GO ON THE STAGE.

Data are abundant. Viollet-le-Duc has given us the Middle Ages, even to the patterns of its dresses. Armor, so splendid in its scenic effect, stands reconstructed, even to its minutest buckle, upon the eighty military figures of the Paris Museum of Artillery. There may be found the clattering Burgundians of Louis XI., King Harry's men of Harfleur and Agincourt, the Crusaders of Tasso, the Gauls of the Arch of Orange,— they who feared nothing save that the sky might fall,— the Athenian "Knights" of Aristophanes, Cæsar's legionaries and gladiators, the "Miles Gloriosus" of Plautus, the Northmen of the Nibelungen cycle, the men of all the ancient dramas,— for then every man was a soldier, even the fur-clad pre-historic human animal whom circumstances of time and space prevent us from following in any drama save that of beast slaying and eating, or being beast slain and devoured. Excellent costume books abound, the



THE MURDER OF JULIUS CÆSAR — FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

results of a harvest gleaned from the pictures and sculptures of Italy and the North, and in part already presented in some theaters.

The buckramed and gilded Byzantines have come from the solemn mosaics of St. Vitalius to the light and glitter of the Porte St. Martin; Bernhardt's "Daughter of Roland" has stepped down from her canopied niche in Chartres's porch; Carpaccio's many-colored youths of the Company of the Calza have left the walls of Venice; the pages of the Brera walk the boards; the forester lads of the Flemish tapestries are seen in the doublet and long hose of Modjeska's *Rosalind;* while the glorious donzella of Veronese, pearled, ruffed, and brocaded, bears herself as radiantly in Miss Terry's *Portia* as even upon the canvas of the great old master. Archæology *per se* we do not want, any more than we want it in our pictures, but where relative faithfulness adds beauty and picturesqueness — and it generally does — we most emphatically do wish it. Rigid adherence to archæology may produce constraint, stiffness, and ugliness; reckless depart-

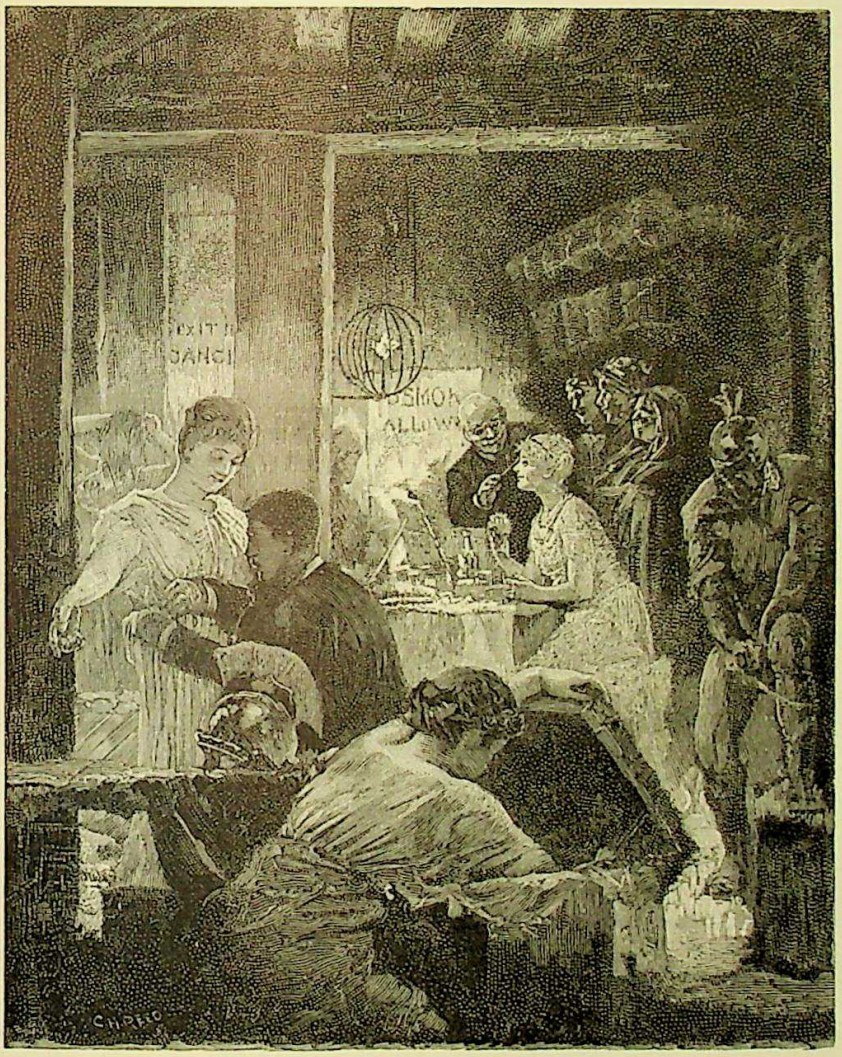
ure from it may be ridiculous. The plays of the eighteenth century stand near to us; in the old homes of New England, New Jersey, and the South are heirlooms that familiarize us with the accessories of the times of Garrick and Cibber. Family portraits teach us to demand good costume upon our *Peter Teazles* and *Anthony Absolutes*. Great-grandmother's quilted petticoat, which, dragged from some garret, had been curiously handled by us, seems right and proper upon *Miss Hardcastle* or *Dorinda;* but when the piece goes farther back, what a terra incognita we find; for the Middle Ages or antiquity, what amalgamations are accepted and applauded! How well New York knows the Paris-green tights and tin-pot helmets of "Trovatore"! In the dress of these mediæval Spanish freebooters we follow the assurance of Solomon Lucas to Mr. Snodgrass that a Grecian helmet is, and always has been, the real and only head-gear for a troubadour. Perhaps some opera librettos are too preposterous to deserve serious consideration, but Shakspere is almost as ill treated. A few years ago we saw *Desdemona* arrive at Cyprus in a New York hat of the latest fashion, so big and white, one wondered that anything so like a sail had outlived the "wrack and sufferance" met by the ships. When a famous foreign artist played to us in "Macbeth" it was surprising to see in the banquet scene two red-velvet and gilt arm-chairs for the grim Scotchmen of the time of the Norman conquest. In the same play, when one of the ghostly descendants of *Banquo* wore his too succinct white gown over a pair of modern trousers, the audience laughed aloud. There was about it a suggestion of nocturnal conflagration and of royalty properly anxious to save the crown even in the minimum of clothing. Our ancestors differed from us in their requirements. We should not to-day, as did the sixteenth-century playwright, furnish our Carthaginian senators with watches; nor give Abraham a gun wherewith to shoot Isaac, as in the old ivory, nor like the Dutch artist send the Jews up to Jerusalem on skates. Such were the delightful anachronisms of the naïve old times. To-day we are a little more learned; and though we eschew the straitjacket of absolute archæology, we may nevertheless be tolerably correct, for the average theater-goer travels far more than he did fifty years ago, sees the relics of the past, and is not averse to meeting them again upon the stage.

To the untraveled, the theater, especially in a country which, like ours, has few historic monuments, is a pictorial educator. A French savant has proposed that archæological correctness in appointments shall just keep pace with the knowledge of the audience; that the already familiar shall be given with fair accuracy, and that the unfamiliar shall be but slightly sketched. Thus, ancient Romans, being well known, shall wear their togas correctly; but if so unusual a thing as a Persian interior occur, baggy trousers, black beards, and a pipe or two will sufficiently suggest what is needed without distracting the audience by archæological detail. His theory was certainly carried out in an American play at one of the French theaters, where the scene represented the cabin of a steamboat on its way from Chicago to New York, and where the manners and customs of the natives were as unusual as the route of the boat. In all seriousness, it seems impossible to justify such a theory; the knowledge of an audience is never homogeneous. The Englishman whose helmeted ancestors hang in portrait upon his walls will know one thing, the Yankee who contemplates his grandfather in continentals above the chimney-piece will know another, the street urchin in the gallery will know neither.

Though it may not at first be appreciated, the most careful setting is not too good for the teaching of any audience. Of course, in the search after scenic correctness, there is a golden mean, and that mean is such correctness as is consistent with beauty and unity. On the other hand, at one of the extremes is the captious criticism which condemned the cedar walk of "Much Ado about Nothing" with the tremendous indictment that "cedars did not exist in Messina for fifty years after the action of the piece"; at the other extreme is the disappointed yet credulous surprise of Du Maurier's old lady in "Punch" who, seeing the sandwich-man placarded with "Irving as *Hamlet*," says, "Dear me! I had no idea he was at all such a looking person as that!"

As certain costumes serve to set off and emphasize other and more prominent ones, so scenery backs and completes all: its primary function is to be a background and a frame. Therefore, whatever else it is, it should never be obtrusive; and keeping this in mind, we have but to make a wise selection — good scenic artists are at hand and photography has levied tribute upon the world. Have you "Romeo" or "Othello"? Views of Verona and Venice are frequent. "La Haine" or "Theodora"? Siena, Ravenna, and Constantinople are available to give such strength and character as no painter could invent. Have you a modern society play? Apply exactly the same laws that you would to a historical one — namely, those of color, line, and, above all, sobriety. The overloading which is vulgar in our homes is vulgar upon the stage: a cohort of little jars bespangling everything, a butterfly assortment of ribbon-bows, a long array of plump chairs

and sofas, upholstered with bright tufted satins, are bad in our parlors, and upon the stage distract the eye from what should be prominent. Where both furniture and scenery are overloaded and brilliant in color, the costume of the performer is nowhere; there is no subordination to effect; all is on one level plane of gorgeousness, like the company of soldiers, raised by Artemus Ward, to be exclusively composed of brigadier-generals. On the contrary, unity as well as character is given by good choice of scene. All who have visited them, and who have any art feeling, know what an impression is made by the gloom and stained-glass splendor of a Gothic cathedral, the frowning mass of a northern castle, the glitter of an Italian hill-town in the sun. Each is the outcome of a time, a part of it, an epitome of it — indeed, seeming almost an organic growth. What a poor substitute would be some evolution from inner consciousness, some jumble of approximation made up from imperfect memory and more imperfect knowledge! In a tragedy where the action is supposed to pass in Britain of the eleventh century, we have seen a flat representing the interior of a royal palace, apparently the epoch placed the piece *in nubibus* — anything would do. This scene contained some Romanesque arches, pseudo-Corinthian columns, Gothic colonnettes, a kind of frieze of Assyrian honeysuckle, a sort of huge cenotaph with Egyptian cornice, and what might have been Etruscan polygonal masonry. The architecture defied gravitation, fragments of arches hanging like Mohammed's coffin in mid-air. Surely such antics in scene-painting are "but a gallimaufry of gambols."



MAKING-UP.

This is, of course, an extreme case, and matters in our theaters are improving in this respect. Unfortunately, there is at present a tendency to estimate the value of a setting by

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

the amount of money it costs. This is a vulgar error; in theatrical as in other matters the most lavish expenditure of money cannot supply the lack of knowledge and training. It is of very little importance whether the velvet of *Romeo's* doublet costs five or fifty dollars a yard; it is of paramount importance that it should be correct in cut and good in color.*

Scene and setting go hand in hand in obedience to pictorial law. In an easel picture the main motive is the focal point; the other parts of the canvas will either be left comparatively simple, or made interesting by objects or color of a thoroughly secondary importance. In a play, the principle being invariable but the conditions somewhat changed, one portion sets off another, the pictorially dramatic coming to the front where the dialogue is least dramatic, the purely intellectual element representing the concentrated and the pictorially dramatic the diffused quality of interest. The balancing of such points is too nice to be ever successfully settled, and Mr. Irving, as a protagonist of artistic setting, has, of course, been much criticised. Such of his arrangements as were seen in America appear singularly unattackable, and a happy medium between too much and too little; he does not smother his pieces with people, or overload them with pageantry. His "Hamlet" was quietly set: his most gorgeous scenes were given to the comedies, and he seemed to seek rather perfection than profusion, tonality than startling contrasts. An instance of his application of the purely pictorial to the weaker portion of a play is found in the first act of "Louis XI." As we read it, this first act seems dull; it is a preface to the play, quite lacking in dramatic interest; its scenic arrangement made it a charming prologue. Plessis les Tours drew its crenelated line across the sky; then entered the little procession, the red-cowled children and garlanded girls; the clattering change of guard followed. *Nemours*, with his mailed knights, clanked across the stage; challenge and pass-word given, out filed the Scotch archers, down rattled the drawbridge, all disappeared within, and the audience without any conscious effort had pushed back the dial-hand of time four centuries, and was in feudal Touraine.

Another of his artistic effects is the church-scene in "Much Ado," where not only the realistic treatment of the setting, but also the separate entrance of each actor, the salutation of the altar, the reverent hush before the ceremony, form such a contrast to the exciting scenes which follow. So, too, in clever emotional antithesis — the heavy organ tones of the crypt-scene have not ceased to vibrate, when, like a sun-burst after storm-clouds, the rush of violins ushers in the lighted hall in which the charming comedy has its end. Indeed, it is perhaps the most of all in this wondrous fairy-land of Shakspere's comedies, of "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night," of "Tempest" and "Winter's Tale," these paradises of rewarded virtue and villainy reformed, that mind, heart, eye, and ear are alike gratified, and the true symphony of all the arts becomes possible.

M. Sardou is a born stage-setter, but with a leaning to "great machines," numbers of figurants, and magnificence. "La Haine," the earliest of his elaborate essays, was really spectacular: in the first act one saw the fortress-

* The more we have seen of the American stage since the visit of the Lyceum Company, the more we feel it necessary to insist upon sobriety, sobriety, and again sobriety. It was because Mr. Irving's settings were so harmonious, so artistic,—above all, so carefully and faithfully thought and reasoned out,— that they were so good. Vaunted expense in a mounting is nothing; it all may have been misapplied. There has been so much gilt and tinsel in some of our plays — bright colored processions do not necessarily make a fine spectacle. And it should be remembered, too, that bad scenery spoils good costume; and that in England and France painters are convinced that a scene should not be a hard and crude piece of work, but should have atmosphere and grayness, precisely as in the case of landscape or architecture in an easel picture. Witness the fine scenery brought by Miss Anderson to America for "Romeo and Juliet," notably the lovely garden-scene, backed by the view of Verona. Some excellent landscape painting has been shown at some of our smaller theaters here, and some of Mr. Daly's revivals have been beautifully costumed.

like streets of mediæval Siena,— real, long-horned white oxen from Tuscany drew the block-wheeled carts across the stage; people strolled about until, the alarm-bell ringing, chains quickly barricaded the way; men caught up their children and ran for their houses; realism did what it could to make the audience feel that it was itself a part of the Middle Ages. Again, in another scene before the cathedral, the young men of adverse parties suddenly, in true Italian fashion, drew sword and attacked; all at once in the center of the stage the great church-doors swung open; upon the platform, in all the splendor of high canonicals, appeared the angry archbishop with his train — bishops, priests, choir-boys, and censer-bearers — advancing straight between the weapons; before the cross the combatants knelt; from the great book, opened upon the shoulders of two kneeling acolytes, the prelate rebuked the people, who, stacking their swords at the doors, in mediæval manner, entered the cathedral to the music of the organ and the bells. "La Patrie," at the Porte St. Martin, has been, perhaps, the most carefully and successfully set of any of his pieces.

If, then, the necessary data are and have been so abundant, whose fault is it that they have not been used? Not the managers' surely; they are always willing to give the public what it wants if they can only find out what that is. Not the dramatic critics'; they would gladly appreciate fine and well-ordered settings. Mr. Booth made a gallant initiative many years ago with "Julius Cæsar." Mr. Wallack and Mr. Daly have done well with old English comedy; much good scenery was painted, but in the main things were bad. The fact is that until the Centennial lent its art impulse to the great mass of the people which had not traveled abroad, there existed in this country no general public appreciation of fine setting. Three or four years ago Mr. Frank D. Millet, the painter, came forward as an innovator in antique costume. We had close at hand, as models, casts and photographs of the women of the Parthenon in the most beautiful draperies ever worn, perfectly fulfilling the æsthetic conditions of clothing, at once concealing and revealing the human body. As a realization of this, the modern American stage had adopted a formless low-necked gown, made of material neither heavy nor light, worn over various bunching articles of underwear, and festooned to suit the taste of the wearer. Mr. Millet thought that it was not enough to cut a piece of cloth after the pattern of some learned archæologist,— the cloth once upon the figure must *look* like an antique dress. He had carefully studied the authorities upon costume and those best authorities, the sculptures of the museums of Athens, Italy, and London, and bringing to his work at once art feeling and a principle of strong common sense, he gave the stage in the person of Miss Anderson's *Galatea* a careful reproduction of the loveliest costume ever worn — that of the Athenian lady of the great epoch. He treated color with as much respect and taste as form and line, and somewhat later, the Harvard Greek play offering him an opportunity, he applied his costumes to groups and masses. An article by him upon the play appeared in the pages of THE CENTURY.* Mr. Barrett, Mr. Wallack, and Mr. Daly, in Shaksperian and other old English revivals, have given care and thought to the progress of stage-setting, and the public look to them as leaders in that direction.

To sum up: in this paper an attempt has been made to prove that in our sober time pageantry has been shifted from our outdoor life to the stage, and that illusion there is necessary; that a dignified and beautiful setting may be produced by the application of pictorial laws to the stage, and that the same laws are applicable to all the arts governing both the theater and the picture; that in our eclectic time we may demand accuracy heretofore unnecessary and impossible; — in short, to prove that the pictorial may help its sister, the dramatic art.

It is not necessary that the painter should turn stage-manager, nor vice versâ, only that

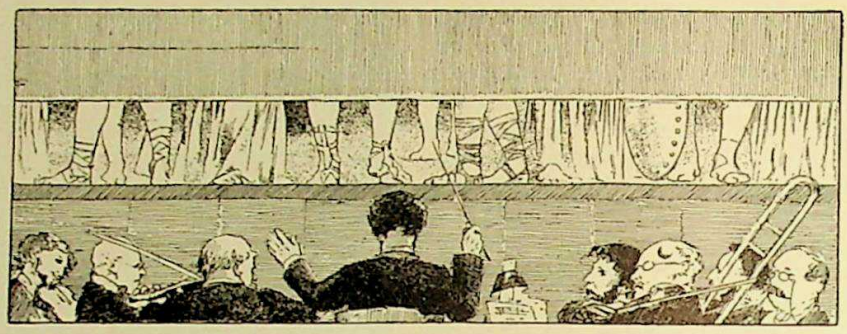
THE TRAP.

*See "Costumes in the Greek Play at Harvard," in this magazine for November, 1881.

the laws of form and color at the theater should be recognized as potent for good, their misconception as potent for obstruction and ridicule.

Last of all, we do not forget that while the accessory art transforms the audience into a receptive and well-attuned instrument, the actor's is the spirit that informs and breathes upon the strings.

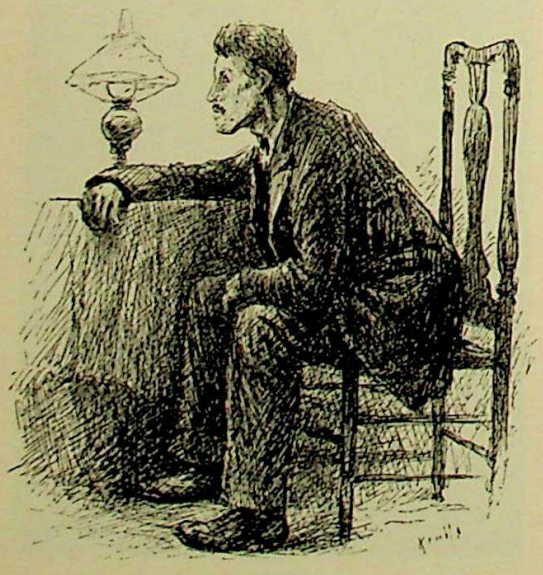
Evangeline W. and *Edwin H. Blashfield.*



AT "THE LITERARY."

FOLKS in town, I reckon, thinks
They git all the fun they air
Runnin' loose 'round! — but, 'y jinks!
We got fun, and fun to spare,
Right out here amongst the ash
And oak timber ever'where!
Some folks else kin cut a dash
'Sides town-people, don't fergit! —
'Specially in winter-time,
When they 's snow, and roads is fit.
In them circumstances I 'm
Resignated to my lot —
Which puts me in mind o' what
'S called "The Literary."

Us folks in the country sees
Lots o' fun! — Take spellin'-school;
Er ole hoe-down jamborees;
Er revivals; er ef you 'll
Tackle taffy-pullin's you
Kin git fun, and quite a few! —
Same with huskin's. But all these
Kind o' frolics they hain't new
By a hundred year' er two,
Cipher on it as you please!
But I 'll tell you what I jest
Think walks over all the rest —
Anyway it suits *me* best, —
That 's "The Literary."



"I WAS 'P'INTED TO BE WHAT THEY CALL 'CRITIC.'"

First they started it — "'y gee!"
Thinks-says-I, "This settlement
'S gittin' too high-toned fer me!"
But when *all* begin to jine,
And I heerd *Izory* went,
I jest kind o' drapped in line
Like you 've seen some sandy, thin,
Scrawny shoat put fer the crick
Down some pig-trail through the thick
Spice-bresh, where the whole drove 's been
'Bout six weeks 'fore he gits in!
"Can't tell nothin'," I-says-ee,
"'Bout it tel you go and see
Their blame 'Literary!'"

Very first night I was there
I was 'p'inted to be what
They call "Critic" — so 's a fair
And square jedgment could be got
On the pieces 'at was read,
And on the debate, — "Which air

Most destructive element,
Fire er worter?" Then they hed
Compositions on "Content,"
"Death," and "Botany"; and Tomps,
He read one on "Dreenin' swamps"
I p'nounced the boss, and said,—
"So fer 'at 's the best thing read
In 'The Literary!'"

"TOMPS, HE READ ONE ON 'DREENIN' SWAMPS.'"

Then they sung some — tel I called
Order, and got back ag'in
In the critic's cheer, and hauled
All o' the p'formers in.
Mandy Brizendine read one
I fergit; and Doc's was "Thought";
And Sarepty's, hern was "None
Air denied 'at knocks"; and Daut —
Fayette Strawnses little niece —
She got up and spoke a piece:
Then Izory she read hern —

"AND DOC'S WAS 'THOUGHT.'"

"Best thing in the whole concern,"
I-says-ee; "now le' 's adjourn
This-here 'Literary!'"

They was some contendin'— yit
We broke up in harmony.
Road outside as white as grit,
And as slick as slick could be! —
I 'd fetched 'Zory in my sleigh,
And I had a heap to say,
Drivin' back — in fact, I driv
'Way around the old north way,
Where the Daubenspeckses live.
'Zory allus — 'fore that night —
Never 'peared to feel jest right
In my company.— You see,
On'y thing on earth saved me
Was that "Literary!"

James Whitcomb Riley.

"I HAD A HEAP TO SAY, DRIVIN' BACK."

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.

MARGUERITE.

XIV.

WHO SHE WAS.

FOR a moment somewhat more than her profile shone upon Claude's bewildered gaze.

"I shall see her eye to eye at last!" shouted his heart within; but the next moment she turned away and with two companions who came across the same threshold moved up the street and at the nearest corner vanished. Her companions were the American lady and the artist. Claude wheeled and hurried to pass around the square in the opposite direction, and as he reached the middle of its third side saw the artist hand them into the street-car, lift his hat, and return towards the studio. The two men met at the foot of the stairs. The Spaniard's countenance betrayed a restrained elation.

"You goin' see a picture, now," he said, in a modestly triumphant tone. "Come in," he added, as Claude would have passed the studio door.

They went in together. The Spaniard talked; Claude scarcely spoke. I cannot repeat the conversation literally, but the facts are these: A few evenings before, the artist had been one of the guests at a musical party given by a lady whose name he did not mention. He happened — he modestly believed it accidental — to be seated beside the hostess, when a young lady — "jung Creole la-thy," he called her — who was spending a few days with her played the violin. The Spaniard's delicate propriety left her, also, nameless, but he explained that, as he understood, she was from

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the Teche. She played charmingly — "for an amateur," he qualified; but what had struck him more than the music was her beauty, her figure, her picturesque grace. And when he confessed his delight in these, his hostess, seemingly on the inspiration of the moment, said:

"Paint her picture! Paint her just so! I 'll give you the order! Not a mere portrait — a picture!" And he had agreed, and the "jung" lady had consented. The two had but just now left the studio. To-morrow a servant would bring violin, music-rack, etc.; the ladies would follow, and then —

"You hear music, anyhow," said the artist. That was his gentle way of intimating that Claude was not invited to be a looker-on.

On the next day Claude, in his nook above, with the studio below shut from view by the curtain of his inner window, heard the ladies come. He knows they are these two; for one voice, the elder, blooms out at once in a gay abundance of words, and the other speaks in soft low tones that before they reach his ear run indistinguishably together.

Soon there comes the sound of tuning the violin, while the older voice is still heard praising one thing and another and asking careless questions.

"I suppose that cotton cloth covers something that is to have a public unveiling some day, does n't it?"

Claude cannot hear the answer; the painter drops his voice even below its usual quiet tone. But Claude knows what he must be saying; that the cloth covers merely a portrait he is finishing, of a young man who has sat for it to please a wifeless, and but for him childless, and fondly devoted father. And now he can tell by the masculine step, and the lady's one or two lively words, that the artist has drawn away the covering from his (Claude's) own portrait. But the lady's young companion goes on tuning her instrument — "tink, tink, tink"; and now the bow is drawn.

"Why, how singular!" exclaims the elder lady. "Why, my dear, come here and see! Somebody has got your eyes! Why, he 's got your whole state of mind, a reduplication of it! And — I declare, he looks almost as good as you do! If — I ——"

The voice stops short. There is a moment's silence in which the unseen hearer doubts not the artist is making signs that yonder window and curtain are all that hide the picture's original, and the voice says, again:

"I wish you 'd paint my picture," and the violin sounds once more its experimental notes.

But there are other things, which Claude can neither hear nor see nor guess. He can not see that the elder lady is already wondering at and guardedly watching an agitation betrayed by the younger in a tremor of the hand that fumbles with her music-sheets and music-stand, in the foot that trembles on the floor, in the reddened cheek, and in the bitten lip. He may guess that the painter sits at his easel with kindling eye; but he can not guess that just as the elder lady is about to say:

"My dear, if you don't feel" — the tremor vanishes, the lips gently set, and only the color remains. But he hears the first soft moan of the tense string under the bow, and a second, and another; and then as he rests his elbows upon the table before him and covers his face in his trembling hands it seems to him as if his own lost heart had entered into that vibrant medium, and is pouring thence to heaven and her ear its prayer of love.

Paint, artist, paint! Let your brushes fly! None can promise you she shall ever look quite like this again. Catch the lines, — the waving masses and dark coils of that loose-bound hair; the poise of head and neck; the eloquent sway of the form; the folds of garments that no longer hide, but are illumined by, the plenitude of an inner life and grace; the elastic feet; the ethereal energy and discipline of arms and shoulders; the supple wrists; the very fingers quivering on the strings; the rapt face, and the love-inspired eyes!

Claude, Claude! when every bird in forest and field knows the call of its mate, can you not guess the meaning of those strings? Must she open those sealed lips and call your very name — she who would rather die than call it?

He does not understand! Yet, without understanding, he answers. He rises from his seat; he moves to the window; he will not tiptoe or peep; he will be bold and bad! Brazenly he lifts the curtain and looks down; and one, one only, — not the artist and not the patroness of art, but that one who would not lift her eyes to that window for all the world's wealth, — knows he is standing there, listening and looking down. He counts himself all unseen, yet presently shame drops the curtain. He turns away, yet stands hearkening. The music is about to end. The last note trembles on the air. There is silence. Then some one moves from a chair, and then the single cry of admiration and delight from the player's companion is the player's name —

"Marguerite Beausoleil!"

Hours afterward there sat Claude in the seat where he had sunk down when he heard that name. The artist's visitors had made a long stay, but at length they were gone. And now Claude, too, rose to go out. His steps

were heard below, and presently the painter's voice called persuadingly up:

"St. Pierre! St. Pierre! Come, see."

They stood side by side before the new work. Claude gazed in silence. At length he said, still gazing:

"I 'll buy it when 't is finish'."

But the artist explained again that it was being painted for Marguerite's friend.

"For what she want it?" demanded Claude. The Spaniard smiled and intimated that the lady probably thought he could paint. "But at any rate," he went on to say, "she seemed to have a hearty affection for the girl herself, whom," he said, "she had described as being as good as she looked." Claude turned and went slowly out.

When at sunset he stood under the honey-locust tree on the levee where he was wont to find his father waiting for him, he found himself alone. But within speaking distance he saw St. Pierre's skiff just being drawn ashore by a ragged negro, who presently turned and came to him, half-lifting the wretched hat that slouched about his dark brows, and smiling.

"Sim like yo' done fo'got me," he said. "Don't yo' 'member how I use' live at Belle Alliance? Yes, seh. I 's de one what show Bonaventure de road to Gran' Point'. Yes, seh. But I done lef' dah since Mistoo Wallis sole de place. Yes, seh. An' when I meet up wid yo' papa yo' nevva see a nigger so glad like I was. No, seh. An' likewise yo' papa. Yes, seh. An' he ass me is I want to wuck fo' him, an' I see he needin' he'p, an' so I tu'n in an' he'p him. Oh, yes, seh! dass mo' 'n a week, now, since I been wuckin' fo' yo' papa."

They got into the skiff and pushed off, the negro alone at the oars.

"Pow'ful strong current on udder side," he said, pulling quietly up-stream to offset the loss of way he must make presently in crossing the rapid flood. "Mistoo Claude, I see a gen'leman dis day noon what I ain't see' befo' since 'bout six year' an' mo'. I disremember his name, but ——"

"Tarbox?" asked Claude with sudden interest.

"Yes, seh. Dass it! Tah-baux. Sim like any man ought to 'member that name. Him an' yo' papa done gone down de canal. Yes, seh; in a pirogue. He come in a big hurry an' say how dey got a big crevasse up de river on dat side, an' he want make yo' papa see one man what livin' on Lac Cataouaché. Yes, seh. An' yo' papa say yo' fine yo' supper in de pot. An' Mistoo Tah-baux he say he want yo' teck one hoss an' ride up till de crevasse an' yo' fine one frien' of yose yondah, one ingineer; an' he say — Mistoo Tah-baux — how he 'low to meet up wid yo' at yo' papa' house to-morrow daylight. Yes, seh; Mistoo Tah-baux; yes, seh."

XV.

CAN THEY CLOSE THE BREAK?

THE towering cypresses of the far southern swamps have a great width of base, from which they narrow so rapidly in the first seven or eight feet of their height, and thence upward taper so gradually, that it is almost or quite impossible for an ax-man standing at their roots to chop through the great flare that he finds abreast of him and bring the trees down. But when the swamps are deep in water the swamper may paddle up to these trees whose narrowed waists are now within the swing of his ax, and standing up in his canoe, by a marvel of balancing skill, cut and cut until at length his watchful up-glancing eye sees the forest giant bow his head. Then a shove, a few backward sweeps of the paddle, and the canoe glides aside, and the great trunk falls, smiting the smooth surface of the water with a roar that, miles away, reaches the ear like the thunder of artillery. The tree falls; but if the woodsman has not known how to judge and choose wisely when the inner wood is laid bare under the first big chip that flies, there are many chances that the fallen tree will instantly sink to the bottom of the water and can not be rafted out. One must know his craft even in Louisiana swamps. "Knowledge is power."

When Zoséphine and Mr. Tarbox finished out that Sunday twilight walk, they talked, after leaving the stile behind, only on business. He told her of having lately been with a certain expert in the swamps of Barataria, where he had seen some noble cypress forests tantalizingly near to navigation and market, but practically a great way off, because the levees of the great sugar estates on the Mississippi River shut out all deep overflows. Hence these forests could be bought for, seemingly, a mere tithe of their value. Now, he proposed to buy such a stretch of them along the edge of the shaking prairie north of Lake Cataouaché as would show on his part, he said, "caution, but not temerity."

He invited her to participate. "And why?" For the simple reason that the expert, and engineer, had dropped the remark that in his opinion a certain levee could not possibly hold out against the high water of more than two or three more years, and that when it should break it would spread from three to nine feet of water over hundreds of square miles of swamp forests, *prairies tremblantes*, and rice and sugar fields, and many leagues of railway.

Zoséphine had consented; and though Mr. Tarbox had soon after gone upon his commercial travels, he had effected the purchase by correspondence, little thinking that the first news he should hear on returning to New Orleans would be that the remotely anticipated "break" had just occurred.

And now, could and would the breach be closed, or must all Barataria soon be turned into, and remain for months, a navigable yellow sea? This, Claude knew, was what he must hasten to the crevasse to discover, and return as promptly to report upon, let his heart-strings draw as they might towards the studio in Carondelet street and the Christian Women's Exchange.

XVI.

THE OUTLAW AND THE FLOOD.

WHAT suffering it costs to be a coward! Some days before the crevasse occurred, he whom we know as the pot-hunter stood again on the platform of that same little railway station whence we once saw him vanish at sight of Bonaventure Deschamps. He had never ventured there since, until now. But there was a new station-agent.

His Indian squaw was dead. A rattlesnake had given her its fatal sting, and the outcast, dreading all men and the coroner not the least, had, silently and alone, buried her on the prairie.

The train rolled up to the station again as before. Claude's friend, the surveyor, stepped off with a cigar in his mouth, to enjoy in the train's momentary stay the delightful air that came across the open prairie. The pot-hunter, who had got rid of his game, ventured near his former patron. It might be the engineer could give him work whereby to earn a day's ready money. He was not disappointed. The engineer told him to come in a day or two, by the waterways the pot-hunter knew so well, across the swamps and prairies to Bayou Terrebonne and the little court-house town of Houma. And then he added:

"I heard this morning that somebody had been buying the swamp land all around you out on Lake Cataouaché. Is it so?"

The Acadian looked vacant and shook his head.

"Yes," said the other, "a Madame Beausoleil, or somebod— What 's the matter?"

"All aboard!" cried the train conductor.

"The fellow turned pale," said the surveyor as he resumed his seat in the smoking-car and the landscape began again to whirl by.

The pot-hunter stood for a moment, and then slowly, as if he stole away from some sleeping enemy, left the place. Alarm went with him like an attendant ghost. A thousand times that day, in the dark swamp, on the wide prairie, or under his rush-thatch on the lake-side, he tortured himself with one question: Why had she — Zoséphine — reached away out from Carancro to buy the uncultivable and primeval wilderness round about his lonely hiding-place? Hour after hour the inexplicable problem seemed to draw near and nearer to him, a widening, tightening, dreamlike terror, that, as it came, silently pointed its finger of death at him. He was glad enough to leave his cabin next day in his small, swift pirogue — shot-gun, ax, and rifle his only companions — for Terrebonne.

It chanced to be noon of the day following when he glided up the sunny Terrebonne towards the parish seat. The shores of the stream have many beauties, but the Acadian's eyes were alert to anything but them. The deep-green, waxen-leaved casino hedges; the hedges of Cherokee rose, and sometimes of rose and casino mingled; the fields of corn and sugar-cane; the quaint, railed floating bridges lying across the lazy bayou; the orange groves of aged, giant trees, their dark-green boughs grown all to a tangle with well-nigh the density of a hedge, and their venerable trunks hairy with green-gray lichens; the orange-trees again in the door-yards, with neat pirogues set upon racks under their deep shade; the indescribable floods of sunlight and caverns of shadow; the clear brown depths beneath his own canoe; or at the bottom the dark, waving, green-brown tresses of water-weeds — these were naught to him.

But the human presence was much; and once, when just ahead of him he espied a young sun-bonneted woman crouching in the pouring sunshine beyond the sod of the bayou's bank, itself but a few inches above the level of the stream, on a little pier of one plank pushed out among the flags and reeds, pounding her washing with a wooden paddle, he stopped the dip of his canoe-paddle and gazed, with growing trepidation and slackening speed. At the outer end of the plank the habitual dip of the bucket had driven aside the water-lilies, and made a round glassy space that reflected all but perfectly to him her busy young downcast visage.

"How like —" Just then she lifted her head. He started as though his boat had struck a snag. How like — how terribly like to that young Zoséphine whose ill-concealed scorn he had so often felt in days — in years — long gone, at Carancro! This was not and could not be the same — lacked half the necessary years; and yet in the joy of his relief he answered her bow with a question: Whose was yonder house?

She replied, in the same Acadian French in which she was questioned, that there dwelt or had dwelt, and about two weeks ago had died, "Monsieur Robichaux." The pot-hunter's paddle dipped again, his canoe shot on, and two hours later he walked with dust-covered feet into Houma.

The principal tavern there stands on that corner of the court-house square to which the swamper would naturally come first. Here he was to find the engineer. But as with slow, diffident step he set one foot upon the corner of the threshold, there passed quickly by him and out towards the court-house two persons — one a man of a county court-room look and with a handful of documents, and the other a woman whom he knew at a glance. Her skirts swept his ankles as he shrank in sudden and abject terror against the wall, yet she did not see him.

He turned and retreated the way he had come, nothing doubting that only by the virtue of a voodoo charm which he carried in his pocket he had escaped, for the time being, a plot laid for his capture. For the small, neatly robed form that you may still see disappearing within the court-house door, beside the limping figure of the probate clerk, is Zoséphine Beausoleil. She will finish the last pressing matter of the Robichaux succession now, in an hour or so, and be off on the little branch railway, whose terminus is here, for New Orleans.

When the pot-hunter approached Lake Cataouaché again he made on foot, under cover of rushes and leaves taller than he, a wide circuit and reconnoissance of his hut. While still a long way off he saw, lighted by the sunset rays, what he quickly recognized as a canoe drawn half out of the water almost at his door. He warily drew nearer. Presently he stopped and stood slowly and softly shifting his footing about on the oozy soil at a little point of shore only some fifty yards away from his cabin. His eyes, peering from the ambush, descried a man standing by the pirogue and searching with his gaze the wide distances that would soon be hidden in the abrupt fall of the southern night.

The pot-hunter knew him. Not by name, but by face. The day the outlaw saw Bonaventure at the little railway station, this man was with him. The name the pot-hunter did not know was St. Pierre.

The ambushed man shrank a step backward into his hiding-place. His rifle was in his hand and he noiselessly cocked it. He had not resolved to shoot; but a rifle is of no use until it is cocked. While he so stood another man came into view and to the first one's side. This one, too, he knew, despite the soft hat that had taken the place of the silk one; for this was Tarbox. The Acadian was confirmed in his conviction that the surveyor's invitation for him to come to Houma was part of a plot to entrap him.

While he still looked the two men got into the canoe and St. Pierre paddled swiftly away. The pot-hunter let down the hammer of his gun, shrank away again, turned and hurried through the tangle, regained his canoe, and paddled off. The men's departure from the cabin was, in his belief, a ruse. But he knew how by circuits and short cuts to follow after them unseen, and this he did until he became convinced that they were fairly in the Company Canal and gliding up its dark colonnade in the direction whence they had evidently come. Then he returned to his cabin and with rifle cocked and with slow, stealthy step entered it, and in headlong haste began to prepare to leave it for a long hiding-out.

He knew every spot of land and water for leagues around, as a bear or a fox would know the region about his den. He had in mind now a bit of dry ground scarce fifty feet long or wide, deeply hidden in the swamp to the north of this lake. How it had ever happened that this dry spot, lifted two or three feet above the low level around it, had been made, whether by some dumb force of nature or by the hand of men yet more untamable than he, had never crossed his thought. It was beyond measure of more value to him to know, by what he had seen growing on it season after season, that for many a long year no waters had overflowed it. In the lake, close to his hut, lay moored his small centerboard lugger, and into this he presently threw his few appliances and supplies, spread sail, and skimmed away, with his pirogue towing after.

His loaded rifle lay within instant reach. By choice he would not have harmed any living creature that men call it wrong to injure; but to save himself, not only from death, but from any risk of death, rightful or wrongful, he would, not through courage, but in the desperation of frantic cowardice, have killed a hundred men, one by one.

By this time it was night; and when first the lugger and, after it was hidden away, the pirogue, had carried him up a slender bayou as near as they could to the point he wished to reach, he had still to drag the loaded pirogue no small distance through the dark, often wet, and almost impenetrable woods. He had taken little rest and less sleep in his late journeyings, and when at length he cast himself down before his fire of dead fagots on the raised spot he had chosen, he slept heavily. He felt safe from man's world, at least for the night.

Only one thing gave him concern as he lay down. It was the fact that when, with the old woods-habit strong on him, he had approached his selected camping-ground, with such wariness of movement as the dragging pirogue would allow, he had got quite in sight of it before a number of deer on it bounded away. He felt an unpleasant wonder to know what their unwilling boldness might signify.

He did not awake to replenish his fire until there were only a few live embers shining dimly at his feet. He rose to a sitting posture; and in that same moment there came a confusion of sound — a trampling through bushes — that froze his blood and robbed his open throat of power to cry. The next instant he knew it was but those same deer. But the first intelligent thought brought a new fear. These most timid of creatures had made but a few leaps and stopped. He knew what that meant! As he leaped to his feet the deer started again and he heard, to his horror,— where the ground had been dry and caked when he lay down,— the plash of their feet in water.

Trembling, he drew his boots on, made and lighted a torch, and in a moment was dragging his canoe after him in the direction of the lugger. Presently his steps, too, were plashing. He stooped, waved the torch low across the water's surface, and followed the gleam with his scrutiny. But he did so not for any doubt that he would see, as he did, the yellow flood of the Mississippi. He believed, as he believed his existence, that his pursuers had let the river in upon the swamp, ruin whom they might, to drive him from cover.

Presently he stepped into the canoe, cast his torch into the water, took his paddle, and glided unerringly through a darkness and a wild tangle of undergrowth, large and small, where you or I could not have gone ten yards without being lost. He emerged successfully from the forest into the open prairie, and, under a sky whose stars told him it would soon be day, glided on down the little bayou lane, between walls of lofty rushes, up which he had come in the evening, and presently found the lugger as he had left her, with her light mast down, hidden among the brake canes that masked a little cove.

The waters were already in the prairie. As he boarded the little vessel at the stern, a raccoon waddled in noiseless haste over the bow, and splashed into the wet covert of reeds beyond. If only to keep from sharing his quarters with all the refuge-hunting vermin of the noisome wilderness, the one human must move on. He turned the lugger's prow towards the lake, and spread her sails to the faint, cool breeze. But when day broke the sail was gone.

Far and wide lay the pale green leagues of reeds and bulrushes, with only here and there a low willow or two beside some unseen lagoon, or a sinuous band of darker green where round rushes and myrtle bushes followed the shore of some hidden bayou. The waters of the lake were gleaming and crinkling in tints of lilac and silver stolen from the air, and away to the right, and yet farther to the left, stood the dark phalanxes of cypress woods.

Thus had a thousand mornings risen on the scene in the sight of the outlaw. Numberless birds fluttered from place to place, snatching their prey, caroling, feeding their young, chattering, croaking, warbling, and swinging on the bending rush. But if you looked again, strange signs of nature's mute anguish began to show. On every log or bit of smaller drift that rain-swollen bayous had ever brought from the forest and thrown upon their banks some wild tenant of the jungle, hare or weasel, cat, otter, or raccoon, had taken refuge, sometimes alone, but oftener sharing it, in common misery and silent truce, with deadly foes. For under all that expanse of green beauty, the water, always abundant, was no longer here and there, but everywhere.

See yonder reed but a few yards away. What singular dark enlargement of stem is that near its top, that curious spiral growth? — Growth! It is a great serpent that has climbed and twined himself there, and is holding on for the life he loves as we love ours. And see! On a reed near by him, another; and a little farther off, another; and another — and another! Where were our eyes until now? The surface of the vast brake, as far as one can see such small things, is dotted with like horrid burdens. And somewhere in this wild desolation, in this green prospect of a million deaths waiting in silence alike for harmful and harmless creatures, one man is hiding from all mankind.

XVII.

WELL HIDDEN.

Of all the teeming multitudes of the human world, the pot-hunter knows not one soul who is on his side; not one whom he dare let see his face or come between him and a hiding-place. The water is rising fast. He dare not guess how high it will come; but rise as it may, linger at its height as it may, he will not be driven out. In his belief a hundred men are ready, at every possible point where his foot could overstep the line of this vast inundation, to seize him and drag him to the gallows. Ah, the gallows! Not being dead — not God's anger — not eternal burnings; but simply facing death! The gallows! The tree above his head — the rope around

his neck — the signal about to be spoken — the one wild moment after it! These keep him here.

He has taken down sail and mast. The rushes are twelve feet high. They hide him well. With oars, mast, and the like he has contrived something by which he can look out over their tops. He has powder and shot, coffee, salt, and rice; he will not be driven out! At night he spreads his sail and seeks the open waters of the lake, where he can sleep, by littles, without being overrun by serpents; but when day breaks there is no visible sign of his presence. Yet he is where he can see his cabin. It is now deep in the water and the flood is still rising. He is quite sure no one has entered it since he left it. But — the strain of perpetual watching!

When at dawn of the fifth day he again looked for cover in the prairie the water was too high to allow him concealment, and he sought the screen of some willows that fringed the edge of the swamp forest, anchoring in a few rods' width of open water between them and the woods. He did not fear to make, on the small hearth of mud and ashes he had improvised in his lugger, the meager fire needed to prepare his food. Its slender smoke quickly mingled with the hazy vapors and shadows of the swamp. As he cast his eye abroad he found nowhere any sign of human approach. Here and there the tops of the round rushes still stood three feet above the water, but their slender needles were scarcely noticeable. Far and near, over prairie as over lake, lay the unbroken yellow flood. There was no flutter of wings, no whistle of feathered mate to mate, no call of nestlings from the ruined nests. Except the hawk and vulture, the birds were gone. Untold thousands of dumb creatures had clung to life for a time, but now were devoured by birds of prey and by alligators, or were drowned. Thousands still lived on. Behind him in the swamp the wood-birds remained, the gray squirrel still barked and leaped from tree to tree, the raccoon came down to fish, the plundering owl still hid himself through the bright hours, and the chilled snake curled close in the warm folds of the hanging moss. Nine feet of water below. In earlier days, to the northward through the forest many old timbers rejected in railway construction or repair, with dead logs and limbs, had been drifted together by heavy rains and had gathered a covering of soil; canebrake, luxurious willow-bushes, and tough grasses had sprung up on them and bound them with their roots. These floating islands the flood, now covering the dense underbrush of the swamp, lifted on its free surface, and in its slow creep southward bore through the pillared arcades of the cypress wood and out over the submerged prairies. Many a cowering deer, in those last few days, that had made some one of these green fragments of the drowned land a haven of despair, the human castaway left unharmed.

Of all sentient creatures in that deluge he was suffering most. He was gaunt and haggard with watching. The thought of pursuit bursting suddenly around him now fastened permanently upon his imagination. He feared to sleep. From the direction of the open water surprise seemed impossible; but from the forest! what instant might it not ring with the whoop of discovery, the many-voiced halting challenge, and the glint of loaded Winchester? And another fear had come. Many a man not a coward, and as used to the sight of serpents as this man, has never been able to be other than a coward concerning them. The pot-hunter held them in terror. It was from fear of them that he had lighted his torch the night of his bivouac in the swamp. Only a knowledge of their ordinary haunts and habits and the art of avoiding them had made the swamp and prairie life bearable. Now all was changed. They were driven from their dens. In the forest one dared not stretch forth the hand to lay it upon any tangible thing until a searching glance had failed to find the glittering eye and forked tongue that meant "Beware!" In the flooded prairie the willow-trees were loaded with the knotted folds of the moccasin, the rattlesnake, and I know not how many other sorts of deadly or only loathsome serpents. Some little creatures at the bottom of the water, feeding on the soft white part of the round rush near its root, every now and then cut a stem free from its base and let it spring to the surface and float away. Often a snake had wrapped himself about the end above the water, and when this refuge gave way and drifted abroad he would cling for a time, until some less forlorn hope came in sight, and then swim for it. Thus scarce a minute of the day passed, it seemed, but one, two, or three of these creatures, making for their fellow-castaway's boat, were turned away by nervous waving of arms. The nights had proved that they could not climb the lugger's side, and when he was in her the canoe was laid athwart her gunwales; but at night he had to drop the bit of old iron that served for an anchor, and the very first night a large moccasin — not of the dusky kind described in books, but of that yet deadlier, black sort, an ell in length, which the swampers call the Congo — came up the anchor-rope. The castaway killed it with an oar; but after that who would have slept?

About sunset of the fifth day, though it was

bright and beautiful, the hunter's cunning detected the first subtle signs of a coming storm. He looked about him to see what provision was needed to meet and weather its onset. On the swamp side the loftiest cypresses, should the wind bring any of them down, would not more than cast the spray of their fall as far as his anchorage. The mass of willows on the prairie side was nearer, but its trees stood low — already here and there the branches touched the water; the hurricane might tear away some boughs, but could do no more. He shortened the anchor-rope and tried the hold of the anchor on the bottom to make sure the lugger might not swing into the willows, for in every fork of every bough was a huge dark mass of serpents plaited and piled one upon another and ready at any moment to glide apart towards any new shelter that might be reached.

While eye and hand were thus engaged the hunter's ear was attentive to sounds that he had been hearing for more than an hour. These were the puff of 'scape-pipes and plash of a paddle-wheel, evidently from a small steamer in the Company Canal. She was coming down it; that is, from the direction of the river and the city.

Whither was she bound? To some one of the hundred or more plantations and plantation homes that the far-reaching crevasse had desolated? Likely enough. In such event she would not come into view, although for some time now he had seen faint shreds of smoke in the sky over a distant line of woods. But it filled him with inward tremors to know that if she chose to leave the usual haunts of navigation on her left, and steam out over the submerged prairies and lake, and into the very shadow of these cypresses, she could do it without fear of a snag or a shallow. He watched anxiously as the faint smoke reached a certain point. If the next thin curl should rise farther on, it would mean safety. But when it came it seemed to be in the same place as the last; and another the same, and yet another the same; she was making almost a straight line for the spot where he stood. Only a small low point of forest broke the line, and presently, far away, she slowly came out from behind it.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

George W. Cable.

THE GOVERNOR'S PREROGATIVE.

THE Governor was at home. He sat in his library, in a most amiable mood. His eye took a languid pleasure wandering over the familiar surroundings. After the bare and slightly dingy furnishing of the executive office at the capitol, he was glad to look again on the ceiling, with its mahogany bars, the stamped gold and leather behind the glass of the book-cases, and the warm hues of the curtains and the velvet carpet.

"It is pleasant to be home," said the Governor, dropping his newspaper to look out of the window. The paper certainly was not as entertaining as the distant view of the lake, a blue mist breaking into tumbling lines of foam on a sandy beach; or the nearer view of his own lawn, and the groom, in livery, leading a wee Shetland pony, with his little daughter for rider, around the drive, while the wind blew the child's yellow curls against her rosy cheeks and carried her small laughter and shouts to her father's ears.

Thus he happened to be looking when an old German woman entered the yard and stopped under the shadow of the *porte-cochère*. She was evidently quite an old woman, with wrinkles and white hair; but her face had a ruddy tint burnt into the brown on her cheeks, and her sturdy shape was erect and vigorous of movement. She wore a black stuff gown made in the simplest fashion and carried a bundle. With considerable amusement the observer saw her undo this bundle and take out a comb and a white kerchief, preparatory to making a sort of toilet. First, she brushed away the dust which lay thick on her gown; then she smoothed her hair; and, finally, tied the white kerchief about her neck. Having done all this with the utmost gravity, she walked to the basement door.

"Oh, woman, woman," mused the Governor, "how you cling to your little vanities! She is hardly fine enough for a friend of cook's; perhaps she comes to see the laundress. But why did n't she dress at home?" Smiling to himself, he returned to his paper, only to be interrupted shortly by the butler's announcement of a woman to see him.

"She is an old woman, sir," said Hopkins, who had rather a kind heart and knew the Governor's like weakness.

"Show her in, Hopkins," was the reply. "Ten to one," thought the Governor, "it's

my old woman. So the toilet was for me. I wonder what she wants of me. Thank Heaven, the offices are all full, anyhow!"

The Governor guessed correctly; it was the old woman whom he had seen. She entered timidly in the rear of Hopkins. Safely opposite the Governor, she dropped a courtesy.

"Spricht Excellenz Deutsch?" she asked.

"Ein wenig," said the Governor, apparently with the unworthy motive of impressing Hopkins; for the instant that personage had closed the door, departing, he added, "Speak English, if you can; and won't you take a chair, madam?"

"Oh, no, gnädiger Herr — Excellenz; no, I vill petter stan'. Excellenz, I haf von son, er ist mein einsiges — mine only schild. Dis morgen I vas tell he do *dis* — see, Excellenz." She courtesied again, holding out a carefully folded newspaper to the Governor at arms-length. Even in youth she could never have been a pretty woman, and years of toil had made her shape angular and clumsy and tanned and wrinkled the large features framed by the white hair; but her clear blue eyes were as simple and honest as a child's, and they looked up at the Governor so anxiously that, glancing down the page, he felt a sensation of pity.

"Fritz Jansen," he exclaimed; "are you *his* mother?" and to himself he added, "This is worse than the office-seekers!"

The old woman courtesied timidly. She was quick-sighted enough to see that, somehow, he was unfavorably impressed.

Just then there came two taps at the door. The Governor frowned; he recognized his wife's knock. It is not, therefore, to be inferred that his domestic life was unhappy; on the contrary, he was in love with his wife, who returned his affection; but he felt a presentiment that her presence would make infinitely more disagreeable the decision to which he was sure he must come; yet, at the same time, he was conscious of an irritating longing to shift the responsibility of consolation on to some woman's shoulders — besides, his wife spoke German. A third tap sounded on the door-panel; it meant, "Are you engaged?"

"Perhaps I vould go vays," said the old woman. "I kin vait oudsides, yet — if Excellenz is pizzy?"

"Oh, no," said the Governor. "Come in, Annie." The lady who entered was young and pretty, and her charming eyes had not yet lost their look of amiable interest. She seemed to have just returned from a walk, for her fair skin had the wind's roses and her blonde hair was roughened the least in the world. There was enough silver braid on her perfectly fitting blue cloth dress to compel the old woman's admiration and awe.

"My wife," said the Governor briefly. "Will you interpret a little for me, Annie? This is Fritz Jansen's mother."

The old woman dropped her courtesy, the patient sadness of her face brightening a little.

"Ya, gnädige Frau," said she, "I koom to beg der barton von mine son. He is in brison to pe hang'."

"You know," said the Governor, "that he has been found guilty of murdering his betrothed, Lena — "

"No, Excellenz — Greta," interrupted the old woman eagerly. "She vas heist Gretchen; der baper speak wrong von dat, an' berhaps, it vould be mit oder t'ings wrong also!"

"His betrothed, Greta, then," amended the Governor, "under very — hem — very aggravated circumstances. He has had a long and perfectly impartial trial, and has been condemned on overwhelming evidence. I — I really do not see," said the Governor, trying to bring the scene to an abrupt conclusion, "how it will be possible for me to pardon him. Tell her that in German, Annie."

"Oh, poor thing!" said the Governor's wife.

The old woman had listened with an expression of pathetic attention. Plainly she did not comprehend the Governor's words, but in some way she gathered from his manner that her petition was rejected. She clasped her large rough hands unconsciously as she turned to the lady, whose kind face looked to her then like that of a guardian angel.

"The gracious lady speaks German, is it not true?" she said in her native tongue. "Ah, gracious lady, it is cruel lies; my Fritz is not a wicked man. Oh, no; who should know of him better than his mother? I will tell it in as few words as I can, if the gracious lady will but listen. My Fritz is the only one of seven the good Lord has let me keep. The father was a carpenter, and he carried me to Munich, and there he fell off a scaffold and hurt his back, and lived ten years but never walked again; and the cholera came, and four of my children did die, and there was only Fritz and Otto, because the others did die when they were babies. And the next year, in the street a wagon did run over my Otto, and he was sick for three months and died. How could I have lived those days but for my Fritz? He was but a boy of ten, but he cared for the father and Otto while I was gone to work and scrub for the American ladies. He would cook and make the room neat like a girl, and in the evenings he would study the book to learn. Always he would help me and do little things to please me; and when he was sixteen and the father died, he said: 'Now I will save money, and we will go to America.' And he would work at everything

and give me always the money; and nights he would always work also, and at Christmas he comes to me with a fine black gown, saying: 'Thou, too, shalt have a fine gown for the church; this is with the evenings' work, mamma.' Ah, gracious lady, none can tell how good and kind is my Fritz; never idle one moment and never cross, but always singing, and merry, and kind to every one, and not able to go by the starving dog even, but must share his own soup and black bread. And so it was with Greta, too, gracious lady. There was in the house with us a poor woman that made flowers, and she did have a little girl. She was five years younger than was my Fritz,— eleven only was she,— and one day she comes weeping to my room to say her mother is fainted; but it was not fainted, she was dead. The people in the house, they say, 'Now since the little Gretchen has no one to care for her she must go to the waisenhaus; but my Fritz says, 'Mamma, Otto is dead, and all my little sisters; there is but thee and me: let us take the little Greta for my sister and thy daughter, and she shall have half my bread and soup. We shall not go any less soon to America, and in America will be bread for us all.' And that was how Greta came to us. Then my brother writes to me from America, saying, 'Come,' and we came, and at first we were all with my brother, and Fritz worked for him; but, after a while, Fritz and I, who also worked hard, saved a little money and we say we will buy a farm. So Greta, who was like my daughter and was fifteen now — Greta say, 'I will go and work at service in the city to make money, so then we can buy the farm.' And Fritz, he works here with me to buy the farm, and so it go on. Greta, she comes to see me, and always she brings the money. She will not have enough dresses to be bright and gay like a young maiden, if I do not sometimes go to the city myself to buy for her. But I know that an old woman like me would not know what would please a young maiden; so I did always pick out a young lady at the shop that was selling and looked kind, and I told her what money to spend I had, and how it was for Greta, that was like my daughter, and would give all her money to me to buy the farm. And when Greta would come to see us in the new dress, then would my Fritz smile and kiss me. At last we did have almost enough money, and then did come the bad crops, and my brother he loses all the crop that he means to sell to pay the money that he must pay on his own farm, and I feel bad for him and talk with Fritz and Greta, and they say he must not lose his farm when we have money; so we lend to him money and Greta tells us how Fritz, who was like his father a carpenter, could earn much money in the city. By this time they were betrothed and to be married when we have the farm. So Fritz — it was six months ago — went to the city. He writes to me and Greta writes to me, and twice he comes to see me, but two months ago I got a letter saying he must go to a city far away and I will not hear for a long time; and for two, three, weeks when I do not hear I do not think so much, but then I begin to wonder and I have my brother write to Greta, but I get no answer and then — then — will the gracious lady have patience with me that I am so long? — then it was yesterday that my brother was in the little town that is near us and a man showed him the paper, how my Fritz two months ago had killed my Greta and had been before the judge and was now in prison to die." The old woman's hands trembled, and her voice, for the first time. The Governor's wife said something in an undertone to her husband; he nodded and went quietly out of the room, returning with a glass of wine. But the old woman, courtesying in her old-fashioned way, shook her head. "No, Excellenz, I cannot trink; if Excellenz und die gracious laty forgif', I vill tell more — in German."

"Certainly, if it is easier for you," said the lady; while the Governor, with a resigned air, sank into a chair. The old woman continued:

"So my brother cannot show me the paper, when he will come home, but sits in the corner still, with his head down, and my brother's wife cries and will not tell me why, and they do not let the children laugh, and in the morning, when they have talked together, my brother brings me the paper and I see the name. And he tells me how the man says that the Governor is the only one can have my Fritz let out of the prison. So we did go to the town, to the railroad, but the cars have changed the time to go and we did not know; so we are too late and Hermann would have me wait for the cars to-night, but I could not wait when my Fritz was in prison, and my Greta was dead, so I did walk —"

"From where?" asked the lady gently.

"It is from Egmont, gracious lady."

"But it is fifteen miles!"

"Yes, gracious lady."

"Walter, do you hear?" said the lady reproachfully; "she has walked from Egmont!"

"Yes, my dear," answered the Governor mildly; "it is a long walk. She had better sit down."

Then his wife rapidly repeated the old woman's story to him. "Now tell him the rest in English," she said to the old woman.

The latter turned to the Governor and dropped her invariable courtesy before she spoke. "My brother told me dat I vould

pring de baper vat say how mine Fritz is not vicked mans. I did go, dis mornin', to der peoples dat know mine Fritz, Herr Excellenz." She took a paper out of the bag which hung from her waist, in plain sight so that she might always be secure of its presence, and presented it with the courtesy.

Some German had evidently drawn up the humble certificate to Fritz Jansen's honesty, good-nature, industry, and peaceableness. "I kin not for long stay," said the old woman, wistfully eying the Governor's face, "so I go to dem I knows. It is sign py Johann Mueller, dat Fritz did vork py — und Kurtz Claussen, dat have de farm ve puy, und Ernst Bürger, der saloon-keeper dat know Fritz well — in dee olt country also," said she with simple pride. In Germany one may be a liquor-seller and lose nothing in the social scale; indeed, it is a calling of respectability quite above Frau Jansen's former station.

The Governor looked most uncomfortable. He gave his wife a glance of appeal. "My dear, I don't see what I can do," he said desperately, rubbing at the wrinkles in his forehead. "There is no doubt about it, the fellow killed the girl out of jealousy, in the most brutal way, and then tried to throw suspicion on an innocent man. The evidence is quite conclusive; the girl lived long enough to identify her assailant. Besides, he is known to the police as a brutal, dissipated fellow; he nearly beat a man to death before. He has been sentenced justly, and I have no right to interfere. Such crimes as his are getting too common."

"Look at his mother," said the lady gently. She was still standing, her strained gaze bent on the Governor's face, her gaunt brown hands plucking at the strings of her bag.

"I am as sorry as you are for his mother," said the Governor, looking the other way; "but I have no right to let my pity blind me to my duty. If every jealous brute can kill the woman he is jealous of, and escape scot-free, what security have you women got?"

"I don't believe he killed her at all," said the lady. "Such a good boy as he was could n't do such a cruel thing as that. I 've read it all, Walter. It 's sickening, it 's atrocious; and that 's why I am convinced Fritz Jansen never did it."

"She says he did."

"Then she was mistaken. I don't think much of *her*."

The Governor put his hand over his mustache to hide an involuntary smile. "Well, you see *I* am sorry for her. Apart from the murder, he had not treated her well. He had not even been faithful to her. My dear, there are the police-court records. He has been up before the courts for drunkenness and assault half a dozen times. His mother says he was a carpenter, but he was n't anything so respectable. His principal business seems to have been a billiard-marker, which he combined with much shadier ways of getting money."

"Walter, I can't believe he was so bad, when he was such a good, unselfish boy. Don't you think it was touching the way he helped his mother when he was a child? I don't see how he could have changed so suddenly."

"My dear," said the Governor gravely, "he may have been a good boy, I don't know; unhappily, there is n't the least doubt that he was not a good man. You must remember his mother only tells the best of him now; besides, mothers are the last persons to know when their sons go to the bad; probably his uncle could tell a very different sort of story. Madam,"— turning to the old woman,— "what did you do with your money?"

She looked dazed and her eyes wandered to the lady, who repeated the question in German.

"I gif' all to Fritz, Excellenz," she answered, "und he have it in der pank to keep."

"Humph!" said the Governor.

"It may be all right," pleaded his wife.

"Did you ever hear — well, anything bad of your son since he went to the city?" the Governor went on.

"Bad? of mein Fritz?" said the old woman; "nefer vun vort."

"Can you read English? Have you read the paper?"

"No, Excellenz. I kin no English read, but der man he did tell to mein bruder vat it vas been. Yes."

"You see, Annie," said the Governor, "he might be a thorough-paced scamp, and his mother never know. I have no doubt he has used all the money she fancies is in the bank. He intended this crime; wrote to her he was going away; meant to run away, for that matter. Don't you notice that the murder was committed just after he wrote? I am afraid he is a bad-hearted fellow. I don't see how I can do anything for him. Such fellows as he are too dangerous to be let loose. Decent people have their rights too; they ought to be protected, even if the rogues must suffer. Your good heart —"

"I have n't any better heart than you," interrupted the Governor's wife with spirit; "only I don't sit down on it, as you do!"

—"Blinds you," pursued the Governor, "to the grim facts of the case. Not only would a pardon be an abuse of the pardoning power, which the people have vested in me, confiding in my honesty and justice; not only would it be a virtual encouragement of a peculiarly brutal class of murders; but, my darling wife, it would be cruelty in disguise to this poor old

mother herself. If the boy dies now, true, his mother will mourn him and miss him all her life; think him an innocent victim, and me a cruel murderer. Very well, so be it. She will still have her memories of his youth to console her, and her very conviction of the injustice of his fate will be a comfort to her; while on the other hand, if I release him, he will dissipate all her illusions, neglect her, ill-treat her, very likely spend every cent of her hard earnings, and at last convince even that trusting soul what a brute he is. It is the truest kindness to her to refuse."

"But I am sure he is n't a brute!"

"Unhappily, I am sure he *is*."

"Then," said the lady quickly, "you might commute his sentence to imprisonment for life; in the penitentiary he could n't ill-treat his mother, or spend her money, and if he happens to be innocent, you would have a chance to find it out!"

The Governor shook his head. "You want to open the whole question of capital punishment, I think. But, my dear, whatever your view or mine of the advisability of hanging, the laws make hanging the punishment for murder, and I am sworn to see that the laws are executed. And, frankly, I must say that if ever the extreme penalty of the law was deserved, it was in this case. Jansen's lawyer made all his fight on technicalities. He has appealed to me, and I have gone over the ground with him. It was a brutal, unprovoked, deliberate murder — just that. Were I to pardon Jansen, I should n't do it because there was a shadow of excuse for him, but because I pitied his mother. Now, I have n't the right to gratify my own feelings at the expense of the State. I am convinced that Jansen's immediate trial and his speedy execution will do more than anything else could to stop the wholesale murder that has been going on for the last six months in this State. But suppose I commute Jansen's sentence and, because of my leniency, a single murder — not to say five, or ten, or a dozen, as is probable — is committed; do you think I can hold myself guiltless of that bloodshed? No, Annie; I can't do it. It hurts me as much as it does you to have to refuse this poor creature; but the law must take its course. Tell her so, please, as kindly as you can."

His wife knew him well enough to perceive that further pleading would be useless. She went up to the old woman and took one of the big brown hands in hers. Her voice faltered as she tried to put into German her husband's conviction that he had no right to interfere; before she was through, her cheeks were wet with tears.

The listener's face lost its ruddy brown color: whether she grasped the meaning of the words is doubtful, but she knew that she had failed.

"Kann Excellenz nichts fur mich?" she stammered, her dim eyes still fixed with the same wistful intensity on the Governor's troubled face, her hands clasped again.

He shook his head.

"Wer, den, Excellenz? who? I vill go to him py de cars."

He shook his head again. "Good Heavens, Annie," he cried, "I can't stand this! Can't you help me out?"

"Alas," his wife said, in German, very gently, "I am so sorry — so sorry for you, but there is no one — no hope."

"No — hope," the mother repeated brokenly; "und my Fritz —" Taking a step forward, she tried to look more closely into the lady's face, but her strength failed her; she staggered, and must have fallen had she not caught at the corner of the table to steady herself.

Instantly the lady held the rejected glass of wine to her lips while the Governor pushed a chair towards her. Mechanically she took a swallow of the wine; but she would not sit.

"No, Excellenz; pardon," she said weakly, "but it vas so long vays und I haf veep so mooch for Greta. Now I vill go: I did already dersturp der pisiness too long, und I must see mein Fritz."

"I will give you a note to the jailer," said the Governor, suiting his action to his words; "and —"

He did not finish the sentence; but when he had written the note, he put a bank-bill into another envelope, on which he wrote a few German words.

The old woman stood a moment, collecting her strength, her face looking old and worn. She made none of the efforts to alter his decision which the Governor had dreaded. When he handed her the note, she took it with a low courtesy, saying, "Excellenz haf been ver goot to me. I bin sorry for troubles him," and placed the paper carefully in her bag. Then she turned to the Governor's wife, kissed her hand, courtesying again and murmuring some low words of gratitude, and passed, erect as ever, though with a feebler step, out of the room.

"Oh, poor soul!" said the Governor's wife. "Walter, send somebody to the train with her, — poor, simple, meek, broken-hearted creature!"

The Governor's face was almost as haggard as that of his petitioner. "If she had only reproached me, I could have borne it better," he muttered. "Now I sha'n't be able to get the look of her eyes out of my head!" He ques-

tioned Hopkins (who was the "some one" sent to the train) minutely about her. Hopkins said that she seemed like a woman dazed, but was quite docile and grateful and went off on the right train, safely committed to the conductor's care. He spoke warmly of her downstairs; he had a shrewd surmise as to the nature of her errand, and his pity was not lessened by the deep deference of her manner towards himself. The general opinion downstairs, shaped by Hopkins, was that the Governor ought to be ashamed of himself.

Indeed, the Governor found little comfort anywhere, unless it might be in his own conscience. His wife refused to be convinced by the abundant evidence of Fritz Jansen's guilt, which he was at the pains to lay before her. Even his children picked up some garbled version of the story from the maids, and his little girl, nestling her golden head on his heart, stabbed it with the question: "Does it hurt much to be hanged, papa? Wally says it does."

"Wally is a naughty boy to talk to you about hangings," said the Governor.

"It was n't Wally; it was just Sarah, when she and Ellen were making the beds. She said there was a poor man to be hanged, and you would n't prevent it; but you will, papa, won't you?"

"You may be sure, my dear," said the much-tried Governor, "that I sha'n't let any man be hanged who does n't deserve it."

"But, papa," pleaded the child, "don't let him *anyhow*. Wally says it hurts *awful*; he choked himself to see."

The Governor gave a sort of groan and put the child down; it was a relief to hear the door-bell ring, and have a chance to get away. "I wish that miserable Jansen were hanged and it was all over," he thought; "this is terrible!" He knew that the execution was to follow soon after the conviction; but he would not look at the papers to see the exact date. He could not keep his imagination away from the figure of the old German woman so meekly accepting her fate and going on that dismal journey to her son. Had she staid near him ever since, he wondered. On his part, he had written to the various prison officials and to the sheriff, bespeaking their kind offices to smooth the prisoner's last days. He had sent money to the jailer for Jansen's mother, "afterward." It seemed to him that he had done all in his power, and now he was only anxious to forget. For a month after the interview he was away from home most of the time,—just a month, to a day. He had come back, and was sitting in his library with his wife, when he happened to notice a paper on the table. His wife's eye followed his.

"It has the notice of Jansen's execution in it," said she; "he was hanged yesterday."

The Governor dropped the hand which he had extended. "I don't care to see it," said he. There was a wood fire burning in the open fire-place, and he turned his face towards the blaze. For the next few minutes there was silence. Hopkins's voice broke it. He spoke in his usual quiet tones, but he had a curious look of suppressed agitation on his impassive face.

"It is the old woman who was here the last time you was home, sir," said Hopkins. The Governor turned pale.

"I will see her, Walter," said the Governor's wife, gently; "it will be better."

"No," said the Governor, straightening himself in the chair with a distinct sensation of wanting to run out of the room. "You are very kind, Annie; but I will see her myself. Show her in, Hopkins."

She came in — behind her a young man with the aspect of a "naturalized American." The Governor had not the hardihood to lift his eyes to her face. He was dimly aware that she was courtesying in the familiar fashion; but his words stuck in his throat when he tried to speak.

"Excellenz," said the old woman, "I haf pring mein Fritz." She dragged the young man forward.

"Your Fritz!" cried the Governor and his wife together. "Ya, Excellenz; ya, gnädige Frau," said the old woman, with a beaming face. "Ya, ven I vas go py der prison und see der pad, vicked mans it vas not mein Fritz; it vas Fritz Jansen, but not mein schild, und it vas Lena und not mein Greta he vas kill, already, ya. Der baper vas tell kein lies. Mein Fritz vas in Canada, und I go by mein Greta und it vas tree days he come, mein Fritz, und I prings pack der money und tanks for him. He can goot English speak to Excellenz. Und, Excellenz, vill Excellenz gif to him different name to dat vicked mans dat is hang? He vish not be heist name of mans dat is hang!"

She paused and courtesied. The young man blushed and bowed. There was a strong likeness between him and his mother. He had the same round honest face and wide blue eyes. His profuse blonde hair was carefully parted on one side of his head, just above his ear. His clothes retained all the freshness of the shop creases, and his linen was spotless. Greta's hand might be traced in his blue cravat as well as in his mother's decent new bonnet and shawl. He was evidently abashed by his surroundings, but answered the Governor's questions frankly and to the point. He had written his mother, but the letters were delayed. Had either his mother or his uncle been able to read English, they would have

noticed circumstances about the story of the other Fritz Jansen's crime which would have made them suspect the truth. Greta had made everything plain to his mother and taken her home. He, himself, had returned three days before, and his mother was eager to have him go at once to the Governor and return the money given her, and also — this she had greatly at heart — beg the Governor to change his name. During the colloquy the old woman kept turning her head from one speaker to the other, smiling radiantly and courtesying whenever either the Governor or his wife looked in her direction.

"I 'm fery grateful," Jansen concluded, "to your Excellency and your" — he hesitated, seeming uncertain what was the proper title for a Governor's wife, and compromised on — "your lady, for all the kindness you 've showed my mother; and I vould like, too, as you should know I ain't that kind of a fellow like Fritz Jansen, but a honest man, like my mother said."

"Ya," said the old woman; "die gracious lady believe, but Excellenz vas not know."

"I am quite sure everything your mother said of you was true," said the Governor, in his most affable manner, "and I shall be glad to see about the legislature changing your name; but you must n't think of returning the money."

"Let it be our wedding gift to Miss Greta," said the Governor's wife, with her charming smile. So, indeed, it was settled; and a certain gorgeous coral and gold brooch which figured at Greta's wedding some weeks later was bought with that exact sum. Frau Jansen was far too conscientious to add or subtract one penny. The simple people went away happy, after Hopkins had served them with wine and cake. The latter mighty personage received their confidences and heartfelt gratitude with stately suavity; indeed, Hopkins felt himself rather instrumental in Fritz Jansen's turning out to be a good fellow instead of a murderer, and an approving conscience swelled his imposing bosom. Meanwhile, the Governor and his wife were looking at each other. The Governor felt immensely relieved. Neither could he help rejoicing to himself that he had not weakly yielded. Principle had triumphed. Moreover, the triumph had that particular spice which comes from a victory over one's wife. He was quite too magnanimous to say: "Now, my dear, you see I know better than you about my own business. How embarrassing it would be had I followed your advice and pardoned that scoundrel!" But he stole a glance at his wife to see how she was taking things, expecting perhaps some hint of contrition on her face.

Instead she said, "Walter, dear, did n't I tell you so?"

"Tell me so!" gasped the Governor. "Of course you did n't tell me so! You wanted me to par — "

"But did n't I tell you over and over, and insist, that that pathetic old thing's son *could n't* be a cold-blooded murderer!"

The Governor stared a minute in dumb amazement before he got breath to laugh.

"Bless your feminine mind, Annie, and did n't *I* insist that Fritz Jansen *was?* Who was right?"

"Both of us, of course," said she.

Octave Thanet.

A DAY IN WINTER.

HOW could one live through a day like this,
Sweet! were one not with his books or in love?
I am both; I am happy; with that dear bliss
Of lovers who have no faith to prove,
Of readers who have no task for heeding,
But read from the sheer, sweet love of reading.

The sun is dead, and the clouds hang low,
And the winds are weeping a dirge. What though?
My life is full: in my heart I know
'T is only distance keepeth the kiss
On thy lips from mine,
On my lips from thine;
No task to learn, no faith to prove —
Oh, how could one live through a day like this,
Sweet! were one not with his books or in love?

Orelia Key Bell.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

X.

THE AFFAIR AT TIMBER CREEK CAMP-MEETING.

WHEN Tom Grayson found himself suddenly stranded on the farmstead in Hubbard Township he went to work to learn again the arts half forgotten during his three-years' absence in Moscow. It was necessary to put his soft hands to the plow, and to burn his fair face in the hot sun of the hay-field. With characteristic heedlessness of results he set out, on the very first day after his return, to mow alongside the stalwart hired man Bob McCord, the father of Mely. Bob lived in a little cabin not far from the Grayson place, and since Tom left the farm he had done most of the work for Mrs. Grayson. He was commonly known as "Big Bob," because he had a half-brother of sinister birth who was older than himself, but a small man, and who for distinction was "Little Bob." Big Bob fulfilled his name in every dimension. His chest was deep, his arms were gigantic in their muscularity, and no man had ever seen his legs show signs of exhaustion. His immense muscles were softened in outline by a certain moderate rotundity; his well-distributed adipose was only one of many indications of his extraordinary physical thriftiness. In more than one stand-up fight he had demonstrated his right to the title of champion of the county. Yet he was a boyishly good-natured man, with no desire to hurt anybody, and he never fought from choice. But every rising fisticuffer within half a hundred miles round had heard of Bob's strength, and the more ambitious of these had felt bound to "dare" him. It was not consonant with the honor of such a man as Bob to "take a dare"; so against first one and then another aspiring hero he had fought, until at length there was none that ventured any more to "give a dare" to the victor of so many battles. His physical perfections were not limited to mere bull strength: no man had a keener eye or a steadier hand; none could send a rifle-ball to its mark with a more unerring aim. Had he lived in the days of the Saxon invasion of England, McCord would have stood high on the list of those renowned for exploits of strength and daring, the very darling hero of the minstrel. Our own Indian wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries brought renown to just such men as he, semi-barbarian path-makers for the advance of civilization. He had lagged a generation late. In the peaceful time, when strength of muscle was secondary to mental power, and when a sure aim was no longer important for the defense of one's life, nor the chief means for winning one's meat, the powerful Bob McCord saw degenerate men, whom he could have held at arms-length, prevail over him in the struggle for existence. For though he was capable of hard work, he could never endure steady application; his nature was under mortgage to adventurous ancestors, the ancient Indian-fighters and scouts of the Appalachian country, and those more remote forefathers, the untamed emigrants who had been almost expelled from the Scottish border in the time of the Stuarts, to help resettle the devastated north of Ireland, to say nothing of the yet wilder Irish women with whom they had mated. Nothing less than the sound of the cup scraping on the bottom of the family meal-box would impel Bob to work. Every wind that came from the sea of grass to the westward brought him the whir of the wings of prairie-hens; dreams of bear-hunting filled his mind whenever he looked into the recesses of the woods. At every sight of the rising moon his hunter's soul imagined the innumerable deer which at that hour rise from their coverts to graze on the prairies. Every stream tantalized him with the thought of darting perch, and great prowling cat-fish hidden beneath its surface, and challenging him to catch them if he could. If, as we are taught to believe, the manliness of the English aristocracy and the American apery of it is only kept alive by outdoor sports, how much their superior in surplus manhood must such a man as Bob McCord be! In his estimation no days were counted a part of human life except those passed in circumventing and taking the wild creatures of the woods or the

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prairie, and those others spent in the rude fun of musters, barbecues, elections, corn-shuckings, wood-choppings, and like assemblages, where draughts from a generous big-bellied bottle, with a twisted neck, alternated with athletic feats, practical jokes, and tales as rude as the most unblushing of those told by pious pilgrims to Canterbury in the old religious time.

It was alongside this son of Anak that Tom set himself to do a full day's work at the start. The severity of labor accorded well with his pungent feeling of penitence. Big Bob regarded him as he might any other infant, not unkindly; he even had a notion that the Widow Grayson and her children were in some sense under his care, and he did not wish any harm to come to the boy, but a practical joke was too good a thing to be missed. For two hours and a half, on that morning of Tom's appearance in the field with a scythe, Bob did not once stop to take the usual rests. Tom felt inevitable exhaustion coming on, though he cut a much narrower swath than his companion. McCord's herculean right knee was bare, having that morning forced itself through his much-bepatched trousers of butternut-dyed cotton cloth. While swinging his wider-sweeping scythe at a desperate rate, he kept telling Tom stories of adventure and the well-worn joe-millers of the log-cabin firesides, never seeming to notice the poor fellow's breathless endeavors to keep up or his ever-narrowing swath. Only when at length he turned and looked at Tom's face and perceived that the persistency of his will might carry him too far, he said, as with his scythe he picked some good bunches of grass from the edge of an elder-patch and cast a wistful glance at the jug standing in a cool fence corner:

"Looky h-yer, Tom, you 're a-gittin' kind-uh white-like about the gills, un 'f you try to keep up weth me, yer hide 'll be a-hangin' on the fence afore night."

"I know that," said Tom, who found himself so thoroughly beaten that there was no use in denying it.

"Well, hang yer scythe on that air red-haw over there un take a leetle rest, un then try a pitch-fork awhile. I 'lowed I 'd see what sort uv stuff you 've got, seein's you wuz so almighty gritty. A bigger man 'n you could n' hold agin me"; and Bob let the amusement he felt at Tom's discomfiture escape in a long hearty chuckle, rising at length into a loud laugh, as he reversed his scythe and fell to whetting it, making the neighboring woods ring with the tune he beat on the resonant metal,—a kind of accompaniment to the briskness of his spirit.

And now Barbara appeared bringing the snack that was commonly served to the mowers in the forenoon. Bob hung up his scythe, and, having taken some whisky, joined the exhausted Tom under the shady boughs of a black walnut. Barbara uncovered her basket, which contained an apple-pie to be divided between the two and a bottle of sweet milk. Tom had stretched himself in sheer exhaustion on a swath of hay.

"You foolish boy," said Barbara. "You 've gone at your work too brash. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here, take some of this pie; and don't you work so hard the rest of the day."

"Tom," said Bob, speaking with his mouth full of pie, "'f I had the eddication you 've got, you would n't ketch me in this yere hot sun. I 'd take a school. What 's eddication good fer, anyhow, ef 't ain't to git a feller out uh the hot sun?"

But for the present Tom resolved to stick faithfully to his toil. As the days wore on, and he became accustomed to the strain, he found the work a sedative; he was usually too tired to think much of his disappointment. Only the face of Rachel Albaugh haunted his visions in lonely hours, and at times a rush of indignant feeling towards George Lockwood disturbed his quiet.

In the early days of August there came a time of comparative leisure. The summer harvests were over, and the fields of tall corn had been "laid by" after the last plowing. Then Illinois had a breathing spell; and shutting up its house, and hitching up its horse, and taking all the children, it went to visit its "relations," staying a week at a place. Farmers frequented the town, to meet old friends and get the better of them in swapping horses; and in this time of relaxation came the season of Baptist Associations and Methodist Camp-meetings and two-days' Basket Meetings—jolly religious picnics, where you could attend to your salvation and eat "roas'in' ears" with old friends in the thronged recesses of the forests, among a people who were perhaps as gregarious as any the world has ever produced. Children looked forward to this gypsying with eagerness, and adults gave themselves over to it with the abandon of children. What night-scenes there were! Within the oval of tents at a camp-meeting two great platforms were raised on posts six or eight feet high and covered with earth; on these were built great blazing bonfires, illuminating all the space inclosed by the tents and occupied by the enthusiastic assembly, which, as one great chorus, made the wide forest vocal with a tide of joyous or pathetic song. But there were two poles to the magnetism of a camp-meeting.

In the region of outer blackness, quite beyond the reach of any illumination from the platform bonfires, there were also assemblies of those who were attracted by the excitement, but to whom the religious influences were a centrifugal force. Here jollity and all conceivable deviltry rejoiced also in companionship.

The Great Union Camp-Meeting was held in the first half of August on the Timber Creek camp-ground, only a mile and a half from the Grayson place. The mother and Barbara went every evening and came back with accounts of the attendance, of the old friends encountered, and of the sermons of favorite preachers. They told how "powerfully" the elder had preached, and how the eloquent young preacher, who was junior on the next circuit, had carried all before him in a pathetic exhortation. But Tom showed no desire to attend. He was slowly sinking into a depression quite unusual with him. He had been accustomed to the excitement of the town, and the prospect of a life of dull routine on a farm ate into his spirit like a biting rust. Barbara amused him with stories of the camp-meeting; she told him of the eccentric German exhorter whose broken English she mimicked, and of the woman she had heard relate in a morning "speaking-meeting" that, when convinced of the sin of wearing jewelry, she had immediately taken off her ear-rings and given them to her sister. These things lightened his spirit but for a moment; he would relapse soon into the same state of mental lassitude, or more acute melancholy. Barbara endeavored to cheer him with projects; he could take a school the next winter, and with the money earned pay his board somewhere in town and take up the study of law again. But all of Barbara's projects were moderate and took full account of difficulties. Tom had little heart for a process that demanded plodding and patient waiting; nor did any of Barbara's suggestions hold out any prospect of his recovering his ground with Rachel, which was the thing he most desired.

One evening, as he finished a supper which he had eaten with little relish and in silence, he pushed back his chair and sat moodily looking into the black cave of the kitchen fire-place, where the embers were smoldering under the ashes. Then when his mother had left the kitchen, and Barbara was clearing away the plates, he said:

"The more I think of it, the worse I feel about George Lockwood. The tricky villain got me into that scrape and then told all about it where he knew it would do me the most harm. I 'd just like to shoot him."

"You 'd better shoot him and get yourself hanged!" said Barbara with impatience. "*That* would mend matters, would n't it?"

"'T would n't matter much to me," said Tom. "This country life does n't suit me; I 'd just as well be out of it, and they do say hanging is an easy way of dying." This last was spoken with a grim smile.

"I suppose you don't think of *us*," said Barbara.

"I 'm more trouble than good to you and mother."

"And now if you would only commit a crime"— Barbara was looking at him with a concentrated gaze — "that would put an end to all mother's sorrows; she would die in slow torture, and I would be left alone in the world to be pointed at by people, who would say in a whisper: 'That 's the sister of the fellow that was hanged.'" And Barbara caught her breath with a little gasp as she turned away.

"Oh, don't talk that way, Barb! Of course I don't mean to do anything of the sort. It 's a kind of relief to talk sometimes, and I do feel bitter enough."

Barbara turned sharply on him again and said: "That 's just the way to get to be a murderer — keep stirring up your spite. After a while the time 'll come when you can't control yourself, may be, and then you 'll do something that you only meant to think about."

Tom shuddered a little and, feeling uncomfortable under Barbara's gaze, got up and started away. But Barbara followed him and caught hold of his arm, and pulled him around till she could look in his face, and said, with more feeling than she liked to show:

"Look here, Tom! Give me your word and honor that you 'll put all such thoughts out of your mind."

"Of course I will, Sis, if you think there 's any danger."

"And come and go over to the camp-meeting to-night with mother and me. It 'll do you good to see somebody besides the cows."

"All right," said Tom, shaking himself to get rid of his evil spirit, and remembering, as he went out to harness old Blaze-face to the wagon, that he would stand a chance of catching a glimpse of Rachel in the light of the torches.

The preaching was vigorous and stirring, and the exhorter, who came after the preacher, told many pathetic stories, which deeply moved a people always eager to be excited. The weird scene no doubt contributed by its spectacular effect to increase the emotion. The bonfires on the platforms illuminated the circle of white tents, which stood out against

the wall of deep blackness in the forest behind; the rays of light mounted a hundred feet and more through the thick branches of lofty beech and maple trees, and was reflected from the under side of leaves quivering in the breeze. The boughs and foliage, illuminated from below, had an unreal and unworldly aspect. No imagery of the preacher could make the threatened outer darkness of the lost so weird to the imagination as this scene, in which the company of simple-minded people found themselves in the presence of savage Nature, and in a sphere of light bounded on every hand by a blackness as of darkness primeval.

Tom paid little attention to the eloquence of the preacher or to the tearful words of him who came after. At first he was interested and even excited by the scene: he watched the flickering of the great shadows of the tree trunks as the platform fires rose and fell; but presently he set himself to searching under the large straw bonnets of that time for a face. He knew well that the sight of that face could not make him happy, but he seemed driven by some evil impulse to seek for it. If Rachel was there he did not find her. When the exhorter had closed his artless string of disconnected anecdotes with an equally artless appeal, and a hymn was announced, Tom whispered to Barbara that he would go and see if the horse was all right, and would meet her at the door of the Mount Zion tent when meeting should "let out." Then as the congregation rose, he went out by a passage between two of the tents into the woods. The "exercises" lasted a full hour longer, and it was half-past 10 before the presiding elder gave the benediction. Barbara and her mother went to the door of the Mount Zion tent, where they stood watching the moving people and waiting for Tom. Mely McCord, who was to ride home with them, was talking in her fluent way to Barbara when an excited man rushed into the space within the tents, and, finding himself obstructed by the groups of people in the aisles, ran hurriedly across the boards that served for backless benches until he reached the great rude pulpit. He addressed a word to the white-haired presiding elder, who was standing on the steps of the stand, engaged in shaking hands with old friends from all parts of his district. Then the new-comer seized the tin horn that hung against a tree, and which was used to call the people to meeting. With this in his hand he mounted the rude board rostrum and blew a long, harsh blast. Part of the people out of curiosity had stopped talking when he made his appearance, and when the strident tin horn ceased, there was a momentary murmur and then the stillness of death, except for confused cries of excitement, in the remote outer regions, which now became audible. Then the man on the platform said in a breathless voice:

"A man has been killed in the woods outside of the camp-ground. The murderer has fled. The sheriff is wanted!"

"Here he is!" cried some voices, and the sheriff stood up on a bench and waved his hand to the messenger, who came down and communicated in a few words what he knew of the murder. The sheriff then hurriedly departed.

"Sit down there, mother," gasped Barbara. "Mely, you stay by mother."

Then Barbara's slight form pushed through the crowd, until her progress was arrested by a dense knot of eager inquirers that encompassed the man who had brought the news. It was quite impossible to get within twenty feet of him, or to hear anything he was saying; but bits of intelligence percolated through the layers of humanity that enveloped him. Barbara could only wait and listen. At last a man a little nearer the radiating center said in reply to the query of one who stood next to her:

"It 's George Lockwood, that clerks for Wooden & Snyder down 't Moscow, that 's killed, but I can't find out who 't wuz done it."

Barbara's heart stood still within her for a moment. Then dreading to hear more, she pushed out of the ever-increasing crowd and reached her mother.

"Come, mother; we must get home quick."

"What 's the matter, Barb'ry? who 's killed?" asked Mely McCord.

"I don't know anything, only we *must* get home. Quick, mother!" She was impelled by instinct to save her mother as long as possible from the shock she felt impending. But it was of no use.

"What 's the matter, Sam; can you make out?" cried a man near her to one just emerging from the crowd about the messenger.

"W'y, they say as Tom Grayson 's shot an' killed a feller from Moscow, an' Tom 's made off, an' can't be found. They 's talk of lynchin' him."

Mrs. Grayson's lips moved; she tried to speak, but in vain; the sudden blow had blanched her face and paralyzed her speech. It was pitiable to see her ineffectual effort to regain control of herself. At length she sank down on a shuck-bottom chair by the door of the tent.

"Yer 's some smellin'-salts," said a woman standing by, and she thrust forward her leathery hand holding an uncorked bottle of ammonia.

"He did n't do it," murmured Mrs. Grayson, when she had revived a little. "Our

Tommy would n't do sech a thing. Go up there,"—and she pointed to the pulpit,—"you go up there, Barb'ry, an' tell the folks 't our Tommy never done it."

"Come, mother; let 's go home," said Barbara faintly, for all the energy had gone now.

"I 'll go with you," said Mely.

But Mrs. Grayson did not wish to go; she was intent on staying in order to tell the folks that Tommy "never, never done sech a thing."

She yielded at length to the gentle compulsion of Barbara and Mely and the neighbors who gathered about, and got into the wagon. Mely, who knew every inch of the road, took the reins, and drove slowly towards the Grayson house, picking a way among the stumps, roots, and holes of the new road.

XI.

FRIENDS IN THE NIGHT.

THE ride seemed to Barbara almost interminable. If she could have left her half-distracted mother she would have got out of the wagon and run through the fields, in hope of finding Tom and knowing from him the whole truth, and making up her mind what was to be done. When at length the wagon reached the gate in front of the Grayson house, Bob McCord was in waiting. He had heard that a bear had been seen on Broad Run, and had left the camp-meeting early, intent on a departure before daylight in pursuit of that "varmint." He had known nothing of the shooting, but he told Barbara that, when he came near the Grayson house, he had seen Tom run across the road and into the house,—and that Tom came out again almost at once, and reached the gate in time to meet the sheriff and give himself up. The sheriff had dismounted one of the men with him, and putting Tom in the saddle they had gone towards Moscow on a gallop. Bob was n't near enough to hear what Tom had said when the sheriff took him; but knowing that something must be wrong, he had waited for the return of the wagon.

It was some relief to the tension of Barbara's feelings to know that Tom was now in the hands of the lawful authorities and well on his way to Moscow, where he would be out of the reach of the angry crowd that was surging to and fro around the camp-meeting.

But there followed the long night of uncertainty. The mother sat moaning in her chair, only rousing herself enough now and then to assure some newly arrived neighbor that "poor Tom never done it." Barbara confided only to Mely McCord the very faint hope she entertained that Tom was not guilty. She could n't believe that he would break his solemn promise, made that very evening. But in her secret heart she could not get over the fact that George Lockwood was lying in the woods stark and dead, and no one was so likely to have killed him as her impetuous brother.

About 1 o'clock, the dreadful monotony of the night was dreadfully broken by the arrival of the deputy-sheriff. He spoke in an unsympathetic, official voice, but in a manner externally respectful. He must search Tom's room; and so, taking a candle, he went to the room alone, and soon came back bringing an old-fashioned single-barrel, flint-lock pistol, of the kind in use in the early part of the century. It had belonged to Tom's father, and the officer had found it in one of the drawers in the room. Barbara sat down and shut her eyes as the deputy passed through the sitting-room with the weapon, but Mrs. Grayson called the officer to her.

"I say, Mister—I don't know your name. Let me speak to you."

"Yes, ma'am," said the man. "My name 's Markham"; and he came and stood near her.

"Air you the son of Lijy Markham?" Mrs. Grayson always identified people by recalling their filiation, and she could not resist this genealogical tendency in her mind even in the hour of sorest trial.

"Yes," said the officer.

"Well, now, what I want to say is that Tommy did n't kill that man. I 'm his mother, an' I had ought to know, an' I tell yeh so. You had n't ought to 'a' took 'im up fer what he did n't do."

Markham was puzzled to know what to reply, but he answered presently:

"Well, the court 'll find out about it, you know, Mrs. Grayson." The man's official stiffness was a little softened by the tones of her heart-broken voice.

Barbara never could tell how she got through the hours from half-past 10 to 3 o'clock. Neighbors were coming and going—some from a desire to be helpful, others from curiosity, but Mely remained with them. Bob McCord was too faithful to leave the Graysons when he might be needed, but it was impossible for him to remain awake from mere sympathy. When Markham was gone, he lay down on the end of the porch farthest from the door, and slept the sleep of the man of the Bronze Age. His fidelity was like that of a great dog—he gave himself no anxiety, but he was ready when wanted.

At 3 o'clock Barbara said to Mely: "I can't stand it a minute longer; I can't wait for daybreak. Wake up your father and ask him to hitch up Blaze. I 'm going to see Tom as quick as I can get there. I ought to have started before."

"I 'm a-goin' too," said Mrs. Grayson.

"No, mother; you stay. It 's too much for you."

"Me, Barb'ry?" The mother's lip quivered, and she spoke in a tremulous voice, like that of a pleading child. "Me stay 't home an' my Tommy — my boy — in jail! No, Barb'ry; you won't make me stay 't home. I 'm goin' t' Moscow, ef it kills me. I must. I 'm his mother, Barb'ry. He 's the on'y boy 't 's left. All the rest is dead an' gone. An' him in jail!"

"Pap! pap! you wake up!" Mely was calling to her father lying there asleep, and Barbara came and stood in the door, fain to hasten Bob McCord's slow resurrection from the deeps of unconsciousness and at the same time to escape from the sight of her mother's despair.

As Bob got up and comprehended the urgent request that the horse be harnessed immediately, Barbara's attention was drawn to a man coming swiftly down the road in the moonlight. The figure was familiar. Barbara felt sure she recognized the new-comer; and when, instead of stopping to fumble for the gate-bolt, he rested his hands on the fence alongside and sprang over, she knew that it was Hiram Mason, whom she had not seen since the evening, nearly two weeks before, when they had peeled apples together. It would be hard to say whether pleasure or pain predominated in her mind when she recognized him.

By the time Mason got over the fence Bob McCord had gone to the stable, and Mely had reëntered the house. Barbara went forward and met Hiram on the steps to the porch.

"Poor, dear Barbara!" were his words as he took her hand. At other times her pride had been nettled by his pity, but her desolate soul had not fortitude enough left to refuse the comfort in his tender words.

"I came the very moment I heard," he said. "I was staying away down at Albaugh's, and Ike was the only one of them on the camp-ground. He was so excited, and so anxious to see and hear, that he did n't get home till 2 o'clock. And only think, I was sleeping quietly and you in such trouble!"

"You must n't come in," said Barbara. "We 're a disgraced family, and you must n't come in here any more."

"What notions!" answered Hiram. "I 'm here to stay. Let me ask your mother." He took hold of her arms and put her aside very gently and pushed on into the house, where Mely was pinning on Mrs. Grayson's wide cape preparatory to her ride to Moscow.

"Mrs. Grayson —" said he.

"W'y, ef 't ain't the master!" she interrupted in a trembling voice. "Mr. Mason, Tommy never killed that man, an' he had n't ought to 'a' been took up."

"Mrs. Grayson, won't you let me stay with you a few days, now you 're in trouble, and help you through?"

The old lady looked at him for a moment before she was able to reply.

"It ain't fer a schoolmaster an' a preacher's son to come here, now folks 'll be a-sayin' 't we 're — 't we 're — murderers." This last word, uttered with tremulous hesitation, broke down her self-control, and Mrs. Grayson fell to weeping again.

"I 'm going to stay by you awhile, and we 'll see what can be done," said Mason. "They 've taken your boy, and you 'll let me fill his place a little while, won't you, now?"

"God bless you, my son!" was all the weeping woman could say; and Barbara, who had followed Hiram into the room and stood behind him while he talked to her mother, turned her face to the dark window and wept heartily for the first time in this sorrowful night.

"You 'd jest orter 'a' heerd the master a-talkin' to Mrs. Grayson," said Mely McCord afterward. "He stood there lookin' at her with his head turned kind-uh cornerin'-like, un his words was so soft-like un pitiful; — lawsey! ef he did n' make me feel jes like 's ef my heart wuz a-comin' right up into my mouth."

Bob McCord led old Blaze up in front of the gate, and all in the house went down to the road.

"Mr. McCord," said Mason, "I want to drive that wagon."

"I don't b'lieve you kin do this fust piece uv road with nothin' but moonshine," said Bob.

"Oh, yes! I 've been over it a good many times." Only Barbara knew how often Hiram had traversed it.

When the schoolmaster had helped Mrs. Grayson and Barbara into the wagon, and while Mely was assisting them to adjust themselves, he went to the horse's head, where McCord was standing, and said in a low voice:

"They told me there was a rush to lynch him last night; and Ike Albaugh says that Jake Hogan, who worked for them this last harvest-time, told him at the camp-ground that the Broad Run boys were going to make another of their visits to Moscow to-night if the coroner's inquest was against Tom. Now, Tom *may* be innocent; and he ought to have a fair show, anyhow."

"I 'd better see to *that!*" said Bob. "I 'low I 'll jest drop in amongst 'em over onto the run, kind-uh accidental-like, afore dinner-time to-day, an' throw 'em off, one way er 'nother, ez the case may be."

Mrs. Grayson was seated in a chair placed in the springless wagon for her comfort, while Hiram and Barbara sat on a board laid across from one side to the other of the wagon. They departed out of sight slowly, Mason guiding the horse carefully over the rough ground in the obscurity of a moonlight not yet beginning to give way to the break of day.

XII.

A TRIP TO BROAD RUN.

As the wagon disappeared, Bob called to his daughter, who had been left in charge.

"Mely! Mely! You jes stir up the kitchen-fire there, honey, un bile me a cup of coffee, agin I go home un fetch my gun wi' the dogs, un come back." (Bob knew there was no coffee at home.) "I 'm a-goin' over onto Broad Run arter bears."

"Aw, now, pap, you 're al'ays off fer a hunt at the wrong time. Don' choo go away now, un the folks in sech a world uh trouble. Un besides, mammy hain't got anough to eat in the house to do tell you come back." All this Mely said in a minor key of protest, which she had learned from her mother, who was ever objecting in a good-natured, pathetic, impotent way to her husband's thriftless propensities.

"I know what I 'm up to, Mely. They 's reasons, un the schoolmaster knows 'em. You keep your tongue still in yer head, honey. On'y be shore to remember, 'f anybody axes about me, 't I 'm arter bears. Jes say 't bears uz been seed over onto Broad Run, un 't pap could n't noways keep still, he wuz so sot on goin' over 'n' sayin' howdy to 'em. That 'll soun' like me, un folks 'll never mistrust."

"But mammy hain't akchelly got anough fer the children to eat," responded Mely.

"Well, I 'low to fetch some bear meat home, un you kin borry some meal from Mrs. Grayson's bar'el tell I git back. 'F they knowed what kind uh varmints I wuz arter over there, they would n't begrudge me nuthin', Sis. Come, now, hump yer stumps; fer I 'll be back in a leetle less 'n no time."

And Bob went off in the darkness. In about a dozen minutes he returned with his powder-horn slung about his shoulders over his hunting-shirt and carrying his rifle. He was closely followed by Pup, Joe, and Seizer, his three dogs, whose nervous agitation, as they nosed the ground in every direction, contrasted well with the massive stride of their master. Having swallowed such a breakfast as Mely could get him out of Mrs. Grayson's stores, and put a pone of cold corn-bread into the bosom of his hunting-shirt, McCord was off for the Broad Run region at the very first horizon streak of daybreak. Though game was but a secondary object in this expedition, he could not but feel an exhilaration which was never wanting when he set out in the early morning with his gun on his shoulder and in the congenial companionship of his dogs. Hercules or Samson could hardly have rejoiced in a greater assurance of physical superiority to all antagonists. The most marked trait in Bob's mental outfit was the hunter's cunning, a craft that took delight in tricks on man and beast. The fact that he was akin to some of the families on Broad Run enhanced the pleasure he felt in his present scheme to get the better of them. He would "l'arn the Broad Run boys a thing uh two that 'd open their eyes." His great plump form shook with merriment at the thought. Plovers rose beating the air and whistling in the morning light as he passed, and the dogs flushed more than one flock of young prairie-chickens, which went whirring away just skimming the heads of the grass in low level flight, but Bob's ammunition was not to be spent on small game this morning. By 7 o'clock the increasing heat of the sun made the wide, half-parched plain quiver unsteadily to the vision. The sear August prairie had hardened itself against the heat — the grass and the ox-eyes held their heads up without sign of withering or misgiving: these stiff prairie plants never wilt — they die in their boots. But the foliage of the forest which Bob skirted by this time appeared to droop in very expectation of the long oppressive hours of breathless heat yet to come. In this still air even the uneasy rocking poplar-leaves were almost stationary on their edgewise stems.

Steady walking for more than three hours had brought Bob to the outskirts of the Broad Run region, and had sobered the dogs; these now sought fondly every little bit of shade, and lolled their tongues continuously. The first person that Bob McCord encountered after entering the grateful region was one Britton — "ole man Britton," his neighbors called him. This old settler led a rather secluded life. Neither he nor his wife ever left home to attend meetings or to share in any social assembly. They had no relatives among the people of the country, and there was a suspicion of mystery about them that piqued curiosity. Some years before, a traveler, in passing through the country, gave out that he recognized Britton, by his name and features, as one whom he had known in Virginia, where he said Britton had been an overseer and had run away with his employer's wife. The neighbors had never accepted the traveler's story in this way; though they were ready to believe that the woman might have run away with Britton. When Bob came in sight of him,

the saturnine old man was standing looking over the brink of a cliff into a narrow valley through which coursed the waters of Broad Run, steadying himself meanwhile by a sapling. Bob, following his first impulse, deposited his gun, beckoned his close-following little dog back, and crept stealthily towards Britton, keeping a tree between him and Britton when he could. Arrived in reach he made a spring, and laying firm hold of his victim by grasping him under the arms, he held him for a moment over the edge of the precipice. Then he brought him back and set him safely down as one might a child, and said innocently:

"W'y, Mr. Britton, I do declare, 'f I had n't 'a' cotcht you, you 'd 'a' fell off!"

The shriveled old man drew back to a safe distance from the brink and tried to force his insipid face into a smile, but he was pale from the deadly fright. Big Bob rubbed his legs and gave way to a spasm of boisterous boyish laughter.

"Seed any bear signs 'round about, Mr. Britton?" he said, when his laugh had died into a broad grin.

"No."

"What wuz you lookin' over the cliff fer?"

"Zeke Tucker. He 's workin' fer me, an' he 's been gone all the mornin' arter my clay-bank hoss. I 'm afeard sumpin 's happened."

"'F I find him I 'll set the dogs onto him an' hurry him up a leetle," said Bob, laughing again and going on, intent now on encountering Zeke, alone, for purposes of his own.

Then, when he had gone a little way, he stopped and looked back at the retreating old man, and grinned as he noted the doleful way in which his over-large trousers bagged behind.

"Mr. Britton," he called, "which way 'd Zeke go?"

"Up the crick; the hoss is up thar sumers."

Having secured this information, Bob went on, descending the cliff to the valley through which Broad Run rattled its shallow waters — a valley so broken and rugged as to render it almost unfit for cultivation. This glen was settled, as such regions are wont to be, by a race of "poor whiteys," or rather by a mixture of people belonging to two stocks originally different. The one race was descended from the lowest of the nomads, vagrants, and other poverty-stricken outcasts that had been spirited away from England by means legal and illegal, to be sold for a long term into bondage in the American colonies; the other, from the roughest wing of the great Scotch-Irish immigration of the last century — the hereditary borderers who early fought their way into the valleys and passes of the Alleghanies. Equally thriftless in their habits, and equally without any traditions of their origin, members of these two tribes mingled easily. The people in whom the Scotch-Irish blood preponderates are more given to violence, but their humor, their courage, and their occasional bursts of energy indicate that they have a chance of emerging from barbarism; while the poor whiteys of English descent are most of them beyond the reach of evolution, foreordained to extinction by natural selection, whenever the pressure of over-population shall force them into the competition for existence.

With that instinctive unthriftiness which is the perpetual characteristic of the poor whitey in all his generations, the Broad Run people had chosen the least inviting lands within a hundred miles for their settlement, as though afraid that by acquiring valuable homes they might lose their aptitude for migration; or afraid, perhaps, that fertile prairies might tempt them to profitable toil. The convenience of a brook by their doors, and a wood that was uncommonly "handy," had probably determined their choice. Then, too, the circumjacent cliffs gave them a sense of being shut in from prairie winds, and put some limit to the wanderings of their half-starved "critters." For the rest, their demands upon the land were always very modest — a few bushels of "taters," for roasting in the ashes; a small field of maize, for roasting-ears, hominy, and corn-dodgers; and such pumpkins and beans as could be grown intermingled with the hills of corn, were about all that one of these primitive families required, beyond what could be got with a gun or a fishing-line. The only real luxuries affected were onions and melons —"inyuns un watermillions," in Broad Run phrase. Their few pigs and cows ran at large, and lived as they could. Oxen they rarely owned, but whenever a man was in the least prosperous he was sure to possess a single inferior saddle-horse, though he often had no saddle. A horse was kept at the service of neighbors; for, like other savages, the Broad Run people were hospitable and generous to members of their own tribe, and the only economy they understood was that of borrowing and lending, by which a number of families were able to make use of the same necessary articles. This happy device, for example, enabled one circulating flat-iron to serve an entire neighborhood.

The Broad Run people entertained a contempt for the law that may have been derived from ancestors transported for petty felonies. It seemed to them something made in the interest of attorneys and men of property. A person mean enough to "take the law onto" his neighbor was accounted too "triflin'" to be

respectable; good whole-souled men settled their troubles with nature's weapons,— fists, teeth, and finger-nails,— and very rarely, when the offense was heinous and capital, with bullets or buckshot. Men who were habitually disgraceful in any way— as, for example, those who could not get drunk without beating their wives — were punished, without the delay of trial, by the infliction of penalties more ancient than statutes, such as ducking, riding on a rail, or sudden banishment. Hanging by lynch law was reserved for the two great crimes of horse-stealing and murder.

They put the killing of George Lockwood into the category of grudge-murder, since he was shot at night "without giving him a show for his life." But the shooting did not immediately concern Broad Run, and Broad Run folks would not have felt themselves responsible for seeing justice done, if it had not been for concurring circumstances. Lynch law is an outbreak of the reformatory spirit among people of low or recent civilization. Like other movements for reform, it is often carried by its own momentum into unforeseen excesses. It had happened recently that two brothers, thieves of the worst class, who had infested the country and had long managed to escape from the law, had been sent to prison for four years. They were believed to be guilty of an offense much blacker than the robbery for which they were sentenced; but the murder of a strange peddler had escaped notice until the body had been discovered two years after the crime, and the crime could not then be brought home by legal evidence. Their attorney, a lawyer notorious for chicanery, had, by appeal, got a new trial on account of some technical error in the proceedings of the lower court. The county had already been taxed many thousands of dollars to defray the expense of convicting them, and the people were exasperated by the prospect of a new expense with the possible escape of the criminals. Public expenses, it is true, sat lightly on Broad Run; the taxes levied on its barren patches and squalid cabins were not considerable, but Broad Run made much of the taxes it did pay, and it caught the popular indignation, and was indignant in its own prompt and executive fashion. The very night before the new trial was to begin, the doors of the jail were forced, and the two prisoners were shot to death by a mob. On the jail door was left a notice, warning the attorney of the criminals to depart from the county within thirty hours, on pain of suffering a like fate. Though Broad Run got most of the credit for this prompt vindication of justice, the leaving of this legible notice upon the door was taken as evidence of the complicity of some whose education was better than that of the settlers at the Run. This execution had taken place but three months before the shooting of George Lockwood, and the mob was like a were-wolf. Perhaps I ought rather to liken it to those professional reformers who, having abolished slavery, or waved their hats while others abolished it, proceed to inquire for the next case on the docket, and undertake forthwith to do away with capital punishment or the marriage relation. Having found its local self-complacency much increased by success in discovering a method cheaper and more expeditious than those of the courts, Broad Run was readily inclined to apply its system of criminal jurisprudence to a new case.

But this local reformatory tendency, like many large movements of the sort, was very capable of lending itself to the promotion of personal aims and the satisfaction of private grudges. One of Tom Grayson's rash boyish exploits, soon after he took up his abode with his uncle in town, had been to avenge himself for an affront put upon him the year before by Jake Hogan of Broad Run. Jake, while working as a hired man for Butt, the next neighbor to the Graysons, had taken the side of his employer in the long-standing quarrel between the Butts and the Graysons about pigs in the corn-field and geese in the meadow, "breachy" horses and line fences. Jake had gone so far one day as to throw Tom, then a half-grown boy, into the "branch." A boy's memory of such events is good, and when Jake rode into Moscow, a year later, in company with his sweetheart to see the circus, Tom repaid the old grudge by taking the stirrups from Jake's saddle and dropping them into the public well; so that the consequential Jake had the mortification of escorting a giggling Broad Run girl to her home with his lank legs and his big boots dangling, unsupported, against the flanks of his horse. Hogan would have beaten Tom, if he had not received an intimation that this would perhaps involve the necessity of his settling the matter a second time with big Bob McCord. But he laid up his grudge, and from that time he had taken pleasure in testifying to his settled conviction that Tom "would n' never come t' no good eend." He always lent emphasis to this sinister prediction by jerking his head back, with the self-confident air of a man who knows what he knows. From the moment of the shooting of Lockwood, when Jake found that Tom was on the direct road to the gallows, he began to twit all his cronies.

"Hain't I al'ays said so? Go to thunder! D' yeh think Jake Hogan don' know a feller as the rope 's already got a loop onto?" And

he would jerk his chin back, and stiffen his neck, as he defiantly waited for a reply.

Not content with exulting in successful prophecy, Jake got a notion from the first that it devolved on him now to see that this young scapegrace should not fail of merited punishment. His neighbors at the Run, having boasted much of the value of what they called "Broad Run law," were willing to add a leaf to their laurels as reformers of the county; and he counted also on finding recruits among the loafers on the outskirts of the camp-meeting, if the coroner's jury should return a verdict adverse to Tom.

Bob McCord was able to conjecture something of this state of affairs from the slender information the schoolmaster had given him. During all his morning's walk to Broad Run, Bob's thoughts had chiefly revolved about plans for circumventing Hogan. His first crude scheme was to join the reformers in their little excursion, and then mislead or betray them; but his friendly relations with the Graysons were too well known to Jake for this to be possible. It was not until the old man Britton had mentioned Zeke Tucker that there occurred to Bob's inventive mind a proper agent for his purpose. Wishing to have his coming known, he steered his course near to the rickety cabin of Eleazar Brown, or, as he was commonly called, "Ole Lazar Brown."

"G'-mornin', S'manthy," Bob called to Lazar Brown's daughter, at the same time giving his head a little forward jerk,— the very vanishing point of a bow,— but without stopping his march. S'manthy had buried two husbands, and had borne eight white-headed children, but she had never been called by any other name than S'manthy. Just now she was "batting" clothes on a block in front of the house, turning a wet garment over with her left hand from time to time, and giving it the most vindictive blows with a bat held in her right.

"Y' ain't heern nothin' 'v no bears a-cap'rin' 'round h-yer lately, eh?" Bob asked, relaxing his gait a little.

"They say as they 's a b'ar been seed furder upt the run, un I 'low you mout fine some thar ur tharabouts," replied the woman, intermitting her batting a moment and pushing back her faded pink sun-bonnet. "But wha' choo doin' away f'om home, I 'd thes like to know, when they 's so much a-goin' on in your diggin's? They say you 've had a murder 'n' all that."

"I don't talk, S'manthy. I 'm a-lookin' fer bears. They 's times when you 'd orter hole onto yer tongue with both uh yore han's."

Bob quickened his stride again and was soon out of sight among the scrubby trees of the rugged valley.

"I say, daddy!" called S'manthy, when Bob had had time to get out of hearing; "looky h-yer, daddy!"

Old Lazar Brown, in answer to this call, came and stood in the door, taking his cob-pipe from his mouth with his shaky hand and regarding his daughter.

"Big Bob McCord 's thes gone along upt the run a-huntin' fer b'ars," said S'manthy. "Un they say as the feller that killed t' other feller las' night 's the son uh the woman 't 'e works fer. Bob 's the beatinest hunter! Ef Gaberl wuz to toot his horn, Bob 'd ax him to hole on long anough fer him to git thes one more b'ar, I 'll bet."

Lazar Brown had shaking-palsy in his arms, and, being good for nothing else, could devote his entire time to his congenial pursuits as gossip and wonder monger of the neighborhood. Having listened attentively to S'manthy, he shook his head incredulously.

"Yeh don' think ez he 's arter b'ars, do yeh, S'manthy? Bob 's got some trick er 'nother 'n 'is head. W'y, thes you look, he mus' uh le't home afore daybreak. Now, Bob 'd natterly go to the carner's eenques' to-day, whar they 'll be a-haulin' that young feller up that shot t' other feller las' night. Big Bob 's got some ornery trick 'n 'is head." Here Lazar Brown stopped to replace his pipe in his mouth. He was obliged to use both hands, but after two or three attempts he succeeded. "Looky h-yer, S'manthy, you thes keep one eye out fer Bob; I 'low he 'll go down the run to-wurds ev'nin'. He 'll be orful dry by that time, fer he 's one of the *driest* fellers. Thes you tell him 't I 've got a full jug, un ax him in, un we 'll kind-uh twis' it out uh 'im. I 'low I 'll go 'n find Jake."

Lazar returned to the house, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and refilled it. Then with some difficulty he succeeded in taking a live coal from the ashes: holding it in the leathery palm of his shaking left hand, he got it deposited at last on the corn-cob bowl of his pipe. As soon as this operation of firing-up was completed, he set out in a trotty little walk, glad to have news that would make the neighbors hearken to him.

Meantime Bob McCord, having passed out of sight of S'manthy in his progress up the creek, had faced about and come back through the bushes to a point overlooking Lazar Brown's cabin, where, in a dense patch of papaws, he stood in concealment. This movement greatly perplexed the old dog Pup, who stood twitching his nose nervously, unable to discover what was the game that had attracted his master's eye. When at length

Bob saw Lazar start off down the run, he smote his knee with his hand and gave vent to half-smothered laughter.

"Tuck like the measles!" he soliloquized. "Un it 'll spread too. See 'f it don't! Come, Pup — bears! bears! ole boy!" *

The dogs took the hint and ceased their nosing about the roots of trees for squirrels, and in beds of leaves and bunches of grass for hares. They began to make large circles through the trees about Bob, who moved forward as the center of a sort of planetary system, the short-legged dog keeping near the center, while Pup ranged as far away as he could without losing sight of his master,— the remote Uranus of the hunt. Joe, having "tairrier" blood in him, ran with his nozzle down; but long-legged Pup, with a touch of greyhound in his build, carried his head high and depended on his eyes. The fact that Tom Grayson's life was at stake afforded no reason, in Bob's view, for giving over the pursuit of bears. Nor did he hunt in serious earnest merely because there was neither bread nor meat at home. A cat will catch mice for the mere fun of it, and with Bob the chase was ever the chief interest of life. But Bob did not forget his other errand: while the dogs were seeking for bears, he was eagerly scanning the bushes in every direction for Zeke Tucker. Half a mile above Lazar Brown's he encountered Zeke, carrying a blind-bridle on his arm, and still looking in vain for Britton's stray horse.

"Hello, Zeke! the very feller I wuz lookin' fer. Don't ax me no questions about what I 'm a-doin' over h-yer, an' I won't tell you no lies. Let 's set down a minute on that air hackberry log."

The writer of a local guide-book to the city of Genoa recounts, among the evidences of piety exhibited by his fellow-citizens, the hospital built by them for those "*al quale non è conceduto di bearsi nel sorriso di un padre.*" Zeke was one of those to whom, in the circumlocution of the Genoese writer, had not been granted the benediction of a father's smile. Such unfortunates were never wanting in a community like Broad Run, but no one had ever thought of building an asylum for them, though there were many ready to make them suffer the odium of sins not their own. From that unexpected streak of delicacy which is sometimes found in a rough man of large mold, Bob McCord had always refrained from allusion to the irregularity of Zeke's paternity, and had frequently awed into silence those who found pleasure in jibing him. This had awakened in Zeke a grateful adhesion to Bob, and in the young man's isolation among his neighbors and his attachment to himself Bob saw a chance to secure an ally.

"Zeke," said McCord, when once they were seated on the hackberry log, "you 'n' me 's al'ays been frien's, hain't we?"

"Toobshore, Bob! they hain't no man a-livin' I 'd do a turn fer quicker."

"Well, now, you tell me this: Is Jake Hogan a-goin' to town weth the boys to-night?"

"I had n't no ways orter tell, but I 'low 't 'e is."

"You a-goin' along?"

"I dunno. 'F you don't want me to, I don't reckon ez I shall."

"Yes, but I 'd ruther you 'd go. I don't want that air fool boy hung 'thout a fair stan'-up trial, 'n' I may 's well tell you 't I don't mean he shall be nuther, not 'f I have to lick Jake Hogan tell his ornery good-fer-nothin' hide won't hold shucks. But don't choo tell him a word 't I say."

"Trust *me*." Zeke was pleased to find himself in important confidential relations with a man so much "looked up to" as Bob McCord. "Jake 's been the *hardest* on me 'v all the folks, un they 's been times when I 'lowed to pull up, un cl'ar out fer the Injun country, to git shed uv 'im. I wish to thunder you *would* lick him 'thin 'n inch 'viz life. He 's a darn-sight wuss 'n git-out."

"Looky h-yer, Zeke; I 'll tell you how you kin git even with Jake. You jest go 'long weth the boys to-night, wherever they go. I 'm goin' to fix it so 's they won't do nuthin' to-night. You 're livin' 't ole man Britton's now, ainch yeh?"

"Yes."

"Well, you git off fer half a day f'om Britton's, un go to the eenques' this arternoon, un fine out all you kin. Arter supper, you go over to the groc'ry; un jest as soon 's you fine out whech way the wind sets, you 've got to let me know. 'T won't do fer me to be seed a-talkin' to you, ur fer me to loaf aroun' Britton's. But ef Jake makes up his mine to go to Moscow, you light a candle to-night un put it in the lof' where you sleep, so 't 'll shine out uv a crack on the south side uv the chimbley, in the furder eend uv the house."

"But his mine 's already made up," said Zeke.

* Why it was that Bob said "bears." and did not say "b'ars," as some of his class did, I do not know. Broad as his dialect was, it was perceptibly less aberrant than that of Lazar Brown's family, for example. It is impossible to trace the causes for local and family variations of speech; nor is a word always pronounced in the same way in a dialect,— it varies in sound sometimes, when more or less stress is put upon it. The varieties are here set down as they existed, except that print can never give those shades of pronunciation and inflection that constitute so large a part of the peculiarities of speech, local, personal, and temporary.

MR. BRITTON AND BIG BOB.

"They 's time to change afore night. Ef he 's goin' to Perrysburg —"

"Perrysburg? They ain't no talk uv Perrysburg," said Zeke.

"They may be," answered Bob. "Un ef Perrysburg 's the place, you put the candle at the leetle winder on the north side uv the chimbley. Un when I shoot, you put out the candle, un then I 'll know it 's you, un you 'll know 't I understan'. You see, 't won't do fer me to stop any nearder 'n the hill, un I 'll wait there till I see your candle. Then you go weth Jake." Here Bob got up and strained his long-sighted eyes at some object in the bushes on the other side of the brook. "Is yon hoss yourn, on t' other side of the branch?"

"I don't see no hoss," said Zeke.

"Well, you watch out a minute un you 'll ketch sight uv 'im. He 's gone in there to git shed of the flies."

"That 's our clay-bank, I believe," said Zeke, getting up and carefully scanning the now half-visible horse.

"Mine! you hain't seen nor heern tell of me, un you b'long to Jake's crowd weth all your might."

With these words Bob set out again for his bear-hunt, while the bare-foot Zeke waded through the stream, which was knee-deep, and set himself to beguile Britton's clay-bank horse into standing still and forfeiting his liberty

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

LIVING IN PARIS.

IT is in Paris as it is everywhere else — men may spend what they please. There lived in the garret of a house where I was a tenant a man, wife, and two children, who literally spent nothing. They were from the mountains on the Swiss frontier of France. They there

A TYPE OF THE SHARPER.

owned land which yielded four hundred dollars a year. They had determined to make their annual income six hundred dollars, and to amass twenty-five hundred dollars for each of their children on marriage. The hall-porter gave them the garret closet free. The tenants gave them scraps of bread and broken victuals. They drank only water. The wife did the washing in the yard; neither soap nor irons were used. The husband was employed all night at the goods-station of a railway, and he there got odd jobs during the day; the wife did chores. The children went to a free school. A great many of the hall-porters spend nothing. They have their lodging free; the wife is employed as a char-woman in the house or neighborhood; the husband is often a tailor. They get broken victuals and second-hand clothes and shoes from tenants, and sometimes a bottle of wine.

There are eighty thousand houses in Paris, and nearly every one of them has a hall-porter; some of them have two. There are petty needle and thread shops, or shops for notions, which anybody can manage. The husband is a clerk in some office. If the shop yields income enough to pay its rent, both husband and wife are content.

The absence of servants is very remarkable. I have lived in houses where I was the only person who kept a servant, and she was merely a char-woman.

This work is much easier than in America. No fuel is used in the kitchen but charcoal, which is burned in a sort of shelf with four holes, one of which is for the soup-pot, another for the stew-pan or gridiron; the others are rarely used. I have, while hunting lodgings, visited thousands of kitchens. I have seen only these two holes which bore marks

of use. Eighty pounds of charcoal (all wood is sold by weight), costing one dollar and sixty cents for the very best quality of Yonne make, medium thickness, last a month or six weeks. It makes no dust, leaves few ashes, and is easily lighted. Recently a sort of artificial "lightwood" has come into great favor. It is sold in coarse paper boxes, holding from forty to forty-eight pieces, which cost one cent a box; for four cents a month the fires are lighted instantly and without paper. A match and this lightwood are all that is required.

The butcher calls twice a day, first to get orders, lastly with the orders filled. The baker comes every morning, bringing what bread you want. The grocer calls twice on an appointed day (always the same), once to get, next to fill orders. The vintner calls on an appointed day, if you please, bringing a week's or a fortnight's or a month's supply, just as you wish. Your laundress comes once in ten days if she live in the country: Saturday to return the clean, Monday to get the soiled linen, if she live in town. A note to your coal-dealer brings fuel. Every morning costermongers call at the door, one with fish, another with oysters, another still with vegetables; you may order from them what you desire; but don't order anything anywhere in Paris; find what you want and there buy. If you order, you are sure to be cheated in quality, in quantity, or in price; commonly in all three. To make costermongers bring what you want, say: "You have no strawberries?" or, "You have no tomatoes?" When you get a tolerably good costermonger, especially a fishmonger, stick to him. There is at least one good pastry-cook in every respectable neighborhood. Visit, buy from each of them, and select the best. The pastry-cook is very useful. He supplies delicious meat and fish pies and such dessert (I use the word in the American sense) as an ordinary cook could not be expected to make; for instance, Charlotte Russe, St. Honoré, Frangipane, and the like. Never buy cake of any sort at a baker's. All bakers make several sorts of bread, but scarcely a baker in Paris makes bad bread; some of them make bread as good as cake. If you want to see bread in perfection, the *beau idéal* of bread, go to Versailles and buy it, especially their *pain marquise* for Sunday's sale. Do not buy fuel of any sort from the petty coal-dealers found in every street, unless you have no place to store a large quantity; then you must buy of your neighbor.

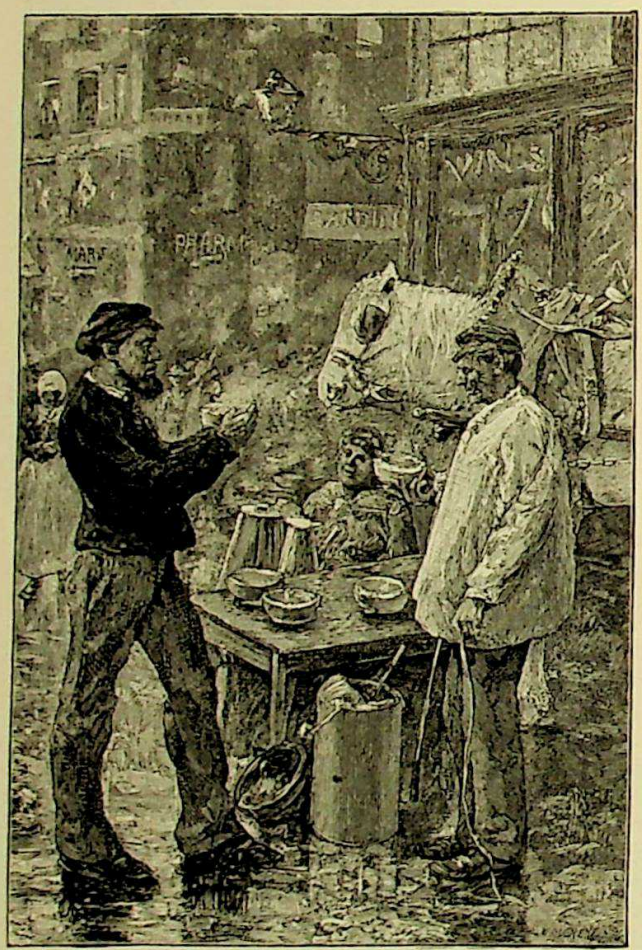
IN A CHURCH CORNER.

Lodgings in Paris are of several classes. The lowest is *cabinet*, which is a cupboard with room enough for a cot, if the cot be not long, if the cot be not wide, if the cot be not high, and if the cot can enter. There is never a fire-place, rarely a window, unless the cabinet be next to the roof, where there may be a skylight. A cabinet is to be had for from twelve to twenty-four dollars a year. It is tenanted by servants, sometimes husband and wife, but commonly by unmarried servants, by shop-boys in their first wrestle with fortune, and by other persons who are employed all day, eat at public dining-rooms, and ask of home only shelter from rain and a place to lie down.

Next is *chambre*, which is a room with a fire-place and commonly with a window, or at least an apology for a window. It is let for from twenty-four to fifty dollars a year, but the latter price is very rare and could be gotten

only in the busiest parts of Paris. Then comes *chambre et cabinet* — a bedchamber with a smaller room for orts and ends: the chamber has a window; the smaller room has a window generally, but no fire-place. They are to be had for from thirty to sixty dollars.

Above these is *logement*, which always has a kitchen and two chambers, with fire-places and windows. All well-to-do married working people live in logements, which are very comfortable in the newer houses of Paris; but perhaps the balance is even between the older and the newer houses.



SOUP IN THE MORNING.

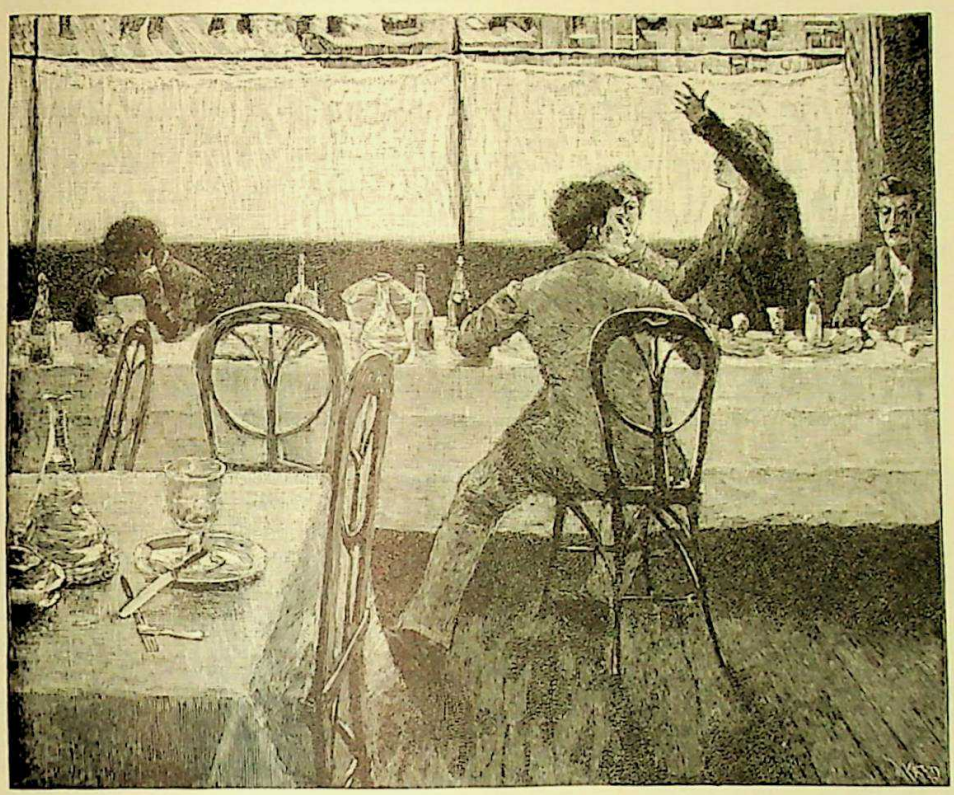
Higher in the social scale is *petit appartement*. Here glimmerings of gentility begin to appear.

A petit appartement must contain a sitting-room and a dining-room, though no larger than a pocket handkerchief. It is amusing to see the importance the French attach to a sitting-room.

Some petits appartements are very cozy. They have sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and bedchamber. Next comes *appartement*, which contains a sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, antechamber, one, sometimes two, bedchambers, and other conveniences. There is a mirror on the marble mantel-piece of the sitting-room and the bedchamber, a porcelain stove in the dining-room, a cellar, and a servant's chamber in the garret. In new houses there is water in the kitchen, and gas everywhere. Rent for appartements varies from one hundred and sixty to three hundred dollars.

Then you have *grand appartement*, which has commonly two sitting-rooms and several bedchambers, besides the rooms to be found in an appartement. Above grand appartement is *hôtel*, which is a private mansion; while a *grand hôtel* is a public-house or a tavern. There are as many sorts of refectories in Paris as of lodgings.

At all of the convents and barracks broken meats are distributed during winter. There are "economical kitchen ranges," where soup with its meat and vegetables is sold for one cent a ration; and there are innumerable places where free tickets for even these cheap rations are to be had. A ticket for bread is commonly given with the soup-ticket. At all of the markets, and especially at the Great Markets, there are itinerant coffee-sellers and soup-sellers. Frenchmen and soup are convertible terms. Whenever a Frenchman is ill, or exhausted, or hungry, or about to take a long journey, he orders soup. The first thing he orders when he gets up in the morning is soup. The last thing he takes at night before donning his night-cap (all Frenchmen wear night-caps) is soup. So, of course, soup-houses are found everywhere. Our wood-cut represents a scene in the neighborhood of the Great Markets, where from 3 A. M. to sunset hundreds of similar scenes are to be found. An old woman has a small table on which white earthenware bowls, made so thick that they might fall on the ground without breaking, and so thick that the buyer feels he has a large ration for his money, are laid; by her side are two large tin cans, both with chafing-iron in the bottom to keep the contents hot. One can holds soup, the other hot water to wash bowls after use. In old times — that is, before the ground around the Innocents' Fountain was sodded and made a public garden — all this space was covered with soup-cooks, each under a wide, red umbrella, with soup-pot simmering on a portable kitchen. Each customer was given election — a bowl of soup or pot-luck. Armed with an iron fork whose



A STUDENTS' RESTAURANT.

handle was three feet long, he had the right to try his pot-luck; if he speared a bit of meat, it was added to his soup-bowl. These picturesque kitchens have been improved out of existence. Pot-luck has been lost.

The poorest young artist or student scarcely ever enters a *gargote*. He prefers eating bread and cheese or bread and sausage at home to mingling with coarse throngs. If he has a little money, he goes to some *crèmerie*. No soup is to be had here; but coffee or chocolate, an omelette, a chop or beef-steak, and a salad are to be gotten for five cents each; bread, for two cents. Some of these crèmeries are quite clean, and the cooking is good and plain, such as one sees in peasants' houses.

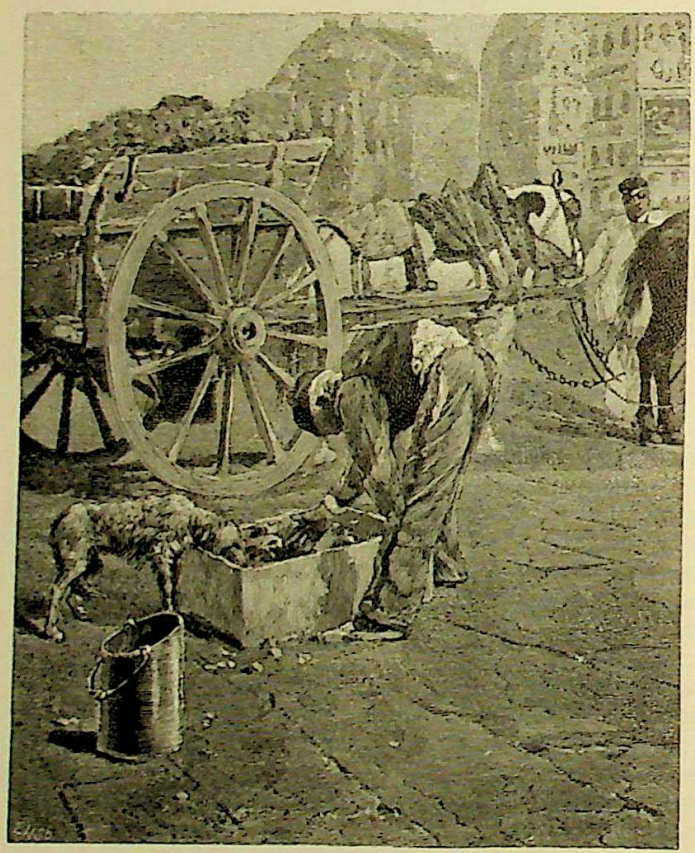
A little higher in grade above the crèmerie is the *bouillon;* for in the business parts of Paris (where such eating-houses alone are to be found) it is frequented from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. by business men and the better-paid clerks and shopmen. Later in the day it is frequented by the poor who are too proud, or whose position (as Government clerks and the like) forbids them, to go to the lower classes of eating-houses. You can get nothing in a bouillon but beef soup, boiled beef (the beef of the soup), cheese, currant jelly, bread, and wine. The prices are three cents for soup, five cents for beef (which has been boiled to shreds, and is as tasteless as so much twine), and two cents for bread. Few of the customers order anything else, except a vial of wine, which costs four cents; cheese and currant jelly are three cents a ration. *Bouillons Duval* were originally such places as these. Duval was a butcher near the Great Markets. He every day had left odds and ends of meat, mere waste. He, like all butchers in working people's quarters, used this waste to make beef soup, which he sold to his neighbors. Being a first-rate judge of meat on the hoof (a very rare talent; the butchers in Paris who have this talent are widely known and have more business than they can attend to), he got the Hôtel du Louvre and two or three of the great clubs for customers. They wanted only the best cuts. He did not know what to do with the lower qualities of meat. In thinking over the best way to end this embarrassment, he determined to establish bouillons, where not only soup but roast meats should be sold, and so low as to tempt even customers of restaurants. They at once became popular, and poured so much money into his pocket that he turned them into restaurants, where he sold not only inferior but the highest qualities of meat.

Nearly all vintners supply food. The majority of them ought to be classed with gargotes, but many of them have two rooms, one

for working people, the other for a higher class of customers. The cooking, meats, and vegetables are very coarse, but large rations are given. This is their recommendation.

The price is six cents a ration for everything but bread, which is three cents. Some vintners have a reputation for dishes which brings them in a great deal of custom. There is a vintner in Rue du Temple whose delicious tripe draws people from every part of Paris. There are several near the Great Markets famous for snails.

Above the vintners are the fixed-price restaurants — that is, public dining-rooms where, for a given sum of money, you have for breakfast as much bread as you can eat on the spot, one ration of meat, one ration of vegetables, a dessert, and a vial of wine, or a second ration of meat or of vegetables instead of wine; for dinner, soup, two rations of meat, a ration of vegetables, a dessert, and a vial of wine, which may be exchanged as above mentioned. The cheapest of these restaurants are in the Latin Quarter. They are students' restaurants. All students' restaurants are crowded — not on account of excellence, but of cheapness. When a man has only sous in his pocket, he does not stop to frame a bill of fare; he runs for low prices. He has not reached the hour when he may listen to his palate and humor all its whims. Prices at restaurants are of all rates, but fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen sous, with two sous to the waiter, will still get in the Latin Quarter a full dinner. As for quality — "Don't you think, Mr. Surface, we had better leave honor out of the argument?" Beggars must not be choosers. All cheap and especially all students' restaurants are most democratic places. Nobody hesitates to chat with his neighbor. After you have eaten three or four meals, the waiter looks on you as his property; and even before this initiation, if you order a bottle of wine (vials are the largest liquid measure known to the general customer), the waiter is sure to bring his own glass with bottle and to toss off a bumper to your health. The victualer always sidles up to you, unless you seem to be unusually poor or hold unsatisfactory theories of credit, under which circumstances the instinct of self-preservation keeps him at a safe distance from you. What would become of his daughters' dowries and sons' marriage settlements if, while he crammed you with bread and soup, you crammed him with airy promises to pay? His eyes have two other duties to discharge. He gives as much bread as the customer can carry off under his epidermis; but some fellows (there are black sheep in all flocks!) translate epidermis *overcoat*, failing to distinguish between meal eaten and meal saved. These cheap restaurants are disappearing even in the Latin Quarter. Rents, taxes, and everything else are rising, and to give a meal of any sort for less than a franc is becoming a miracle which it is daily harder to work. On the other hand, it is easier to make money in Paris than it ever was. But this is a knack which some men never find out. When the price is twenty-five cents for breakfast and fifty cents for dinner, a half bottle of wine is given. There are public dining-rooms where, for forty cents, a breakfast, and, for from seventy cents to one dollar, a dinner may be had, but where the bill of fare is apparently more limited than in restaurants. Here you are given a book and asked to select what you want; but ninety-five of every hundred dishes set down in the book are not to be had. In public dining-rooms you have a bill of fare (such as is given



MORNING SCAVENGER.

in hotels), which you may eat your way through. The secret of the low prices of the cheaper restaurants is this: they make arrangements with butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers to take from them, a little while before they close for the day, all meat, poultry, and fish left over, and which would be unsalable by next morning. They get these objects below cost, and at once cook them enough to prevent spoiling. They go to the Great Markets just before the markets close. The peasants, sooner than carry their market stuff home again, will sell it for a mere song. Fruit and vegetables which could not have been bought during the morning for less than six cents apiece may be had, then, three for one cent.

Lastly come restaurants where one pays not only for what he takes, but for everything he uses — even for the knives, forks, and spoons. There are all sorts of these restaurants, cheap and dear; the cheapest are, however, dearer than the highest fixed-price restaurant.

I must not omit to mention cafés, although they are becoming mere billiard saloons. Clubs have hurt them. Then the introduction of bars gave them another blow. A still more serious blow was the establishment of musical cafés. Cafés are a cheap club. Artists, literary men, and business men living in the same neighborhood meet at cafés after dinner. Cafés are neutral ground, where there is no etiquette of visits, where everybody is equally at home, where one may order what he pleases, may come when he chooses, and leave the instant he feels tired; where the room is handsome, brilliantly lighted, comfortably warm, always animated. If these habitual frequenters be numerous enough to warrant it, a room is set apart solely for their use: it is really a club-room. The musical cafés require customers to take some refreshment (all refreshments served in them are dear and bad), but at most of them tickets, costing ten cents, are sold at the counter, which relieve visitors from the importunities of waiters. Neighbors who are known to be frequent visitors are commonly told that they are welcome without payment of admittance fee; even in these musical cafés there are corners reserved for neighbors who come with their wives and children to spend the evening.

Were I poor and wished to master French quickly and thoroughly, to see a great deal of French life, to understand the current of unwritten French thought, and to spend as little money as possible, I should, were I a man, become a boarder in a third-rate boys' school; were I a woman, in a third-rate girls'

A GUARDIAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

school in the suburbs of Paris or, which would every way be better, in some small provincial town. Here I should attend all the lessons, especially all the French and English lessons, given. I should select the most intelligent tutor, and win him, or her, by taking private lessons (they would not cost more than two dollars a month) and by making timely presents; he or she would on holy-day show you sights missed by general travelers. He would explain them to you, and call attention to particulars which else had escaped notice. You would visit the churches of Paris and mark the difference between them.

Or he or she would go with you to public gardens and analyze the people met. There are no more majestic figures in Paris (beadles of the great churches excepted) than the constables of the public gardens. Strangers take them for marshals of France. The cross of the Legion is on their breast; immense epaulettes hang on their shoulders; their clothes are brilliant military uniforms; their hat is that worn by the infantry. So strangers' eyes may well gaze on them for glories of France. They are old non-commissioned officers, whose declining days are made more comfortable by having the pay of constable added to pension. Their duties are light. They are expected to wage war on turbulent boys, to give chase to dogs that invade the garden, to guard flowers from hands that can not distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*. Their campaign never begins

GOING TO COMMUNION.

until long after sunrise and always ends with twilight. Their longest forced march is from chair to chair. Their existence is a Frenchman's *beau idéal* of life — plenty to eat and drink, nothing to do, sauntering in a public promenade till legs whisper "seat," and clothed from head to foot in gaudy clothes.

He or she would warn you against the adventurers with whom public resorts in Paris swarm. Once familiar with their physiognomy you would detect them everywhere, and find this knowledge useful even on your return to the United States. Faces such as our wood-cut portrays are to be seen hourly in Paris. When this knave gets up in the morning he does not know where he will breakfast, still less where he will dine; and should his landlord be harsh, or have lost patience, he does not know where he will sleep. His only hope is that, if he eat very moderately and content himself with soup and bread, the mistress of the crèmerie will still give him credit, or that he may meet some acquaintance who will treat him to meat or drink. He is utterly without scruple. If he does not steal, it is solely from cowardice — fear of being caught.

Now the tutor already mentioned would take you to one of the most charming sights of Paris — the "first communion" of all the

boys and girls of a large parish. What putting on the *toga virilis* was to a Roman youth, what buying the first fan is to a Spanish girl, what "coming out" is to our sisters, what presentation at court is to our English high-born cousins,— so is the "first communion" to French boys and girls. It taken, they are men and women. Is iron fortune theirs? After "first communion" they must set to work; life's race has begun. It is the great family festival. All persons do not figure as bride or groom, but all persons (at least it was the rule before war was declared on religion) take the "first communion." Girls are robed as brides, but trinkets are forbidden. The utmost purity of appearance is sought, to give all spectators "the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace." Each girl wears a white veil, and her hair, no matter how luxuriant, or blue black, or Venetian auburn, is held a close prisoner in a white cap, though the head have right to duchess diadem; the dress is muslin and as white as the veil; the waist girdled by a broad white ribbon ending in a large bow-knot behind. Boys wear white trousers, waistcoat, cravat, gloves, and an armlet of broad white ribbon tied in a large bow-knot, while from both ends hangs long gold or silver fringe; black coat; hair as well dressed as the nearest barber's skill can go; hat left at home. In one hand is held a missal, and a white rosary ending in a cross; in the other, a long white wax taper with a red velvet gold-trimmed holder round it.* Girls and boys wear these clothes at confirmation and at "renewal," which takes place a year afterward, though the armlet is discarded from the boy's arm at "renewal." Where poverty is unable to provide this livery of heaven, wealth supplies not only the dress but the substantial meal which adds memories to the day, for round the board all kindred are assembled — often for the first, oftener for the last, time. The day ended, boy's armlet and girl's white reticule are put in a paper box and are laid in a secure corner of a chest of drawers, to be joined in time by the bride's garter or her orange wreath as souvenirs of life's great days. The church to which grandma and kinswomen are wending their way in our illustration is St. Médard, the parish church of Mouffetard Quarter — the parish church of the famous Gobelins tapestry manufactory and of the Garden of Plants. It has twice been inundated with blood in our day — in June, 1848, in May, 1871.

J. D. Osborne.

* Until 1882, girls too bore lighted tapers. The transept viewed from behind the high altar was a striking scene. Tapers' flames seemed like St. Elmo's lights hovering over the boys and girls, and might easily be taken for the Spirit falling from heaven on purity, blessing it and fitting it for the good fight in life's battle to be begun to-morrow. In 1881, a girl in St. Sulpice Church set her veil on fire, and there came nigh being a catastrophe fatal to as many as that at Lima, Peru, a few years since. Calamity was averted by a priest, who in putting out the fire was seriously burned. Since then no tapers have been intrusted to girls.

EMMA LAZARUS.

WHEN on thy bed of pain thou layest low
Daily we saw thy body fade away,
Nor could the love wherewith we loved thee stay
For one dear hour the flesh borne down by woe;
But as the mortal sank, with what white glow
Flamed thy eternal spirit, night and day,—
Untouched, unwasted, though the crumbling clay
Lay wrecked and ruined! Ah, is it not so,
Dear poet-comrade, who from sight hast gone,—
Is it not so that spirit hath a life
Death may not conquer? But, O dauntless one!
Still must we sorrow. Heavy is the strife
And thou not with us,— thou of the old race
That with Jehovah parleyed, face to face.

R. W. G.

AWAITING THE ENEMY. FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

THE GRAND STRATEGY OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

TWENTY-TWO years have passed since the termination of the civil war in America; a new generation of men has the destiny of our country in their possession, and we who probably lag superfluous on the stage watch with jealous interest the drift of public opinion and of public events. These are mainly guided by self-interest, by prejudice, by the teachings of books, magazines, and newspapers.

We veterans believe that in 1861–5 we fought a holy war, with absolute right on our side, with pure patriotism, with reasonable skill, and that we achieved a result which enabled the United States of America to resume her glorious career in the interest of all mankind, after an interruption of four years by as needless a war as ever afflicted a people.

The causes which led up to that war have been well described by Mr. Greeley, Dr. Draper, Mr. Blaine, and General Logan — the opposite side by Mr. Davis, Governor Foote, General Johnston, and the recent biographers of General Lee. In addition to these, innumerable volumes have been published, and nearly all the leading magazines of our country have added most interesting narratives of events, conspicuously so THE CENTURY. The editors of this magazine, armed with a personal letter from General Grant, applied long ago to have me assist them in their laudable purpose. I declined, but the pendulum of time seems to have swung too far in the wrong direction: one is likely to receive the impression that the civil war was only a scramble for power by mobs, and not a war of high principle, guided by men of great intelligence according to the best light they possessed. Discovering that one branch of the history of that war, "Grand Strategy," has been overlooked or slighted by writers, I have undertaken to discuss it, not with any hope to do full justice to the subject, but to attract the attention of younger and stronger men to follow up and elaborate it to the end.

War is the conflict of arms between peoples for some real or fancied object. It has existed from the beginning. The Bible is full of it. Homer immortalized the siege and destruction of Troy. Grecian, Roman, and European history is chiefly made up of wars and the deeds of soldiers; out of their experience arose certain rules, certain principles, which made the "art of war" as practiced by Alexander, by Cæsar, by Gustavus Adolphus, and by Frederick the Great.

These principles are as true as the multiplication table, the law of gravitation, of virtual velocities, or of any other invariable rule of natural philosophy. The "art of war" has grown to be the "science of war," and probably reached its summit in the wars of Europe from 1789 to 1815. Its fundamental principles are as clearly defined as are those of the laws of England by Blackstone. Jomini may be assumed as the father of the modern science of war, and he has been supplemented by "great masters" such as Napoleon, Marmont, Wellington, Napier, Hamley, Soady, Chesney, and others, all of whom agree in the fundamental principles; but to me the treatise of France J. Soady,

Lieutenant-Colonel, R. A., published in London, 1870, seems easiest of reference and best suited to my purpose, because he admits the elements of local prejudice and the temperament of the people to enter into the problem of war.

Lieutenant-Colonel Soady divides the "lessons of war as taught by the great masters" into the following heads:

1. Statesmanship in its relationship to war. 2. Strategy, or the art of properly directing masses upon the theater of war, either for offense or invasion. 3. Grand tactics. 4. Logistics, or the art of moving armies. 5. Engineering — the attack and defense of fortifications. 6. Minor tactics.

He further subdivides these "heads," and illustrates by historic examples the following branches: "Aim and principles," "Lines of communication," "Zone of operations," "Offensive and defensive warfare," Fortresses, Battle, Modern improvement in arms, Steamboats and Railroads, the Telegraph; and indeed more nearly approaches the science of war as it exists to-day than any author of whom I have knowledge. Any non-professional reader who will cast his eyes over the 555 pages of Lieutenant-Colonel Soady's volume, as well as those of "The Operations of War," by Colonel (now General) Hamley, will discover that war as well as peace has a large field in the affairs of this world, demanding as much if not more study than most of the sciences in which the human mind is interested.

Every man who does to his neighbor as he wishes his neighbor should do unto him finds on examining the law of the day that he has been a law-abiding citizen; so a soldier or general who goes straight to his object with courage and intelligence will find that he has been a scientific soldier according to the doctrines laid down by the great masters. Many of us in our civil war did not think of Jomini, Napoleon, Wellington, Hamley, or Soady; yet, as we won the battle, we are willing to give these great authors the benefit of our indorsement.

Now in the United States of America, in the year of our Lord 1861, some ambitious men of the Southern States, for their own reasons, good or bad, resolved to break up the union of States which had prospered beyond precedent, which by political means they had governed, but on which they were about to lose their hold. By using the pretext of slavery which existed at the South they aroused their people to a very frenzy, seceded (or their States seceded) from the Union, and established a Southern Confederacy, the capital of which was first at Montgomery, Alabama, afterwards at Richmond, Virginia, with Jefferson Davis as their president. By a conspiracy as clearly established as any fact in history, they seized all the property of the United States within the seceded States, except a few feebly garrisoned forts along the seaboard, and proclaimed themselves a new nation, with slavery the corner-stone. Old England, the first modern nation to abolish slavery and to enforce the noble resolve that no man could put his foot on English soil without "*eo instante*" becoming a free man, looked on with complacency, and encouraged this enormous crime of rebellion.

The people of the Northern free States, accustomed to the usual criminations of our system of elections, supposed this to be a mere incident of the presidential election of the previous November; went along in their daily vocations in the full belief that this episode would pass away as others had done; and treated the idea of civil war in this land of freedom as a pure absurdity.

In due time, March 4, 1861, the new President, Abraham Lincoln, was installed as the President of the United States. He found the seven cotton-States in a condition which they called "out of the Union," claiming absolute independence, and seeking to take into their confederacy every State which tolerated slavery. In the end they succeeded, except with Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, so that in the spring of 1861, April 12th, when the Southern Confederacy began actual war by bombarding Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, it awakened a response which even they could not misunderstand.

The people of the United States loved their Government and their history; they realized perfectly the advantages they possessed over the inhabitants of other lands, but had no army or navy adequate to meet so grave a crisis. The boom of the cannon in Charleston Harbor was carried by electricity to every city, town, and village of the land, and the citizens realized for the first time that civil war was upon them; they were told to form themselves into companies and regiments, and to go with all expedition to Washington, the national capital, to defend the civil authorities and the archives of government. This done, the cry went up, "On to Richmond!" and the battle of Bull Run resulted. The South was better prepared than the North, and victory went to the former, according to the established rules of war. Had Johnston or Beauregard pushed their success and occupied Washington, it would not have changed the final result, because twenty millions of freemen would never have submitted tamely to the domination of the slave-holder faction. Johnston himself records that his army was as much

confused and disordered as ours, both being green and badly organized and disciplined.

Then began the real preparation. Soady quotes from Napoleon: "When a nation is without establishments and a military system, it is difficult to organize an army." We found this perfectly true; yet the people of the United States, on the call of their President, organized voluntarily three hundred regiments of a thousand men each, which were distributed to the places of immediate danger. Soady says further: "Although wars of opinion, national wars and civil wars are sometimes confounded, they differ enough to require separate notice. . . . In a military sense these wars are fearful, since the invading force not only is met by the armies of the enemy, but is exposed to the attacks of an exasperated people."

The very nature of the case required the North to invade the South, to recover possession of the forts, arsenals, dock-yards, mints, post-routes, and public property which had been wrongfully appropriated by the public enemy. We had not only to meet and conquer the armies and the exasperated people of the South, but the obstacles of nature — woods, marshes, rivers, mountains — and the climate of a region nearly as large as all Europe.

Omitting the States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri (3,024,745), which supplied each belligerent a fair quota, the Northern States had a population of 19,089,944 to 9,103,332 in the Confederate States. In the autumn of 1861, these faced each other in angry controversy, the North resolved to maintain the Union, and the South to establish a separate government, necessarily hostile to it. Each side maintained throughout the same form of government, with a president elected by the people as their chief magistrate and commander-in-chief of the army and navy, with a cabinet of his choice to assist in the administration of government, a congress to enact the laws and provide the ways and means, and a supreme court to sit in judgment on those laws. Both parties, following common precedents, raised their armies by the same methods — first by volunteering, and then by a draft of citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, induced by bounties or enforced by severe penalties. At first the Southern youth were clamorous to be led against the detested Yankees and Abolitionists, each claiming to be equal to five of the shop-keepers and mud-sills of the North; but they soon became convinced that man to man was all they wanted.

According to Captain Frederick Phisterer, in his valuable "Statistical Record of the Armies"* (1883), the "calls" on the North for men were, in the four years of war, 2,763,670, which resulted in an aggregate of 2,772,408;† but as these calls were for three months, one year, two years, three years, and "during the war," the actual soldiers are counted two, three, and four times.

On p. 62 occurs a table, which every officer who has had to fight with men present for duty, instead of on paper, well understands, in which is given, "Present":

July 1, 1861	183,588
January 1, 1862	527,204
March 31, 1862	533,984
January 1, 1863	698,802
January 1, 1864	611,250
January 1, 1865	620,924
March 31, 1865	657,747
May 1, 1865	797,807

and on the latter date 202,709 absent — aggregating 1,000,516 on the muster-rolls at the end of the war. I have no doubt this is as correct as possible.

The "absent" were not present with the armies at the front, but were generally in rear of the base of supplies; and even of the "present" we had to estimate at least one-third as detached, guarding our long lines of supplies, sick in hospital, company cooks, teamsters, escorts to trains, and absent from the ranks by reason of the many causes incident to war.

Assuming one soldier to sixteen of the population, — at times more, at times less, — the Southern armies must have had an average of 569,000 men. I cannot find even an approximate table of their numbers; but we know they had in their ranks every man they could get, subject to the same causes of absenteeism as the Union armies.

Before I enter upon the real subject of this paper, let me attempt to portray the two great leaders of these mighty hosts, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, both of whom, in addition to their civil functions, often exercised their unquestioned right to command their respective armies. They, in fact, commissioned all general officers, assigned them to posts, gave military orders, defined the "objects" of campaigns, and often the exact "lines of operation."

* Captain Phisterer in this record gives the date and place of 2261 distinct battles and engagements, and for 149 of them he gives the estimated losses. I do not know the source of his information, but I do know that it is very difficult to ascertain the exact facts even as to the Union forces, much more the Confederate. His tables are more complete and easier of reference than those supplied by the adjutant-general, and are offered in this paper only as approximate, to illustrate the argument and demonstrate the magnitude of these "operations of war." — W. T. S.

† A recent officially revised statement increases this number to 2,778,304. — EDITOR.

Lincoln was by nature and choice a man of peace. Born in Kentucky, but taken by his parents in early youth to Indiana and Illinois, he grew up to manhood the type of the class of people who inhabit our North-west. He in time became a lawyer in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, had a fair practice, and always took a lively interest in all public questions — in other words, "politics." He became skilled in debate, and during the discussions which arose from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the extension of slavery over the vast territories acquired by the Mexican war of 1846–8, he was compelled to meet in debate one of the ablest men of his day, Stephen A. Douglas, whom he fairly excelled, whereby he acquired national fame; was, according to the usage of our country, nominated as the Republican candidate for President, and was duly and fairly elected in November, 1860. At that time he was somewhat a stranger to the country, especially to the South, who regarded him as an Abolitionist, then the vilest of mortals in their estimation. But no sooner was he legally inducted into his office, March 4, 1861, than he began to display those qualities of head and heart which will make him take rank with the most renowned men of earth.

He never professed any knowledge of the laws and science of war, yet in his joyous moments he would relate his *large experience* as a soldier in the Black Hawk war of 1832, and as an officer in the Mormon war at Nauvoo, in 1846. Nevertheless, during the progress of the civil war he evinced a quick comprehension of the principles of the "art," though never using military phraseology. Thus his letter of April 19, 1862, to General McClellan, then besieging Yorktown, exhibits a precise knowledge of the strength and purpose of each of the many armies in the field, and of the importance of "concentric action." In his letter of June 5, 1863, to General Hooker, he wrote:

> In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river [Rappahannock], like an ox jumped half-way over a fence, and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way, or to kick the other.

Again, June 10, 1863, writing to General Hooker:

> If left to me, I would not go south of the Rappahannock upon Lee's moving north of it. If you had Richmond invested to-day, you would not be able to take it in twenty days. Meanwhile your communications, and with them your army, would be ruined. I think Lee's army and not Richmond is your objective point. If he comes toward the Upper Potomac, follow him on his flank and on the inside track, shortening your lines while he lengthens his. If he stop, *fret him* and *fret him*.

This is pure science, though the language is not technical.

It is related by General Grant in his memoirs that when he was explaining how he proposed to use the several scattered armies so as to accomplish the best results, referring to the forces in western Virginia, and saying that he had ordered Sigel to move up the Valley of Virginia from Winchester, make junction with Crook and Averell from Kanawha, and go towards Saltville or Lynchburg — Mr. Lincoln said, "Oh, yes! I see that. As we say out West, if a man can't skin, he must hold a leg while somebody else does."

In his personal interview with General Grant about March 8, 1864, Mr. Lincoln recounted truly and manfully that

> he had never professed to be a military man, or to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them; but the procrastination of commanders, and the pressure from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him to issuing his series of military orders, one, two, three, etc. He did not know but all were wrong, and did know that some were. All he wanted or ever had wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and *act*, and call on him for all the assistance needed, pledging himself to use all the power of the Government in rendering such assistance.

At last he had found that man.

Jefferson Davis also was born in Kentucky. He removed in youth to the State of Mississippi, whence he was appointed a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point, September 1, 1824. He was graduated No. 23 in a class of 33 members in June, 1828; served on the North-west frontier, now Wisconsin and Iowa, as a lieutenant of the First Infantry, till March 4, 1833, when he was appointed to the First Dragoons as a first lieutenant; with that regiment he served on the frontier of Arkansas, now Fort Gibson in the Indian Territory, till he resigned, in 1835. He was in civil life in his State of Mississippi till the breaking out of the Mexican war, in 1846, when, as colonel of a Mississippi regiment, he took a conspicuous part under General Zachary Taylor at Monterey and at Buena Vista, where he was badly wounded.

With the disbandment of his regiment he resumed his civil and political career; was a senator in the National Congress, 1847–53; Secretary of War under President Pierce, 1853–57; and again a senator, from 1857 to 1861, when he became the President of the Southern Confederacy, and Commander-in-chief of its armies and navy.

He was by nature and education a soldier, giving orders to his armies, laying down plans of campaign, lines of operation, and descending into details which it might have been wiser to have left to subordinates.

No one has ever questioned the personal integrity of Mr. Davis, but we his antagonists have ever held him as impersonating a bad

cause from ambitious motives, often exhibiting malice, arrogance, and pride.

Such, in my judgment, were the two great antagonist forces, and such their leaders in our civil war.

Recurring now to the autumn of 1861, these two forces stood facing each other with one of the most difficult problems of the science of war before them. The line of separation was substantially the Potomac, the Ohio, and a line through southern Missouri and the Indian Territory to New Mexico, fully two thousand miles long; but this naturally divided itself into three parts — the east or Potomac (McClellan), the center or Ohio (Buell), and the west or Missouri (Halleck). Confronting them was the Army of Northern Virginia (Johnston — Lee), that of the Cumberland (Albert Sidney Johnston), and that of the trans-Mississippi (McCulloch — Price). All these were educated and experienced soldiers. The North necessarily took the offensive, and the South the defensive. After much preliminary skirmishing the first significant movement was that of General Thomas, January 20, 1862, who moved forward, attacked, defeated, and killed General Zollicoffer, at Mill Springs, Kentucky; the next was that of General Grant from Cairo, Illinois, up the Tennessee River in conjunction with the gunboat fleet under Commodore Foote, which captured Fort Henry, and afterwards (February 14th–16th) Fort Donelson, in which the Union losses are reported, 2886, and the Confederate, 15,067,* most of these prisoners of war. The prompt capture of these two fortified positions with their garrisons compelled the Confederate general, Johnston, to abandon his fortified flanks at Bowling Green, Kentucky, and Columbus, on the Mississippi River, and to fall back two hundred miles to a new line along the Memphis and Charleston railroad. The Union armies followed up this movement, the one (Grant) to Shiloh, abreast of Corinth, the other (Pope) directly down the Mississippi River, the real "objective" of this grand campaign. There was still another army, under General S. R. Curtis, an educated and professional soldier, moving southward, west of the Mississippi River, which encountered its enemy at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, on the 6th–8th of March, defeated him, inflicting a loss of 5200* men to his of 1384. These three armies, under the command of General Halleck at St. Louis, were operating from a secure base, with abundant supplies on "concentric lines," with a well-defined and important "objective," the recovery of the Mississippi River, the chief navigable river of the continent, which had been forcibly taken possession of by the enemy, its banks fortified with heavy guns, and with several fleets of armed gun-boats to patrol and defend it.

The Army of the Ohio, General Buell, moved forward to Nashville and the Tennessee River.

Here the Confederate general, Albert Sidney Johnston, displayed great skill and generalship by using his railroads, collecting all his scattered forces at Corinth, Mississippi, completely reorganizing them and hurling them with terrific energy on Grant at Shiloh, timing his attack so as to overwhelm this army before the arrival of the Army of the Ohio, approaching from the direction of Nashville. On the first day, April 6, 1862, he was partially successful, but met a foe of equal skill and determination, and there lost his life, necessitating a change of commanders in the very crisis of battle. He was succeeded by Beauregard, who continued the attack; but the Union forces under Grant held the key-points of the position till night, when arrived the division of Lew Wallace, which had been detached, and three divisions of the Army of the Ohio. The next morning the Union armies assumed the "offensive," drove the Confederates back to Corinth, and won the victory. The losses are recorded 13,573 to the Union, and 10,699 to the Confederates. This was a highly critical battle, more important in its moral than its physical results. It gave the Union army great confidence in itself, and in its ability not only to defeat the Confederate armies, man to man, but to overcome the "obstacles of nature" and the machinations of an "exasperated people."

While these movements were in progress down the Mississippi, Commodore Farragut, with his sea-going fleet, a flotilla of mortar-boats under Commodore Porter, and a land force under General Butler, was preparing to reach the same "objective" from the mouth of the river. On the 20th of April, Farragut began by breaking the chain of obstacles at Forts Jackson and Saint Philip, both works planned by scientific engineers and built by competent workmen; both were well garrisoned and supplied, with heavy artillery and abundance of ammunition. Then he steamed by these forts, fighting right and left in his "wooden ships with hearts of steel," instantly attacked the Confederate fleet above, utterly annihilated it, went on up to the city of New Orleans and captured it — all inside of ten days. No bolder or more successful act of war was ever done than this, which was fully equal to Nelson's attack on the French fleet at Aboukir, and infinitely more important in its conse-

* The Official Records, while not conclusive, would seem to place this loss at a much smaller figure.— EDITOR.

quences. Had not events elsewhere delayed the movement from the North, the Mississippi would have been ours in the summer of 1862, whereas its recovery was only postponed till 1863.

Almost coincident with the battle of Shiloh, General Pope, operating down the Mississippi in coöperation with the gun-boat fleet of Commodore Foote, attacked the fortified Island No. 10, and on the 8th of April captured it, with all its stores and most of its garrison. The gun-boat fleet, pushing on down the river, encountered Fort Pillow on the 14th of April, again on the 10th of May, and June 4th captured it; and under command of Commodore Davis pushed on to Memphis, where, June 6th, it absolutely destroyed the Confederate fleet of gun-boats, thus leaving no obstacle, except Vicksburg, to the free navigation of the river.

General Halleck, after the battle of Shiloh, ordered General Pope's army by water from Island No. 10 to Shiloh, and proceeded there himself to command the several armies in person. He organized these, viz., of the Ohio, Tennessee and Mississippi, into the usual right and left wings, center, and reserve, and moved, about the end of April, with great deliberation on the Confederate army intrenched at Corinth, Mississippi, a strategic place of value, being the point of intersection of two important railroads. After some immaterial skirmishing the Confederate general, Beauregard, abandoned the place, fell back to Tupelo, fifty miles south on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and the Union forces occupied Corinth, May 30, 1862. General Halleck then had in hand one of the strongest and best armies ever assembled on this continent, and could easily have pursued Beauregard, scattered his army, marched across to Vicksburg, then unfortified, occupied it, and thus brought to a brilliant conclusion the campaign he had so well begun; he could have made the Mississippi open to commerce, created a complete isolation of the trans-Mississippi department of the Confederates, and thereby set free, for other uses, three-fourths of his army of one hundred thousand men. But the reverses to McClellan in the worthless peninsula of James River, and the appeal of the good Union people of East Tennessee, caused our President and commander-in-chief to break up that army and call General Halleck to Washington, send Buell's army towards Chattanooga, and leave General Grant with the Army of the Tennessee to defend a line of one hundred and fifty miles (Tuscumbia to Memphis), placing him on the defensive with a bold, skillful, and enterprising enemy at his front. The Confederate armies of Price and Van Dorn were brought from across the Mississippi to face Grant from Holly Springs. Bragg, who succeeded Beauregard at Tupelo, moved his army, reënforced by recruits, detachments, and exchanged prisoners, rapidly by rail to Chattanooga to meet Buell, who had marched across from Corinth. Feeling himself equal if not superior to Buell, Bragg, August 21, 1862, began that really bold and skillful campaign which forced Buell back to his base of supplies at Louisville, on the Ohio River. Here, in his turn, Buell received reënforcements and resumed the offensive, encountering Bragg at Perryville, Kentucky, on the 8th of October, 1862, inflicting a loss to the enemy of 7000, to his own of 4348, which induced Bragg to fall back to Murfreesboro', Tennessee.

Meantime Price and Van Dorn began to be aggressive against General Grant's long, thin line of defense; but Grant met them with consummate skill, at every point, as at Iuka, September 19th–20th, and at Corinth, October 3d–4th, the casualties of which are reported 2359 Union and 14,221* Confederate — a fiercely contested battle at which Rosecrans commanded, and which was conclusive of events in that quarter to the end of the war.

Grant then, November, 1862, resumed the original offensive against Vicksburg,— known to be strongly fortified, occupied by a competent garrison, and covered by the armies of Price and Van Dorn, under the command of Lieutenant-General Pemberton, whose headquarters were at Holly Springs, Mississippi. Leaving small detachments to guard the key-points to his rear, Grant moved with all his force straight against Pemberton, who first formed his defensive line behind the Tallahatchie, and, this being too long for his strength, fell behind the Yalabusha at Grenada. Grant moved his scattered forces concentrically on Oxford, Mississippi, which he occupied on the 2d of December, and then resolved to send Sherman back to Memphis with one of his four brigades to organize, out of new troops arrived there and other troops belonging to Curtis at Helena, Arkansas, an expeditionary force to move by the river direct against Vicksburg, whilst he held the main force under Pemberton so occupied that he could not detach any of his men to that fortress. After Sherman had started, Pemberton detached Van Dorn with a strong cavalry command to pass around the flanks of Grant's army, to capture his depot of supplies at Holly Springs, and to go on northward, destroying his line of communication. Van Dorn, an educated soldier, did his work well, and compelled Grant to halt and finally to take up a new base of supplies at Memphis. Meantime Sherman went

* Later compilations make this 4707.— EDITOR.

on to Vicksburg, but, instead of meeting a small garrison, found Vicksburg not only strong by nature and art, but fully reënforced by Pemberton. He failed because the condition of facts had changed. He was superseded by McClernand, and he in time by General Grant, who came in person to direct operations against Vicksburg from the river. Then followed that long period of searching for the possession of some dry land whence Vicksburg could be reached, first above the place, finally below. The passage at night by the gun-boat fleet, led by Admiral Porter in person, accompanied by some transports, was as bold and successful an "operation of war" as was the passage of Forts Jackson and Saint Philip by Farragut the previous year. Then the march of Grant's army by roads which would have been pronounced impracticable by any European engineer, his attack on Grand Gulf, and subsequent landing at Bruinsburg; the movement and battle at Port Gibson; the rapid march to Jackson whereby he interposed his army between those of Pemberton in Vicksburg and of Johnston outside; the battle of Champion's Hill, whereby he drove Pemberton to his trenches and then invested him till his surrender in July — these operations illustrated the highest principles of war, one of whose maxims is to divide your enemy and beat each moiety in detail. I do believe that when this campaign is understood by military critics it will rank with the best of the young Napoleon in Italy, in 1796. The fall of Vicksburg resulted in the fall of Port Hudson below, after which, in the language of Mr. Lincoln, the Mississippi "went unvexed to the sea." In my judgment, the recovery of the Mississippi River was conclusive of the civil war. Whatever power holds that river can govern this continent. Its possession in 1863 set free the armies which were in at the death of the Southern Confederacy, in 1865.

Recurring now to the great central line of operations: I left Bragg on the defensive at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, and Buell at Perryville, Kentucky. The authorities at Washington became dissatisfied with Buell, and replaced him by Rosecrans, who had deservedly won great fame by his defense of Corinth. Soady records, as a standard rule of war, that an army assuming the offensive must maintain the offensive. So Rosecrans moved forward to Nashville, where he picked up Thomas's corps, which had been left there by Buell in his retrograde movement, and then to Murfreesboro' on Stone's River, where, December 31, 1862 – January 2, 1863, ensued one of the bloodiest battles of the war, resulting in a Union loss of 11,578, and a Confederate loss of 25,500 (Phisterer).* The Union forces held the ground and Bragg gradually fell back to Chattanooga — by nature a strategic place of the first importance, made so because here the main spurs of the Alleghanies are broken by the Tennessee River. To possess this place was Rosecrans's "objective." His army was adequate; his corps, divisions, and brigades were well commanded; yet the great distance from his base of supplies, on the Ohio River, made the logistics very difficult. In September, 1863, he moved forward, crossed the Tennessee River at Bridgeport, sent one corps direct to Chattanooga, and with the other three crossed the Sand Mountain and Raccoon range, debouching into the Valley of the Chickamauga, in rear of Chattanooga. Bragg, detecting this "turning" movement, fell back to Lafayette, in the same valley of the Chickamauga, where he was reënforced by Longstreet's corps from Virginia, and at the critical moment attacked vehemently on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863, breaking the right flank of Rosecrans's army; but when he reached the Fourteenth Corps, General George H. Thomas, he could not move the "Rock of Chickamauga." Rosecrans gained Chattanooga, the object of his campaign, but he was therein besieged by Bragg; his losses were 15,851, to Bragg's 17,804. Calls for reënforcements to that army came: the Eleventh and Twelfth corps under Hooker were sent by rail from Washington, and the Fifteenth Corps, Sherman, from Vicksburg. General Grant also, having finished his task on the Mississippi, was summoned to Louisville by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, and after a consultation was ordered to Chattanooga to supersede Rosecrans. All these combinations were concluded by November, and Bragg had made the fatal mistake, laid down in all the books, of detaching Longstreet's corps to Knoxville, 110 miles away, to capture Burnside's army. He was over-confident in the strength of his position on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, whence he could look down upon his supposed victims, who he believed would by starvation be compelled to surrender. But a master-mind had arrived, who soon solved the question of supplies and then addressed himself to the question of battle. Grant promptly detected Bragg's mistake in detaching Longstreet, and resolved to attack and drive him away the very moment the reënforcements hastening to him could be available. On the 23d of November, 1863, having all his troops in position, he began the attack, beginning on both flanks, and at the right moment hurling his center against Bragg's "unassailable" position on Missionary Ridge, he drove him in defeat and disorder to and through

* Later compilation: Union, 13,249; Confederate, 10,266. — EDITOR.

Ringgold Gap, twenty-six miles; and then only paused because of the necessity to send relief to General Burnside at Knoxville. This was fully accomplished, so that by the end of November the enemy was beaten at all points, and the temporary check at Chickamauga was fully redeemed. The losses in the Union army were 5615, to the Confederate loss of 8684. All the movements were made strictly according to the lessons of war as taught by the great masters, and they will stand the test of the most rigid critic.

I now turn with some degree of hesitation to the great Army of the Potomac, operating directly in front of Washington, and which European and Eastern critics, whose sight apparently could not penetrate beyond the Alleghanies, watched with painful solicitude.

That army was from the beginning to the end of the war the controlling military force of the Union cause; and never was an army more true and loyal to its government, more obedient to its generals, more patient in adversity, more magnanimous in victory than was the Army of the Potomac. After the episode of Bull Run in July, 1861, General McClellan was called from the West by universal acclaim to command it; and on the retirement of General Scott, by reason of age, November 1st, General McClellan was appointed by President Lincoln to command all the armies of the United States. He proceeded with commendable skill and energy to the work of organization, equipment, and transportation; but the season for active operations had passed, and his army remained on the banks of the Potomac at the beginning of 1862. The Confederate army, under General Joseph E. Johnston, was at Centreville, twenty-six miles south, with outposts in sight of the National Capitol, and had established batteries on the river below threatening the water-line of supply from the direction of the Chesapeake. General McClellan's "Own Story," now a part of history, shows that he was conscious of the impatience of the whole country at his seeming quiescence; and I am not surprised that Mr. Lincoln should have assumed his unquestioned power to issue his General Order No. 1, of January 27th, ordering a simultaneous advance of all the armies on the 22d of February, 1862. The Army of the Potomac advanced directly from their camps to the front at Fairfax and Centreville, to find that the Confederates had gone behind the Rappahannock.

At Fairfax Court House, on the 11th of March, General McClellan received President Lincoln's war order, No. 3, relieving him of the command of the armies of the United States; restricting his authority to the single Army of the Potomac; and in common with all other department commanders requiring him to report promptly and frequently to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. Meantime had been fully discussed the plan of campaign, the bases of supply, lines of operation, fortresses, etc., partly by conference, and partly by a correspondence given at length in McClellan's "Own Story," culminating in the two letters of February 3, 1862, on p. 229. The result was the movement against Richmond by way of Fort Monroe, resulting in innumerable delays at Yorktown, Williamsburg, etc., till the 31st of May, when was fought the first considerable battle of "Fair Oaks," or "Seven Pines," near Richmond, at which General Johnston was wounded, and General Lee succeeded him in command of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. Soon followed the battle of Gaines's Mill, and McClellan's "retreat," fighting for seven days (June 25th–July 1st) to reach Harrison's Landing on the James River, twenty-five miles below Richmond, as a new "base" from which to renew his offensive against Richmond, when his army had become rested and reënforced from the North. During his stay at Harrison's Landing, July 2d–August 17th, the temper of his correspondence, official and private, was indicative of a spirit not consistent with the duty of the commanding general of a great army.

After reading McClellan's "Own Story," and the principal histories of that period, coupled with conversations with many of his principal subordinates, I am convinced that McClellan's fatal mistake was in the choice of his "line of operations" in the spring of 1862. I believe that had he moved straight against his antagonist behind the Rappahannock with his then magnificent army, and had he fought steadily and persistently, as Grant did two years later, he would have picked up his detachments, including McDowell's corps, would have reached Richmond with an overwhelming force, would have captured the city, possibly the Confederate army,—at least would have dispersed it,—thus ending the war.

I do not entertain the idea that Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Chase, and General Halleck could have conspired for his defeat, lest McClellan should become a rival presidential candidate, or for any motive whatsoever. He had ample power and adequate force, but failed in his "objective," which should have been the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, instead of the city of Richmond. Of course, the withdrawal of Blenker's division and McDowell's corps at the crisis of his attack on Richmond were large factors in his failure, but these were direct consequences of his own plan of campaign, which involved the defense of Washington as well as the capture of Rich-

mond. General McClellan was unquestionably a man of pure character, of great intelligence, learned in the science of war, and with all the experience possible in our country with its limited military establishment. He was graduated at West Point, No. 2 in the class of 1846; went directly to the war in Mexico, whence he returned with an exalted reputation for soldiership under fire; was selected by the War Department for many scientific purposes, among them to proceed to Sebastopol in 1856, to observe the operations of the armies there engaged; and soon after the outbreak of our Rebellion was chosen with universal assent to command the principal army of the Union. No man knew better than he that the problem of war demanded an aggressive soldier. He failed because he chose a wrong "objective" and a wrong "line of operation"— a common mistake in strategy.

Meantime General Halleck, July 16, 1862, had been summoned from Corinth, Mississippi, to Washington, to command the armies of the United States, and thus the Army of the Potomac had four commanding generals,—the President, the Secretary of War, General Halleck, and General McClellan,—each giving orders, planning campaigns, ordering detachments hither and thither, seemingly without concert, and based on the latest information by "spies and informers." Nothing but Divine Providence could have saved this nation from humiliation at that crisis of our history. General John Pope, whose work at Island No. 10 and at Corinth had been personally seen by General Halleck, was brought east by him and given command of the scattered forces left behind by McClellan to protect Washington against Stonewall Jackson and the Confederate hosts who believed that Washington was synonymous with the Union cause, and that if Washington could be captured "the game was up." General Pope skillfully collected and disposed his forces, and fought them manfully. The Army of the Potomac, by Halleck's orders, was withdrawn from Harrison's Landing and sent as rapidly as possible to the assistance of General Pope, who was threatened by Stonewall Jackson, followed by Lee's whole army. The battle of Groveton, or the second Bull Run, has been the subject of the most critical investigation, and I do not propose to mingle in that controversy; but I believe Pope fought valiantly and well, that he checked Lee in his full career for Washington, and brought his "forlorn-hope" to the defenses of Washington in as good condition as could have been done by any of his critics.

At all events the Army of the Potomac was back in front of Washington about the end of August, 1862, confronting its old enemy commanded by Lee, which believed itself invincible. On the 2d of September Major-General McClellan was ordered by the President to "have command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the capital."* Pope's Army of Virginia was merged into that of the Potomac, then commanded by McClellan.

Lee then began his invasive campaign into Maryland, crossing the Potomac by its upper fords east of Harper's Ferry, having detached Stonewall Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry and its garrison, which he did promptly on the 15th of September, at a loss to the Union of 11,783 men, to the Confederates of 500, and thereafter joined Lee at Antietam in time to render material assistance in that battle.

As soon as McClellan became convinced that Lee designed to cross the Potomac, he followed by roads leading north of that river, his left near it and his right extending to Frederick City, which he reached September 12th. The Confederates had been there the day before, and had fallen back along the old National Road by Turner's and Crampton's Gaps of South Mountain (Blue Ridge), where a battle was fought on the 14th, in which the Union loss was 2325 to the Confederate 4343. Lee called in all his detachments and prepared for battle at Sharpsburg, covering a ford of the Potomac River with Antietam Creek to his front, assuming the defensive. McClellan closed down on him and prepared to defeat him with a considerable river to his rear. This battle also has been one which has been discussed with crimination and recrimination in which I do not propose to engage, limiting myself to quotations from Soady:

> It is an approved maxim in war never to do what the enemy wishes you to do, for this reason alone— that he desires it. A field of battle, therefore, which he has previously studied and reconnoitered should be avoided, and double care should be taken where he has had time to fortify or intrench. One consequence deducible from this principle is never to attack a position in front which you can gain by turning (Napoleon) [p. 75].
>
> General McClellan at the battle of Antietam, beside that [*sic*] of making his attacks so disconnectedly that they afforded no help to each other, . . . kept 15,000 men in strict reserve to the very end of the battle—a force which properly employed might have been used to obtain some decisive advantage. For any practical effect . . . Porter's corps might as well have been at Washington. There is no example of any great tactician thus making useless his superiority of force of his own choice, except the single one of Napoleon refusing to employ his guard to decide the desperate struggle at Borodino; and although the great emperor had the strongest possible reason for thus reserving his best troops in the enormous distance from his depots which he arrived at, and the consequent impossibility of replacing them, yet he has been more condemned than admired for this striking deviation from his usual practice, which rendered his victory so

* "McClellan's Own Story," p. 536.

indecisive and ultimately so useless. But McClellan was in the very reverse of such a position, and could have had no similar reason; for his reënforcements were near, and those of his opponent exhausted. The only excuse that can be made for his timidity as to the use of his reserve must be in the ignorance he labored under as to the great numerical inferiority of Lee [p. 234].

The battle of Antietam was fought September 17, 1862, soon after which McClellan was superseded by Burnside, who followed Lee up to the old lines of the Rappahannock, crossed at Fredericksburg, and on December 13th fought that desperate battle, losing 12,353 to Lee's loss of 4576; soon after which he was replaced by Hooker, who crossed the Rapidan and May 1–4, 1863, fought Lee at Chancellorsville, losing 16,030 to Lee's 12,281, when he fell back again north of the Rappahannock. Then Lee in his turn assumed the offensive and made his campaign into Pennsylvania, resulting in the famous battle of Gettysburg, fought almost coincident with the capture of Vicksburg, viz., July 1–3, 1863, in which Lee was the assailant, losing 23,186 men to 34,621 on the part of Meade,* who fought purely on the defensive. General Meade is entitled to extraordinary honor for his conduct of that battle, because he was ordered to command that army whilst actually on the march, with no time to reconnoiter, study the ground, or become acquainted with his corps and division commanders,— that too in the presence of a victorious army of unknown strength, commanded by a general of known ability and great repute.

The defeat of the Confederate army at Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg should have ended the civil war July 4, 1863, — but no! the leaders demanded the "last ditch," and their followers seemed willing. The Army of Northern Virginia fell back behind the Rappahannock, and the Army of the Potomac followed and occupied their old ground about Warrenton.

On the 4th day of March, 1864, General U. S. Grant was summoned to Washington from Nashville to receive his commission of lieutenant-general, the highest rank then known in the United States, and the same that was conferred on Washington in 1798. He reached Washington on the 7th, had an interview for the first time with Mr. Lincoln, and on the 9th received his commission at the hands of the President, who made a short address, to which Grant made a suitable reply. He was informed that it was desirable that he should come east to command all the armies of the United States, and give his personal supervision to the Army of the Potomac. On the 10th he visited General Meade at Brandy Station, and saw many of his leading officers, but returned to Washington the next day and went on to Nashville, to which place he had summoned Sherman, then absent on his Meridian expedition. On the 18th of March he turned over to Sherman the command of the western armies and started back for Washington, Sherman accompanying him as far as Cincinnati. Amidst constant interruptions of a business and social nature, these two commanders reached the satisfactory conclusion that as soon as the season would permit, all the armies of the Union would assume the "bold offensive" by "concentric lines" on the common enemy, and would finish up the job in a single campaign if possible. The main "objectives" were Lee's army behind the Rapidan in Virginia, and Johnston's army at Dalton, Georgia.

On reaching Washington, General Grant studied with great care all the minutiæ of the organization, strength, qualities, and resources of each of the many armies into which the Union forces had resolved themselves by reason of preceding events, and in due time with wonderful precision laid out the work which each one should undertake. His written instructions to me at Nashville were embraced in his two letters of April 4, and April 19, 1864, both in his own handwriting, which I still possess, and which, in my judgment, are as complete as any of those of the Duke of Wellington contained in the twelve volumes of his published letters and correspondence.

With the month of May came the season for *action*, and by the 4th all his armies were in motion. The army of Butler at Fort Monroe was his left, Meade's army the center, and Sherman at Chattanooga his right. Butler was to move against Richmond on the south of James River, Meade straight against Lee, intrenched behind the Rapidan, and Sherman to attack Joe Johnston and push him to and beyond Atlanta. This was as far as human foresight could penetrate. Though Meade commanded the Army of the Potomac, General Grant substantially controlled it, and on the 4th of May, 1864, he crossed the Rapidan, and at noon next day attacked Lee. He knew that a certain amount of fighting, "killing," had to be done to accomplish his end, and also to pay the penalty of former failures. In the "wilderness" there was no room for grand strategy, or even minor tactics; but the fighting was desperate, the losses to the Union army being, according to Phisterer, 37,737,† to the Confederate loss of 11,400 — the difference due to Lee's intrenchments and the blind nature of the country in which the battle was fought. On the night of May 7th both par-

* Later compilations make the losses: Confederate, 25,873; Union, 23,001.— EDITOR.

† Later compilation, 17,666.— EDITOR.

ties paused, appalled by the fearful slaughter; but General Grant commanded "Forward by the left flank." That was, in my judgment, the supreme moment of his life: undismayed, with a full comprehension of the importance of the work in which he was engaged, feeling as keen a sympathy for his dead and wounded as any one, and without stopping to count his numbers, he gave his orders calmly, specifically, and absolutely—"Forward to Spotsylvania." But his watchful and skillful antagonist detected his purpose, having the inner or shorter line, threw his army across Grant's path, and promptly fortified it. These field intrenchments are peculiar to America, though I am convinced they were employed by the Romans in Gaul in the days of Cæsar. A regiment, brigade, division, or corps, halting for the night or for battle, faced the enemy; moved forward to ground with a good outlook to the front; stacked arms; gathered logs, stumps, fence-rails, and anything which would stop a bullet; piled these to their front, and, digging a ditch behind, threw the dirt forward, and made a parapet which covered their persons as perfectly as a granite wall.

When Grant reached Spotsylvania, on the 8th of May, he found his antagonist in his front thus intrenched. He was delayed there till the 20th, during which time there was incessant fighting, because he was compelled to attack his enemy behind these improvised intrenchments. His losses according to Phisterer were 24,461,* to the Confederate loss of 9000. Nevertheless, his renewed order, "Forward by the left flank," compelled Lee to retreat to the defenses of Richmond.

Grant's memoirs enable us to follow him day by day across the various rivers which lay between him and Richmond, and in the bloody assaults at Cold Harbor, where his losses are reported 14,931† to 1700 by his opponent. Yet ever onward by the left flank, he crossed James River, and penned Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia within the intrenchments of Richmond and Petersburg for ten long months on the pure defensive, to remain almost passive observers of local events, whilst Grant's other armies were absolutely annihilating the Southern Confederacy.

Whilst Grant was fighting desperately from the Rapidan to the James, there were two other armies within the same "zone of operations."—that of the "James" under General Butler, who was expected to march up on the south and invest Petersburg and even Richmond; and that of Sigel at Winchester, who was expected to march up the Valley of Virginia, pick up his detachments from the Kanawha (Crook and Averell), and threaten Lynchburg, a place of vital importance to Lee in Richmond. Butler failed to accomplish what was expected of him; and Sigel failed at the very start, and was replaced by Hunter, who marched up the Valley, made junction with Crook and Averell at Staunton, and pushed on with commendable vigor to Lynchburg, which he invested on the 16th of June.

Lee, who by this time had been driven into Richmond with a force large enough to hold his lines of intrenchment and a surplus for expeditions, detached General Jubal A. Early with the equivalent of a corps to drive Hunter away from Lynchburg. Hunter, far from his base, with inadequate supplies of food and ammunition, retreated by the Kanawha to the Ohio River, his nearest base, thereby exposing the Valley of Virginia, whereupon Early, an educated soldier, promptly resolved to take advantage of the occasion, marched rapidly down this valley northward to Winchester, crossed the Potomac to Hagerstown, and thence boldly marched on Washington, defended at that time only by armed clerks and militia. General Grant, fully alive to the danger, dispatched to Washington by water, from his army investing Petersburg, two divisions of the Sixth Corps and the Nineteenth Corps, just arriving from New Orleans. These troops arrived at the very nick of time,—met Early's army in the suburbs of Washington, and drove it back to the Valley of Virginia, whence it had come.

This most skillful movement of Early demonstrated to General Grant the importance of the Valley of Virginia, not only as a base of supplies for Lee's army in Richmond, but as the most direct, shortest, and easiest route for a "diversion" into the Union territory north of the Potomac. He therefore cast around for a suitable commander for this field of operations, and settled upon Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, whom he had brought from the West to command the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan promptly repaired to his new sphere of operations, quickly ascertained its strength and resources, and resolved to attack Early in the position which he had chosen in and about Winchester, Va. He delivered his attack across broken ground on the 19th of September, beat his antagonist in fair, open battle, sending him "whirling up the Valley," inflicting a loss of 5500 men to his of 4873, and followed him up to Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. There Early recomposed his army and fell upon the Union army on the 19th of October, gaining a temporary advantage during General Sheridan's absence; but on his opportune return his army resumed the

* Later compilation, 18,399.— EDITOR.
† Later compilation, 12,737.— EDITOR.

offensive, defeated Early, captured nearly all his artillery, and drove him completely out of his field of operations, eliminating that army from the subsequent problem of the war. Sheridan's losses were 5995 to Early's 4200; but these losses are no just measure of the results of that victory, which made it impossible to use the Valley of Virginia as a Confederate base of supplies and as an easy route for raids within the Union lines. General Sheridan then committed its protection to detachments and with his main force rejoined General Grant, who still held Lee's army inside his intrenchments at Richmond and Petersburg.

I now turn with a feeling of extreme delicacy to the conduct of that other campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, Savannah, and Raleigh, which with liberal discretion was committed to me by General Grant in his minute instructions of April 4, and April 10, 1864. To all military students these letters must be familiar, because they have been published again and again, and there never was and never can be raised a question of rivalry or claim between us as to the relative merits of the manner in which we played our respective parts. We were as brothers — I the older man in years, but he the higher in rank. We both believed in our heart of hearts that the success of the Union cause was not only necessary to the then generation of Americans, but to all future generations. We both professed to be gentlemen and professional soldiers, educated in the science of war by our generous Government for the very occasion which had arisen. Neither of us by nature was a combative man; but with honest hearts and a clear purpose to do what man could we embarked on that campaign which I believe, in its strategy, in its logistics, in its grand and minor tactics, has added new luster to the old science of war. Both of us had at our front generals to whom in early life we had been taught to look up,— educated and experienced soldiers like ourselves, not likely to make any mistakes, and each of whom had as strong an army as could be collected from the mass of their nine millions of Southern people,—of the same blood as ourselves, brave, confident, and well equipped; in addition to which they had the most decided advantage of operating in their own difficult country of mountain, forest, ravine, and river, affording admirable opportunities for defense, besides the other equally important advantage that we had to invade the country of our unqualified enemy and expose our long lines of supply to the guerrillas of an "exasperated people." Again, as we advanced we had to leave guards to bridges, stations, and intermediate depots, diminishing the fighting force, whilst our enemy gained strength by picking up his detachments as he fell back, and with railroads to bring supplies and reënforcements from his rear. In Europe war is confined to actual belligerents wearing uniforms, publicly proclaiming their character. Not so with us. Men professing to be peaceful farmers and physicians — yea, preachers of the Gospel — were apprehended in doing acts of a most damaging nature; and I recall to memory a case when our pickets brought to me three preachers with double-barreled guns who said they were hunting for birds as food for their tables. On drawing the charges, each gun contained twelve buckshot, which would have killed a man at sixty yards. I instance these facts to offset the common assertion that we of the North won the war by brute force, and not by courage and skill.

On the historic 4th day of May, 1864, the Confederate army at my front lay at Dalton, Georgia, composed, according to the best authority, of about 45,000 men, commanded by General Joseph E. Johnston, who was the equal in all the elements of generalship with General Lee, and who was under instructions from the war powers in Richmond to assume the offensive northward as far as Nashville. But he soon discovered that he would have to conduct a defensive campaign. Coincident with the movement of the Army of the Potomac, as announced by telegraph, I put my armies in motion from our base at Chattanooga. These were the armies of the Ohio, 13,559 men; of the Cumberland, 60,773; of the Tennessee, 24,465 — grand total, 98,797 men and 254 guns.

I had no purpose to attack Johnston's position at Dalton in front, but marched from Chattanooga to feign at his front and to make a lodgment in Resaca, eighteen miles to his rear, on "his line of communication and supply." The movement was partially, not wholly, successful; but it compelled Johnston to let go Dalton and fight us at Resaca, where, May 13th–16th, our loss was 2747 and his 2800. I fought offensively and he defensively, aided by earth parapets. He then fell back to Calhoun, Adairsville, and Cassville, where he halted for the battle of the campaign; but, for reasons given in his memoirs, he continued his retreat behind the next spur of mountains to Allatoona.

Pausing for a few days to repair the railroad without attempting Allatoona, of which I had personal knowledge acquired in 1844, I resolved to push on towards Atlanta by way of Dallas; this Johnston quickly detected, and forced me to fight him at New Hope Church, four miles north of Dallas, resulting in losses of 3000 to the Confederates to 2400 to us.

The country was almost in a state of nature — few or no roads, nothing that a European could understand, but where the bullet killed its victim as surely as at Sevastopol. Johnston had meantime picked up his detachments, and had received reënforcements from his rear which raised his aggregate strength to 62,000 men, and warranted him in claiming that he was purposely drawing us far from our base, and that when the right moment should come he would turn on us and destroy us. We were equally confident and not the least alarmed. He then fell back to his position at Marietta, with Brush Mountain on his right, Kenesaw his center, and Lost Mountain his left. His line of ten miles was too long for his numbers, and he soon let go his flanks and concentrated on Kenesaw. We closed down in battle array, repaired the railroad up to our very camps, and then prepared for the contest. Not a day, not an hour or minute was there a cessation of fire. Our skirmishers were in absolute contact, the lines of battle and batteries but little in rear of the skirmishers; and thus matters continued until June 27th, when I ordered a general assault, with the full coöperation of my great lieutenants, Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield, as good and true men as ever lived or died for their country's cause; but we failed, losing 3000 men, to the Confederate loss of 630. Still, the result was that within three days Johnston abandoned the strongest possible position and was in full retreat for the Chattahoochee River. We were on his heels; skirmished with his rear at Smyrna Church on the 4th day of July, and saw him fairly across the Chattahoochee on the 10th, covered and protected by the best line of field intrenchments I have ever seen, prepared long in advance. No officer or soldier who ever served under me will question the generalship of Joseph E. Johnston. His retreats were timely, in good order, and he left nothing behind. We had advanced into the enemy's country 120 miles, with a single track railroad, which had to bring clothing, food, ammunition, everything requisite for 100,000 men and 23,000 animals. The city of Atlanta, the gate city opening the interior of the important State of Georgia, was in sight; its protecting army was shaken but not defeated, and onward we had to go,— illustrating the principle that an army "once on the offensive must maintain the offensive."

We feigned to the right, but crossed the Chattahoochee by the left, and soon confronted our enemy behind his first line of intrenchments at Peach Tree Creek, prepared in advance for this very occasion. At this critical moment the Confederate Government rendered us most valuable service. Being dissatisfied with the Fabian policy of General Johnston, it relieved him, and General Hood was substituted to command the Confederate army. Hood was known to us to be a "fighter," a graduate of West Point of the class of 1853, No. 44, of which class two of my army commanders, McPherson and Schofield, were No. 1 and No. 7. The character of a leader is a large factor in the game of war, and I confess I was pleased at this change, of which I had early notice. I knew that I had an army superior in numbers and *morale* to that of my antagonist; but being so far from my base, and operating in a country absolutely devoid of food and forage, I was dependent for supplies on a poorly constructed, single-track railroad back to Louisville, five hundred miles. I was willing to meet our enemy in the open country, but not behind well-constructed parapets.

Promptly, as expected, the enemy sallied from his Peach Tree line on the 18th of July, about midday, striking the Twentieth Corps (Hooker), which had just crossed Peach Tree Creek by improvised bridges. The troops became commingled and fought hand to hand desperately for about four hours, when the Confederates were driven back within their lines, leaving behind their dead and wounded. These amounted to 4796 men, to our loss of 1710. We followed up, and Hood fell back to the main lines of the city of Atlanta. We closed in, when again, Hood holding these lines by about one-half his force, with the other half made a wide circuit by night, under cover of the woods, and on the 22d of July enveloped our left flank "in air," a movement that led to the hardest battle of the campaign. He encountered the Army of the Tennessee,— skilled veterans who were always ready to fight, were not alarmed by flank or rear attacks, and met their assailants with heroic valor. The battle raged from noon to night, when the Confederates, baffled and defeated, fell back within the intrenchments of Atlanta. Their losses are reported 8499 to ours of 3641; but among these was McPherson, the commander of the Army of the Tennessee. Whilst this battle was in progress, Schofield at the center, and Thomas on the right, made efforts to break through the intrenchments at their fronts, but found them too strong to assault.

The Army of the Tennessee was then shifted, under its new commander (Howard), from the extreme left to the extreme right, to reach, if possible, the railroad by which Hood drew his supplies, when he again, on the 28th of July, repeated his tactics of the 22d, sustaining an overwhelming defeat, losing 4632 men to our 700. These three sallies convinced him that his predecessor, General Johnston, had not erred in standing on the defensive. There-

after the Confederate army in Atlanta clung to his parapets. I never intended to assault these, but gradually worked to the right to reach and destroy his line of supplies, because soldiers, like other mortals, must have food. Our extension to the right brought on numerous conflicts, but nothing worthy of note, till about the end of August I resolved to leave one corps to protect our communications to the rear, and move with the other five to a point (Jonesboro') on the railroad twenty-six miles below Atlanta, *not* fortified. This movement was perfectly strategic, was successful, and resulted in our occupation of Atlanta, on the 3d of September, 1864. The result had a large effect on the whole country at the time, for solid and political reasons. I claim no special merit to myself, save that I believe I followed the teachings of the best masters of the "science of war" of which I had knowledge; and better still, I had pleased Mr. Lincoln, who wanted "success" very much. But I had not accomplished all, for Hood's army, the chief "objective," had escaped.

Then began the real trouble. We were in possession of Atlanta, and Hood remained at Lovejoy's Station, thirty miles south-east, on the Savannah railroad, with an army of about 40,000 veterans inured to war, and with a fair amount of wagons to carry his supplies, independent of the railroads. On the 21st of September he shifted his position to Palmetto Station, twenty-five miles south-west of Atlanta, on the Montgomery and Selma railroad, where he began his systematic preparations for his aggressive campaign against our communications to compel us to abandon our conquests. Here he was visited by Mr. Davis, who promised all possible coöperation and assistance in the proposed campaign; and here also Mr. Davis made his famous speech, which was duly reported to me in Atlanta, assuring his army that they would make my retreat more disastrous than was that of Napoleon from Moscow. Forewarned, I took immediate measures to thwart his plans. One division was sent back to Rome, another to Chattanooga; the guards along our railroad were reënforced and warned of the coming blow. General Thomas was sent back to the headquarters of his department at Nashville, Schofield to his at Knoxville, and I remained in Atlanta to await Hood's "initiative." This followed soon. Hood, sending his cavalry ahead, crossed the Chattahoochee River at Campbelltown with his main army on the 1st of October, and moved to Dallas, detaching a strong force against the railroad above Marietta which destroyed it for fifteen miles, and then sent French's division to capture Allatoona. I followed Hood, reaching Kenesaw Mountain in time to see in the distance the attack on Allatoona, which was handsomely repulsed by Corse. Hood then moved westward, avoiding Rome, and by a circuit reached Resaca, which he summoned to surrender, but did not wait to attack. He continued thence the destruction of the railroad for about twenty miles to the tunnel, including Dalton, whose garrison he captured. I followed up to Resaca, then turned west to intercept his retreat down the Valley of Chattooga; but by rapid marching he escaped to Gadsden, on the Coosa, I halting at Gaylesville, whence to observe his further movements. Hood, after a short pause, crossed the mountains to Decatur, on the Tennessee River, which, being defended by a good division of troops, he avoided, and finally halted opposite Florence, Alabama, on the Tennessee River. Divining the object of his movement against our communications, which had been thus far rapid and skillful, I detached by rail General Schofield and two of my six corps to Nashville, all the reënforcement that Thomas deemed necessary to enable him to defend Tennessee, and began my systematic preparations for resuming the offensive against Georgia. Repairing the broken railroads, we collected in Atlanta the necessary food and transportation for 60,000 men, sent to the rear all impediments, called in all detachments, and ordered them to march for Atlanta, where by the 14th of November were assembled 4 infantry corps, 1 cavalry division, and 65 field guns, aggregating 60,598 men. Hood remained at Florence, preparing to invade Tennessee and Kentucky, or to follow me. We were prepared for either alternative.

According to the great Napoleon, the fundamental maxim for successful war is to "converge a superior force on the critical point at the critical time." In 1864 the main "objectives" were Lee's and Johnston's armies, and the critical point was thought to be Richmond or Atlanta, whichever should be longest held. Had General Grant overwhelmed or scattered Lee's army and occupied Richmond he would have come to Atlanta; but as I happened to occupy Atlanta first, and had driven Hood off to a divergent line of operations far to the west, it was good strategy to leave him to a subordinate force, and with my main army to join Grant at Richmond. The most practicable route to Richmond was near a thousand miles in distance, too long for a single march; hence the necessity to reach the sea-coast for a new base. Savannah was the nearest point, distant three hundred miles, and this we accomplished from November 12th to December 21, 1864. According to the Duke of Wellington, an army moves upon its belly, not upon its legs; and no army dependent on wagons

can operate more than a hundred miles from its base, because the teams going and returning consume the contents of their wagons, leaving little or nothing for the maintenance of the men and animals at the front, who are fully employed in fighting; hence the necessity to "forage liberally on the country," a measure which fed our men and animals chiefly on the very supplies which had been gathered near the railroads by the enemy for the maintenance of his own armies. "The march to the sea" in strategy was only a shift of base for ulterior and highly important purposes.

Meantime Hood, whom I had left at and near Florence, Alabama, three hundred and seventeen miles to my rear, having completely reorganized and re-supplied his army, advanced against Thomas at Nashville, who had also made every preparation. Hood first encountered Schofield at Franklin, November 30, 1864, attacked him boldly behind his intrenchments, and sustained a positive "check," losing 6252 of his best men, including Generals Cleburne and Adams, who were killed on the very parapets, to Schofield's loss of 2326. Nevertheless he pushed on to Nashville, which he invested. Thomas, one of the grand characters of our civil war, nothing dismayed by danger in front or rear, made all his preparations with cool and calm deliberation; and on the 15th of December sallied from his intrenchments, attacked Hood in his chosen and intrenched positions, and on the next day, December 16th, actually annihilated his army, eliminating it thenceforward from the problem of the war. Hood's losses were 15,000 men to Thomas's 305.

Therefore at the end of the year 1864 the war at the west was concluded, leaving nothing to be considered in the grand game of war but Lee's army, held by Grant in Richmond, and the Confederate detachments at Mobile and along the sea-board north of Savannah. Of course Charleston, ever arrogant, felt secure; but it was regarded by us as a "dead cock in the pit," and fell of itself when its inland communications were cut. Wilmington was captured by a detachment from the Army of the Potomac, aided by Admiral Porter's fleet and by Schofield, who had been brought by Grant from Nashville to Washington and sent down the Atlantic coast to prepare for Sherman's coming to Goldsboro', North Carolina,—all "converging" on Richmond.

Preparatory to the next move, General Howard was sent from Savannah to secure Pocotaligo, in South Carolina, as a point of departure for the north, and General Slocum to Sister's Ferry, on the Savannah River, to secure a safe lodgment on the north bank for the same purpose. In due time — in February, 1865 — these detachments, operating by concentric lines, met on the South Carolina road at Midway and Blackville, swept northward through Orangeburg and Columbia to Winnsboro', where the direction was changed to Fayetteville and Goldsboro', a distance of 420 miles through a difficult and hostile country, making junction with Schofield at a safe base with two good railroads back to the sea-coast, of which we held absolute dominion. The resistance of Hampton, Butler, Beauregard, and even Joe Johnston was regarded as trivial. Our "objective" was Lee's army at Richmond. When I reached Goldsboro', made junction with Schofield, and moved forward to Raleigh, I was willing to encounter the entire Confederate army; but the Confederate armies — Lee's in Richmond and Johnston's in my front — held interior lines, and could choose the initiative.

Few military critics who have treated of the civil war in America have ever comprehended the importance of the movement of my army northward from Savannah to Goldsboro', or of the transfer of Schofield from Nashville to coöperate with me in North Carolina. This march was like the thrust of a sword towards the heart of the human body; each mile of advance swept aside all opposition, consumed the very food on which Lee's army depended for life, and demonstrated a power in the National Government which was irresistible.

Therefore in March, 1865, but one more move was left to Lee on the chess-board of war — to abandon Richmond; make junction with Johnston in North Carolina; fall on me and destroy me if possible, a fate I did not apprehend; then turn on Grant, sure to be in close pursuit, and defeat him. But no! Lee clung to his intrenchments for political reasons, and waited for the inevitable. At last, on the 1st day of April, General Sheridan, by his vehement and most successful attack on the Confederate lines at the "Five Forks" near Dinwiddie Court House, compelled Lee to begin his last race for life. He then attempted to reach Danville, to make junction with Johnston, but Grant in his rapid pursuit constantly interposed, and finally headed him off at Appomattox, and compelled the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four long years had baffled the skill and courage of the Army of the Potomac and the power of our National Government. This substantially ended the war, leaving only the formal proceedings of accepting the surrender of Johnston's army in North Carolina and of the subordinate armies at the South-west.

All these movements were on a grand scale, strictly in conformity with the lessons of the great masters, and illustrate every branch of

the science of war as defined by Soady,—strategy, logistics, grand and minor tactics, and engineering.

In thus summarizing these controlling events, extending through four years of time and embracing a continent, I have endeavored to confine myself to the chief campaigns and battles which illustrate military principles. The first year of the war was necessarily one of preparation, but in the last three I contend that every principle of the science of war was illustrated and demonstrated by examples in our war. "Divergent" operations were generally useless or failures; "convergent" operations, with good "bases," though far apart, when persevered in resulted in success and victory. All I aim to establish is that the civil war brought forth, on both sides, out of the mass of the American people, the knowledge, talents, and qualities which were necessary to the occasion; that success resulted from the same qualities, the same knowledge and adherence to the rules of war, which have achieved military success in other ages and in other lands; and that military knowledge acquired beforehand was most valuable, though not conclusive. The same knowledge might have been and was acquired in actual war, though often at a terrible expense in human life and misery.

There is an old familiar maxim, "In peace prepare for war," so that I would deem it the part of wisdom for our Government to accumulate in our arsenals a large supply of the best cannon, small arms, ammunition, and military equipments, ready for instant use; to encourage military education, and to foster a national militia.

I will quote here an expression of a personal friend who was a good soldier of the civil war, now a senator in Congress, contained in an address which he recently delivered to the graduating class of a college in Michigan:

> Of course knowledge is power, we all know that: but mere knowledge is not power, it is simply possibility. *Action* is power, and its highest manifestation is action with knowledge.

How true this is, is felt by every soldier who has been in battle. 'T is not the man who knows most, but the one who *does* best, that wins. Grant, and Meade, and Sheridan at the close of the war could have been taught many lessons by our learned professors, but none of these could have guided the forces to victory as Grant did at Chattanooga, defended his position as Meade did at Gettysburg, or hurled his masses as Sheridan did at Winchester. Action guided by knowledge is what is demanded of the modern general. He must know as much of the school of the soldier as any man in the ranks; he must know what men can do, and what they cannot do; he must foresee and forereach to provide in advance the food, clothing, ammunition, and supplies of every nature and kind necessary for the maintenance of his command; and, moreover, he must gain the confidence and affections of all the men committed to his charge. Above all, he must *act* according to the best knowledge and information he can obtain, preferably coupled with experience acquired long in advance. If we demand of the engineer of a locomotive, composed of bits of iron, both knowledge and experience, how much more should we demand these qualities of the commander of an army, composed of living men, of flesh and blood, with immortal souls! There may be such men as born generals, but I have never encountered them, and doubt the wisdom of trusting to their turning up in an emergency.

The aggressive demands a great moral force, the defensive less. A man who has not experienced the feeling cannot comprehend the sensation of hurling masses of men against an intrenched enemy, almost sure to result in the death of thousands, and, worse still, the mangling of more, followed by the lamentations of families at the loss of fathers, brothers, and sons. We in America, with a free press behind us, which sympathized with their neighbors and rarely comprehended the necessities of battle, felt this moral force far more than would any European general with his well-organized corps and battalions which he could move with little more feeling than he would the ivory figures on a chess-board.

In 1872 I visited Europe in the frigate *Wabash*, and was landed at Gibraltar, held by England with a full war garrison, composed of all arms of service, commanded by Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, a general of great renown, whose officers were thoroughly educated and of marked intelligence. They naturally questioned me as to the conduct of our civil war; they could comprehend how we might, out of our intelligent citizens, create battalions of infantry, but were incredulous when I explained that we had been equally successful with artillery, engineers, ordnance and staff, the scientific branches of the military service; and when I further claimed that most of our campaigns had been conducted according to the highest military principles, as taught by their General Hamley in the staff school at Aldershot, I could read in their faces signs of more than doubt. The same or similar experiences occurred afterwards at Malta, and in the clubs of London.

In Russia I found the army officers specially well informed about American affairs. At Vladi Kavkas, a city at the north base of the

Caucasian range of mountains, Mr. Curtin and I, with our party, were entertained by a brigadier-general and the officers of his command, who welcomed us in a speech referring to Grant and Sheridan, Farragut and Porter, with as much precision as could have been expected at Denver. In Italy also there prevailed a similar public feeling, and there I encountered several who had been to America, and had shared in some of our campaigns.

In Germany the army officers seemed so well satisfied with themselves, by reason of their then recent victories over the French, that they gave little heed to our affairs on this side of the Atlantic. In all their garrisoned towns they were drilling morning, noon, and night, at the squad drill, at the company drill, and in the school of the battalion; and if industry and attention to details are ruling elements in the science of war, then will the German battalions maintain the cohesion and strength they displayed in the war of 1870–71. With such battalions as units, there can be no scarcity of skilled officers and generals.

In like manner the French had not yet recovered from their defeats at Woerth, Metz, Gravelotte, Sédan, and Paris. With them the separation of the officer from the soldier was much more marked than in any other of the military establishments I witnessed in Europe, and one of their most renowned generals attributed to this cause their defeat and national humiliation; specifying that when their armies were hastily assembled on the Rhine, the soldiers did not personally know their captains and company officers, and these in turn could not distinguish their own commanders. I infer, however, from recent accounts, that General Boulanger, who attended our centennial celebration at Yorktown in 1881, has corrected much of this, and has infused into the French army somewhat of his own youthful ardor and spirit, so that if a new war should arise in Europe we may expect different results.

Nevertheless, for service in our wooded country, where battles must be fought chiefly by skirmishers and "thin lines," I prefer our own people. They possess more individuality, more self-reliance, learn more quickly the necessity for organization and discipline, and will follow where they have skilled leaders in whom they have confidence. Any one of the corps of the Army of the Potomac, or of the West, would not have hesitated to meet after 1863, in open ground, an equal number of the best drilled German troops. This, of course, may seem an idle boast; it is only meant to convey my opinion that the American people need not fear a just comparison in warlike qualities with those of any other nation. We are more likely to err in the other direction, in over-confidence, by compelling inferior numbers and undisciplined men to encounter superior troops, exposing them to certain defeat — a "cruel and inhuman" act on the part of any government. Strength in war results from organization, cohesion, and discipline, which require time and experience; but war is an expensive luxury, too costly to maintain even to secure these important results: therefore the greater necessity for fostering a national militia, and supporting military schools like that at West Point, which has proven its inestimable value to the nation as General Washington predicted, and as every war in America during this century has demonstrated.

W. T. Sherman.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1887.

VALUES.

I MAKE apprisal of the maiden moon
For what she is to me:
Not a great globe of cheerless stone
That hangs in awful space alone,
And ever so to be;
But just the rarest orb,
The very fairest orb,
The star most lovely-wise
In all the dear night-skies!

So thou to me, O jestful girl of June!
I have no will to hear
Cold calculations of thy worth
Summed up in beauty, brain, and birth:
Such coldly strike mine ear.
Thou art the rarest one,
The very fairest one,
The soul most lovely-wise
That ever looked through eyes!

Richard E. Burton.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

PREMIER OR PRESIDENT?

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE REBEL GAME.

THE rebel conspirators were not unmindful of the great advantages they had hitherto derived from their complaints, their intrigues, their assumptions, their arrogant demands. No sooner was the provisional government organized at Montgomery than they appointed a new embassy of three commissioners to proceed to Washington and make the fourth effort to assist, protect, and if possible to establish the rebellion through a negotiation. They not only desired to avert a war, but, reasoning from the past, had a well-grounded faith that they would secure a peaceful acquiescence in their schemes. The commissioners were instructed to solicit a reception in their official character, and if that were refused, to accept an unofficial interview; to insist on the *de facto* and *de jure* independence of the Confederate States; but nevertheless to accede to a proposition to refer the subject of their mission to the United States Senate, or to withhold an answer until the Congress of the United States should assemble and pronounce a decision in the premises, provided the existing peaceful status were rigidly maintained.†

This modest programme was made necessary by the half-fledged condition of the rebellion: its personal jealousies were not yet hushed; its notions of State rights were not yet swallowed up in an imperious military dictatorship; above all, its military preparation consisted mainly of a self-sacrificing enthusiasm. Notwithstanding the two months' drill and battery-building at Charleston, Davis did not agree with Governor Pickens that the moment had come to storm Sumter. "Fort Sumter should be in our possession at the earliest moment possible," wrote the rebel war secretary, but "thorough preparation must be made before an attack is attempted. . . . A failure would demoralize our people and injuriously affect us in the opinion of the world as reckless and precipitate."‡ Therefore they made Beauregard a brigadier-general and sent him to command in the harbor of Charleston. Beauregard's professional inspection justified this prudence.

> If Sumter was properly garrisoned and armed [wrote he (March 6th)], it would be a perfect Gibraltar to anything but constant shelling night and day from the four points of the compass. As it is, the weakness of the garrison constitutes our greatest advantage, and we must for the present turn our attention to preventing it from being reënforced. This idea I am gradually and cautiously infusing into the minds of all here; but should we have to open our batteries upon it, I hope to be able to do so with all the advantages the condition of things here will permit. All that I ask is time for completing my batteries and preparing and organizing properly my command.§

The first of the three commissioners, Martin J. Crawford, arrived in Washington the day before Lincoln's inauguration. He would have nothing more to do with Buchanan, he wrote.

> His fears for his personal safety, the apprehensions for the security of his property, together with the cares of state and his advanced age, render him wholly disqualified for his present position. He is as incapable now of purpose as a child.‖

With the arrival of the second commissioner, John Forsyth, they prepared to begin operations upon the new Administration. It was comparatively easy to call into caucus the active or disguised secessionists who yet remained in the city. Wigfall, Mason, Hunter, and Breckinridge were still in the Senate; Virginia and the other border States had a number of sympathizing Congressmen in the House; Bell, Crittenden, and Douglas, though loyal, had no love for Lincoln, and could be approached with professions of peace; Seward, in order to gain information, had kept himself during the whole winter in relation with all parties, and had openly proclaimed that his policy was one of peace and conciliation.¶

The prospect of beginning negotiations seemed flattering; nevertheless, their first caucus over the inaugural agreed that "it was Lincoln's purpose at once to attempt the col-

† Toombs to commissioners, Feb. 27, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Walker to Pickens. War Records.

§ Beauregard to Walker. War Records.

‖ Crawford to Toombs, March 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

¶ Senate speech, Jan. 12, 1861. "Globe."

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lection of the revenue, to reënforce and hold Forts Sumter and Pickens, and to retake the other places."* A day or two later, on comparing the fragmentary gossip they had raked together, in which the difficulties of reënforcing Sumter were dimly reflected, with a general conversation alleged to have been held by one of their informants with Seward, they framed and reported to Montgomery a theory of probable success.

Seward, they thought, was to be the ruling power of the new Administration. Seward and Cameron were publicly committed to a peace policy. They would establish an understanding with the Secretary of State.

> This gentleman [they wrote] is urgent for delay. The tenor of his language is to this effect: I have built up the Republican party; I have brought it to triumph; but its advent to power is accompanied by great difficulties and perils. I must save the party and save the Government in its hands. To do this, war must be averted; the negro question must be dropped; the "irrepressible" conflict ignored; and a Union party to embrace the border slave-States inaugurated. I have already whipped Mason and Hunter in their own State. I must crush out Davis, Toombs, and their colleagues in sedition in their respective States. Saving the border States to the Union by moderation and justice, the people of the cotton-States, unwillingly led into secession, will rebel against their leaders and reconstruction will follow.

The commissioners therefore deemed it their duty to support Mr. Seward's policy. "Until we reach the point of pacific negotiations, it is unimportant what may be his subsequent hopes and plans. It is well that he should indulge in dreams which we know are not to be realized." They of course make no mention of the arguments, agencies, and influences which we may infer they employed in their deceitful intent to foster these dreams; unless, indeed, they were instrumental in provoking the Senate debate of March 6th and 7th, in which Clingman attacked the inaugural as an announcement of war, while Douglas defended it as a manifesto of peace, "for the purpose," as Mr. Forsyth wrote that Douglas told him, "of fixing that construction on it and of tomahawking it afterwards if it [the Administration] departed from it."†

Acting upon this assumed anxiety of Seward for delay and for peace, the commissioners now agreed upon what they elaborately described in a long dispatch to Montgomery as a most ingenious plan. They would force the Administration to accept or reject their mission, and thereby confront the immediate issue of peace or war, unless Seward would consent to maintain the present military status. Having reached this conclusion, they laboriously drew up a memorandum which they purposed to ask Seward to sign, and sent it to the State Department by an "agent," but Mr. Seward was at home ill, and could not be seen.

Their long dispatches home, and their mysterious allusions to conversations, to agents, and intermediaries, convey the impression that they were "in relation" with the Secretary of State; but whether they were duped by others, or whether they were themselves duping the Montgomery cabinet, indisputable indications in these documents contradict their assertions. At last, however, their vigilance was rewarded with what they considered an item of important news, and they hurried off several telegrams to Montgomery: "Things look better here than was believed."‡ "The impression prevails in Administration circles that Fort Sumter will be evacuated within ten days."‡ This was on Saturday night, March 9th, and so far from being exclusive or advance information, it was substantially printed in next morning's newspapers.§ After four days' consideration by the Lincoln government, and extended discussion in a Cabinet meeting, the loss of Sumter seemed unavoidable; and the rumor was purposely given out to prepare the public mind, if the need should finally come for the great sacrifice.

The Jefferson Davis cabinet at Montgomery clutched at the report with avidity. Under this hope they were no longer satisfied with the "existing peaceful status" specified in their instructions of February 27th, and repeated in the prepared memorandum of the commissioners. "Can't bind our hands a day without evacuation of Sumter and Pickens," replied Toombs imperatively by telegraph on Monday, March 11th.‖ Until Sumter should be evacuated it was idle to talk of peaceful negotiation, he added in his written dispatch to the commissioners, while they were further instructed to "pertinaciously demand" the withdrawal of the troops and vessels from Pickens and Pensacola.¶

Thus spurred into activity, the commissioners now deemed it incumbent on them to make an effort. The whole tenor of their previous dispatches was calculated to convey the impression that they were twisting the Secretary of State at pleasure between their diplomatic thumb and finger. On Monday, March 11th, they sent him their first message — not the demand of Toombs that day received by tel-

* L. Q. Washington to Walker. War Records.

† Forsyth to Toombs, March 8, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Commissioners to Toombs, March 9, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ "New York Herald," March 10, 1861.

‖ Toombs to commissioners, March 11, 1861. Unpublished MS.

¶ Toombs to commissioners, March 14, 1861. Unpublished MS.

egraph, not even the mild suggestion of their original instructions to maintain the status and appeal to Congress, but a meek inquiry whether they would be allowed to make a sort of back-door visit to the State Department. To describe it in their own words: "We availed ourselves of the kind consent of Senator Hunter of Virginia to see Mr. Seward, and learn if he would consent to an informal interview with us."* Mr. Seward of course received Senator Hunter politely, for he still professed to be a loyal senator representing a loyal State, and gave him the stereotyped diplomatic reply, that "he would be obliged to consult the President." The next morning Seward sent Hunter a note of irreproachable courtesy but of freezing conclusiveness. "It will not be in my power," he wrote, "to receive the gentlemen of whom we conversed yesterday. You will please explain to them that this decision proceeds solely on public grounds and not from any want of personal respect."†

This was a cold bath to the commissioners, and the theories of their own finesse, and of the torturing perplexities into which Seward had been thrown, became untenable.

> To-day at 11 o'clock [so runs their own report] Mr. Hunter brought us the promised reply, a copy of which is appended to this dispatch. It is polite; but it was considered by us at once as decisive of our course. We deemed it not compatible with the dignity of our Government to make a second effort, and took for granted that having failed in obtaining an unofficial interview with the Secretary of State, we should equally fail with the President. Our only remaining course was plain, and we followed it at once in the preparation of a formal note to the State Department informing the United States Government of our official presence here, the objects of our mission, and asking an early day to be appointed for an official interview.

They then repeat the gossip of the day — what Mr. Lincoln was said to have told a gentleman from Louisiana, that "there would be no war and that he was determined to keep the peace"; also what Crittenden told Crawford, "that General Scott was also for peace and would sustain Mr. Seward's policy." Finally, showing in what complete ignorance they were of events happening about them, they ask with bewildered curiosity, "Can it be that while they refuse to negotiate with us to keep the Republican party in heart, they mean to abandon both forts on military grounds and thus avoid the occasion of a collision, or do they mean to refer the questions raised by our note to the Senate? Time only can determine, and we await the result. We are still of the opinion that Fort Sumter will be evacuated. The opinion gains ground here that Lieutenant Slemmer and garrison will also be withdrawn from Fort Pickens."*

Toombs was ready to sue or bluster as occasion demanded.

> You have shown to the Government of the United States [he wrote back to the commissioners] with commendable promptness and becoming dignity that you were not supplicants for its grace and favor, and willing to loiter in the antechambers of officials to patiently await their answer to your petition; but that you are the envoys of a powerful confederacy of sovereignties, instructed to present and demand their rights.

Nevertheless, instead of recalling these neglected envoys, he instructs them to "communicate freely and often," and to employ a secretary to assist them, "at such monthly compensation as you may deem reasonable."‡

The hint to remain was hardly necessary. The commissioners apparently had no idea of abandoning their intrigues, unpromising as they were.

Their secretary, John T. Pickett, now besieged the State Department for an answer to the commissioners' formal note. Seward replied (March 15th) in a lengthy and courteous but dignified memorandum that he did not perceive in the "Confederate States" a rightful and accomplished revolution or an independent nation; that he could not act on the assumption or in any way admit that they constituted a foreign power with which diplomatic relations ought to be established; that he had no authority, nor was he at liberty, to recognize the commissioners as diplomatic agents, or hold correspondence or other communication with them.§

This paper, if delivered, would have terminated the labors and functions of the commissioners. But they were in no hurry to return empty-handed to Montgomery, and still fondly nursed the theory so elaborately described in their long dispatches. One of them repeated it with emphasis in a private letter to a member of the Montgomery cabinet:

> We are feeling our way here cautiously. We are playing a game in which time is our best advocate, and if our Government could afford the time I feel confident of winning. There is a terrific fight in the Cabinet. Our policy is to encourage the peace element in the fight, and at least blow up the Cabinet on the question.‖

This dispatch is a frank confession that the rebel embassy was so far a complete failure,

* Commissioners to Toombs, March 12, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Seward to Hunter, March 12, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Toombs to commissioners, March 20, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Seward, memorandum. "Rebellion Record."

‖ Forsyth to Walker, March 14, 1861. Unpublished MS.

and that its future opportunity lay solely in the barren regions of hotel gossip and newspaper rumors. The commissioners would have merited no further historical mention had they not unexpectedly secured a most important ally — John A. Campbell, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, appointed from Alabama, and therefore in the confidence and, as it soon turned out, in the secret interest of the South and the rebellion. Justice Campbell now made himself the voluntary intermediary between the commissioners and the Secretary of State. Owing to his station and his professions, Seward gave him undue intimacy and confidence, enabling Campbell, under guise of promoting peace, to give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, in violation of his oath and duty. The details of the intrigue rest entirely upon rebel statements, and mainly upon those of Campbell himself, who gave both a confidential and a semi-official version to Jefferson Davis; the latter Davis transmitted in a special message to the Confederate Congress to "fire the Southern heart." Campbell having thus made his share of the transaction official, and having for a quarter of a century stood before the public accusing Seward and the Lincoln administration of "equivocating conduct" and "systematic duplicity," history must adjudge the question as well as it may with the help of his own testimony.

It has already been stated that Seward's official refusal to receive the commissioners was being prepared at the State Department. The Assistant Secretary had promised to send it to the commissioners' hotel. The commissioners thus relate the beginning of Campbell's intrigue:

> The interview between Colonel Pickett and the Assistant Secretary of State occurred on Friday morning the 14th* inst. Immediately thereafter, and within a brief space of time after Colonel Pickett's statement to us, the Hon. John A. Campbell, of the Supreme Court of the United States, sought an interview with Mr. Crawford of thiscommission, and after stating what he knew to be the wish and desire of Mr. Seward to preserve the peace between the two Governments, asked if there could be no further delay for an answer to our note to the Government, stating at the same time that he had no doubt if it were pressed that a most positive though polite rejection would be the result.†

Commissioner Crawford's official reply to this overture is best described by Toombs's formula that he should "pertinaciously demand" the evacuation of Sumter and maintenance of the "status" elsewhere; the alternative and confidential reply we can only conjecture. But it may well be presumed that Campbell fully revealed to Crawford his sympathy with the rebellion and his purpose to aid it, and that he was in return thoroughly instructed in the game, which was "to encourage the peace element in the fight, and at least blow up the Cabinet on the question."

Thus instructed and prepared, Justice Campbell on the same day (March 14th or 15th) made a voluntary call on Mr. Seward, and in the general conversation which he induced evidently played his part of the game of peace and reconciliation with consummate ability. He probably painted the "dreams which we know are not to be realized" in such rosy colors as to call forth from Seward the hopeful observation "that a civil war might be prevented by the success of my [Campbell's] mediation."‡ The impression upon Seward that Campbell was laboring honestly for the preservation of the Union was also strengthened by his having brought Justice Nelson with him, to whom the slightest suspicion of disloyalty has never attached. It seems clear that these professions of patriotic zeal threw Mr. Seward off his guard as to Campbell's motives, and that he accepted his intervention as a Union peacemaker, not as a rebel emissary.

Seward replied confidentially, "that it was impossible to receive the commissioners in any diplomatic capacity or character, or even to see them personally." Campbell adds that he said "it was not desirable to deny them or to answer them."§ As part of a general policy of delay and avoidance of conflict he may have said and meant it: as an immediate and urgent diplomatic step he certainly did not mean it, because his Assistant Secretary had already promised to send the answer to the commissioners' hotel, when for mere temporary delay dozens of expedients might have been used. Continuing his conversation and unguardedly enlarging his confidence, Seward, in answer to Campbell's direct inquiry, ventured the opinion that Sumter would be evacuated and collision avoided at Charleston. The idea was not new; the rumor had been openly and half-officially printed in the newspapers nearly a whole week; the commissioners had telegraphed it to Montgomery. Campbell, however, caught eagerly at the suggestion, and proposed to write the peaceful news to Jefferson Davis; and Seward, with a momentary excess of enthusiasm, authorized him (so Campbell relates) to write: "Before this letter

* The almanac shows that Friday was the 15th. There is, therefore, an error either in the day of the week or day of the month.

‡ Campbell to Seward. "Rebellion Record."

† Commissioners to Toombs, March 22, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Campbell to Jefferson Davis, April 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

nreaches you Sumter will be evacuated, or the orders will have issued for that purpose — and no change is contemplated at present in respect to Pickens."* Campbell rushed off in a fever of delight to tell the commissioners, and magnified the confidence to the proportions of a pledge. The incident began to grow more rapidly than the story of the three black crows. The commissioners, on their part, hurried a telegram to Montgomery:

> By pressing we can get an answer to our official note to-morrow. If we do, we believe it will be adverse to recognition and peace. We are sure that within five days Sumter will be evacuated. We are sure that no steps will be taken to change the military status. With a few days' delay a favorable answer may be had. Our personal interests command us to press. Duty to our country commands us to wait. What shall we do ?†

To all of which Toombs answered laconically, "Wait a reasonable time and then ask for instructions."

It is needless to point out the absurd variance of this announcement with Seward's alleged statement, which was simply an opinion that orders would be issued to evacuate Sumter within five days. He undoubtedly believed every word of this at the moment. Seward was then, as he declared to Lincoln in writing, in favor of evacuation;‡ and Scott's written draft of an order to that effect, under date of the 11th, was in the President's hands. The President had as yet announced no decision. On the 15th, for the first time, the Cabinet voted — five to evacuate, two to attempt to supply. Seward still had every reason to suppose that the necessity, the Cabinet majority, General Scott's influence, and Lincoln's desire to avoid war would, acting together, verify his prediction. Presuming that he was talking to a friend and not an enemy, to a judge and not an advocate, to a Unionist and not a rebel, he undoubtedly and properly thought his words were received as a prediction, and not as a pledge.

The five days elapsed, but Lincoln sent no order to Anderson, and announced no decision to the Cabinet. He was still patiently seeking, and had not found his way out of the dilemma. He had not yet beheld "the salvation of the Lord." He was neither optimist nor pessimist. He wished to decide, not upon impulse or even necessity, but upon judgment and advantage. He was neither stubbornly headstrong nor cravenly submissive. If, like the farmer in his favorite illustration, he could not plow through the log, perhaps he might plow around it. He was meditating on the visit of Fox to Sumter, of Lamon and Hurlbut to Charleston; he was deliberating about a diversion upon the Virginia convention; above all, he was waiting to hear from his order to reënforce Pickens, dispatched on the 12th of March. His Cabinet ministers did not yet understand him. Seward on the one hand, and Blair on the other, unused to men of his fiber, began to fear this was vacillation, indecision, executive incompetence. The atmosphere of Washington had hitherto largely produced two classes of men — those who bluster and domineer, those who protest and yield. Lincoln belonged to neither class; and his persistent non-committal, his silent hopefulness, his patient and well-considered inaction, baffled their prophecy. Such tenacity of purpose, combined with such reticence of declaration, was an anomaly in recent Federal administration.

The hopes of the rebels, so unexpectedly inflated, began once more to collapse. Governor Pickens sent inquiries to the commissioners. Toombs telegraphed them, "We can't hear from you."§ Campbell was summoned and dispatched post-haste to the State Department. He had interviews on March 21st and 22d. But in reality Seward was no wiser than he had been in the previous interviews, and could only repeat his beliefs and his predictions, and declare, in his philosophic vein, that "governments could not move with bank accuracy."‖

For a third time the conspirators grew impatient, and again Campbell, on Saturday, March 30th, and Monday, April 1st, went to the State Department as the messenger of rebellion.¶ By this time Seward had real information. A second Cabinet vote had been taken, on March 29th, in which the majority was reversed. The President had ordered the preparation of the Sumter expedition; and Seward himself, though still advising the abandonment of Sumter, was personally preparing an expedition to reënforce Fort Pickens.

Seward at this point must have realized how injudicious he had been to give Campbell any confidence whatever, since to preserve secrecy for his own project he must abruptly break off the intimacy. Perhaps he had by this time divined that he was dealing with a public enemy. At all events, whatever may have been his reasons, he took occasion to correct any misunderstanding which might previously have sprung up by giving Campbell a written mem-

* Campbell to Jefferson Davis, April 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Commissioners to Toombs, March 15, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Seward to Lincoln, March 15, 1861. Opinion on Sumter.

§ Toombs to commissioners, March 20, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‖ Commissioners to Toombs, March 22, 1861. Unpublished MS.

¶ Campbell to Seward. "Rebellion Record."

orandum (April 1st), as follows: "The President may desire to supply Sumter, but will not do so without giving notice to Governor Pickens"; adding verbally (Campbell says) that he still did not believe the attempt would be made, and that there was no design to reënforce Sumter. Campbell acknowledges that he took notice of this very important correction and definition. "There was a departure here from the pledges of the previous month," he writes; "but with the verbal explanation I did not consider it a matter then to complain of."*

The commissioners and their game here drop into the background, and Mr. Justice Campbell takes up the rôle of leading conspirator. History will ask, Of what had this high minister of the law any right to complain? Two days afterward we find him making a confidential report to the insurrectionary chief at Montgomery, as follows:

I do not doubt that Sumter will be evacuated shortly, without any effort to supply it; but in respect to Pickens I do not think there is any settled plan, and it will not be abandoned spontaneously, and under any generous policy, though perhaps they may be quite willing to let it be beleaguered and reduced to extremities. I can only infer as to this. All that I have is a promise that the status will not be attempted to be changed prejudicially to the Confederate States without notice to me. It is known that I make these assurances on *my own responsibility*. I have no right to mention any name or to pledge any person. I am the only responsible person to you, I consenting to accept such assurances as are made to me and to say, "I have confidence that this will or will not be done." I have no expectation that there will be bad faith in the dealings with me.

Now I do not see that I can do more. I have felt them in a variety of forms as to the practicability of some armistice or truce that should be durable and would relieve the anxiety of the country. But at present there can be no compact, treaty, recognition of any kind. There will be no objection to giving the commissioners their answer; but if the answer is not called for it will not be sent, and it is intimated that it would be more agreeable to withhold it. So far as I can judge, the present desire is to let things remain as they are, without action of any kind. There is a strong indisposition for the call of Congress, and it will not be done except under necessity. The radicals of the Senate went off in anger, and Trumbull's coercion resolution was offered after a contumelious interview with the President. My own notion is that the inactive policy is as favorable to you as any that this Administration could adopt for you, and that I would not interrupt it.

Here the learned judge might have stopped, and perhaps would have left posterity to question his method rather than his motives. But inexorable History demanded her tribute of truth: under her master-spell he went on, and in the concluding paragraph of the letter his own hand recorded a confession little to have been expected from an officer whose duty it was to expound and to administer the law of treason as written in the Constitution of the United States and the acts of Congress.

The great want [he continued] of the Confederate States is peace. I shall remain here some ten or fifteen days. My own future course is in some manner depending upon circumstances and the opinions of friends. At present I have access to the Administration I could not have except under my present relations to the Government, and I do not know who could have the same freedom. I have therefore deferred any settlement on the subject until the chance of being of service at this critical period has terminated. This letter is strictly confidential and private. †

There is no need of comment on this "aid and comfort" to the enemies of his Government by a member of the highest court of the United States. It only remains to note the acknowledgment and estimate of it by Jefferson Davis, replying from Montgomery under date of April 6th:

Accept my thanks for your kind and valuable services to the cause of the Confederacy and of peace between those who, though separated, have many reasons to feel towards each other more than the friendships common among nations. Our policy is, as you say, peace. . . . In any event I will gratefully remember your zealous labor in a sacred cause, and hope your fellow-citizens may at some time give you acceptable recognition of your service, and appreciate the heroism with which you have encountered a hazard from which most men would have shrunk. ‡

While this direct correspondence between Davis and Campbell was being carried on, the commissioners, to whom Mr. A. B. Roman had been sent as a reënforcement, were, partly as a matter of form, partly for ulterior purposes, kept in Washington by the Montgomery cabinet to "loiter in the ante-chambers of officials." The occupation seems to have grown irksome to them; for, nowise deceived or even encouraged by Campbell's pretended "pledges," they asked, under date of March 26th, "whether we shall dally longer with a Government hesitating and doubting as to its own course, or shall we demand our answer at once?" § On April 2d, Toombs gave them Jefferson Davis's views at length. He thought the policy of Mr. Seward would prevail. He cared nothing for Seward's motives or calculations. So long as the United States neither declare war nor establish peace, "it affords the Confederate States the advantages of both conditions, and enables them to make all the necessary arrangements for the public defense, and the solidifying of their Government, more safely, cheaply, and expeditiously than they could were the attitude of the United States more definite and decided." ‖ The commis-

* Campbell to Seward. "Rebellion Record."

† Campbell to Jefferson Davis, April 3, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Jefferson Davis to Campbell, April 6, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Commissioners to Toombs, March 26, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‖ Toombs to commissioners, April 2, 1861. Unpublished MS.

A. B. ROMAN, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

sioners were therefore to make no demand for their answer, but maintain their present position. In view of this confident boast of the chief of the rebellion of "the advantages of both conditions," his subsequent accusation of bad faith on the part of the Lincoln administration is culminating proof of the insincerity and tortuous methods of the rebel game.

VIRGINIA.

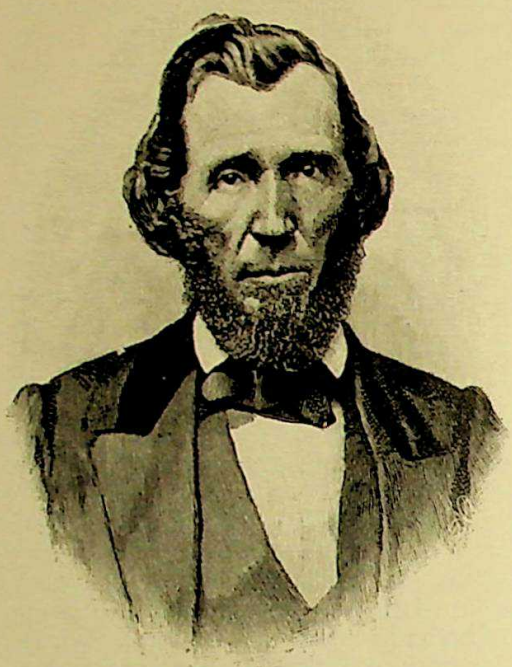
Civil war, though possible, did not at the moment seem imminent or necessary: Lincoln had declared in his inaugural that he would not begin it; Jefferson Davis had written in his instructions to the commissioners that he did not desire it. This threw the immediate contest back upon the secondary question — the control and adhesion of the border slave-States; and of these Virginia was the chief subject of solicitude. The condition of Virginia had become anomalous; it was little understood by the North, and still less by her own citizens. She retained all the ideal sentiment growing out of her early devotion to and sacrifices for the Union; but it was warped by her coarser and stronger material interest in slavery. She still deemed she was the mother of presidents; whereas she had degenerated into being, like other border States, the mother of slave-breeders and of an annual crop of black-skinned human chattels to be sold to the cotton, rice, and sugar planters of her neighboring commonwealths. She thought herself the leader of the South; whereas she was only a dependent of the Gulf States. She yet believed herself the teacher of original statesmanship; whereas she had become the unreasoning follower of Calhoun's disciples — the Ruffins, the Rhetts, and the Yanceys of the ultra South.

The political demoralization of Virginia was completed by the John Brown raid. From that time she dragged her anchors of state; her faith in both constitution and liberty was gone. The true lesson of that affair was indeed the very reverse. The overwhelming popular sentiment of the North denounced the outrage; the national arms defended Virginia and suppressed the invasion; the State vindicated her local authority by hanging the captured offenders. Thus public opinion, Federal power, and State right united in a precedent amounting of itself to an absolute guaranty, but which might have been easily crystallized into statute or even constitutional law. Sagacious statesmanship would have plucked this flower of safety. On the contrary, her blind partisanship spurned the opportunity, distrusted government, and sought refuge in force. Her then governor confesses that from that period

> we began to prepare for the worst. We looked carefully to the State armory; and whilst we had the selection of the State quota of arms we were particular to take field ordnance instead of altered muskets; and when we left the gubernatorial chair, there were in the State armory at Richmond 85,000 stand of infantry arms and 130 field-pieces of artillery, besides $30,000 worth of new revolving arms purchased from Colt. Our decided opinion was that a preparation of the Southern States in full panoply of arms, and prompt action, would have prevented civil war.*

* Wise, "Seven Decades."

JOHN FORSYTH, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)



MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Many strong external signs indicated the persistent adherence of Virginia to the Union. Her legislature refused the proposition of South Carolina for a conference of the Southern States, made in the winter of 1859–60. In the presidential election her citizens voted overwhelmingly for Bell and Everett and their platform of "The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." Notwithstanding these manifestations of allegiance, public sentiment took on a tone and a determination which, paradoxical as it may seem, was rebellion in guise of loyalty. It is perhaps best illustrated by the declaration of ex-Governor Wise that he meant to fight in the Union,* not out of it. To the nation at large the phrase had a pretty and patriotic sound; but when explained to be a determination to fight the Federal Government "in the Union," it becomes as rank treason as secession itself.

However counterfeit logic or mental reservations concealed it, the underlying feeling was to fight, no matter whom, and little matter how, for the protection of slavery and slave property. In this spirit Virginia continued her military preparations. To this end half a million dollars were voted in the winter of 1859–60, and a million more in that of 1860–61. Commissioners were appointed to purchase arms; companies were raised, officers appointed, regiments organized, camps of instruction formed. It was one of these that Floyd sent Hardee to inspect and drill in November, 1860. Before the end of January, this appeal to military strength by Virginia was duly paraded in the United States Senate as a menace, to extort a compromise and constitutional guarantees for slavery. Nor did the threat seem an empty one. The State professed to have an actual army of 62 troops of cavalry, numbering 2547 men; 14 companies of artillery, numbering 820 men; and 149 companies of infantry, numbering 7180 men. All these were uniformed and armed; while 6000 men additional were formed into companies, ready to have arms put into their hands.†

Governor Letcher, the successor of Wise, had begun his administration with the announced belief that disunion was "not only a possible but a highly probable event."‡ The defeat of his favorite, Douglas, and the success of Lincoln, served therefore as a pretended justification of his fears, if not an actual stimulant of his hopes. The presidential election was scarcely over when he called an extra session of the legislature, to "take into consideration the condition of public affairs" consequent on the excitement produced by "the election of sectional candidates for President and Vice-President."|| That body met January 7, 1861; the doctrine of non-coercion, South Carolina secession, and the Fort Sumter affair had become every-day topics, and the South generally was in a seething ferment. On Federal affairs Governor Letcher's message was a medley of heterogeneous and contradictory arguments and recommendations. He declared a disruption of the Union inevitable. He desired a national convention. He thought that four republics might be formed. He scolded South Carolina for her precipitate action. He joined a correct and a false quotation of Lincoln's sentiments. He opposed a State convention. He recommended sending commissioners to other slave-States. He proposed terms to the North, and thought they

* "As to parting from the Union in my affections, I shall never do that. As to leaving its flag, whenever I leave this confederacy, this north star confederacy, which makes the needle tremble northward, sir, I shall carry the old flag of the Union out with me; and if ever I have to fight,— so help me, God! — I will fight with the star-spangled banner still in one hand and my musket in the other. I will never take any Southern cross or any palmetto for my flag. I will never admit that a Yankee can drive me from the Union and take from me our capital. I will take from him forts; I will take from him flags; I will take from him our capital; I will take from him, if I can, my whole country, and save the whole. Will that satisfy the gentleman as to fighting in the Union?" [Speech of H. A. Wise in the Virginia Convention, April 10, 1861. "Richmond Enquirer."]

† Report Adj.-General of Virginia, Feb. 27, 1861.

‡ Inaugural message, Jan. 7, 1860.

|| Governor Letcher, proclamation, Nov. 15, 1860.

would be "freely, cheerfully, and promptly assented to." He said, "Let the New England States and western New York be sloughed off." He wanted railroads to Kansas and direct trade to Europe. And finally he summed up: "Events crowd upon each other with astonishing rapidity. The scenes of to-day are dissolved by the developments of to-morrow. The opinions now entertained may be totally revolutionized by unforeseen and unanticipated occurrences that an hour or a day may bring forth." The simple truth was, that in Governor Letcher's hands the "Old Dominion" was adrift towards rebellion without rudder or compass.

His quarrel with South Carolina turned upon an important point. The irascible Palmetto State was offended that Virginia had a year before rejected her proposal for a Southern conference. In retaliation she now intimated that she would help to destroy Virginia's slave-market. "The introduction of slaves from other States," said her governor, "which may not become members of the Southern Confederacy, and particularly the border States, should be prohibited by legislative enactment, and by this means they will be brought to see that their safety depends upon a withdrawal from their enemies, and a union with their friends and natural allies." * Mississippi made a similar threat. "As it is more than probable," said her executive, "that many of the citizens of the border States may seek a market for their slaves in the cotton-States, I recommend the passage of an act prohibiting the introduction of slaves into this State unless their owners come with them and become citizens, and prohibiting the introduction of slaves for sale by all persons whomsoever." Governor Letcher grew very indignant over these declarations. "These references to the border States," said he, "are pregnant with meaning, and no one can be at a loss to understand what that meaning is. While disavowing any unkind feeling towards South Carolina and Mississippi, I must still say that I will resist the coercion of Virginia into the adoption of a line of policy whenever the attempt is made by Northern or Southern States." †

Incensed against the North and distrustful of the South, the governor pushed forward his military preparations. Especially did he cast a longing eye at Fort Monroe. "As far back as January 8th" (1861), says he, "I consulted with a gentleman whose position enabled him to know the strength of that fortress, and whose experience in military matters enabled him to form an opinion as to the number of men that would be required to capture it. He represented it to be one of the strongest fortifications in the world, and expressed his doubts whether it could be taken unless assailed by water as well as by land, and simultaneously." ‡ Since Governor Letcher had neither a fleet nor a properly equipped army, he did not follow up this design. The discussion of the project, however, illustrates the condition of his allegiance to the flag of his country and the constitution he was then under oath to uphold.

Like the governor, the legislature at once put itself in an attitude of quasi-rebellion by resolving, on the second day of the session, that it would resist any attempt of the Federal Government to coerce a seceding State. It soon passed an act to assemble a convention; and by a large appropriation for defense, already mentioned, by issuing treasury notes,

JOHN LETCHER, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. A. TURNER.)

by amending the militia laws, and by authorizing counties to borrow money to purchase arms, and especially by its debates, further fostered and stimulated the prevailing secession undertow during the whole of its extra session, from January 7th to April 4th.

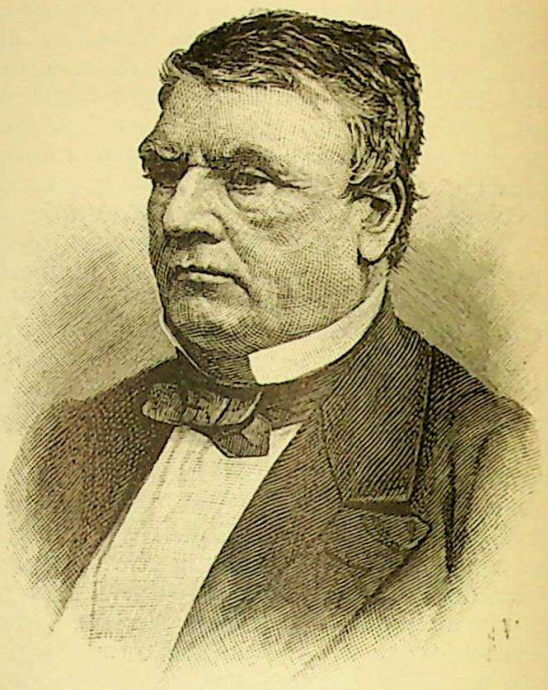
The election for a convention was held February 4th, and provoked a stirring contest. Its result was apparently for union; the Union members claimed a majority of three to one. This was, however, evidently an exaggerated estimate. The precise result could not be well defined. Politics had become a Babel. Discussion was a mere confusion of tongues.

* Governor Gist, message.
† Governor Letcher, message, Jan. 7, 1861.
‡ Governor Letcher, message, Dec. 2, 1861.

Party organization was swallowed up in intrigue; and conspiracy, not constitutional majorities, became the basis and impulse of legislation.

The Virginia convention met February 13th, and its proceedings reflect a maze of loose declamation and purposeless resolves. It had no fixed mind, and could, therefore, form no permanent conclusion. The prevailing idea of the majority seemed to be expressed in a single phrase of one of its members, that "he would neither be driven by the North nor dragged by the cotton-States." It was virtually a mere committee of observation, waiting the turn of political winds and tides. It gave, however, two encouraging though negative signs of promise; the first, that it had undoubtedly been chosen by a majority of voters really attached to the Union and desiring to remain in it; the second, that during a session of well-nigh a month it had not as yet passed an ordinance of secession, which had so far been a quick result in other State conventions.

As said at the beginning of this chapter, the course of the border States, and especially of Virginia, was on all hands the subject of chief solicitude. Her coöperation was absolutely essential to the secession government at Montgomery. This point, though not proclaimed was understood by Jefferson Davis, and to powerful intrigues from that quarter many otherwise unaccountable movements may doubtless be ascribed. Neither was her adherence to the Union undervalued by Lincoln. Seward was deeply impressed both with the necessity and the possibility of saving her from secession "as a brand from the burning." He relied (too confidently, as the event proved) on the significance of the late popular vote. He sent an agent to Richmond, who brought him hopeful news. He had already proposed to strengthen the hands of the Virginia Unionists by advising Lincoln to nominate George W. Summers to fill the existing vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court.* Under his prompting, no doubt, Lincoln now perhaps thought it possible to bring his personal influence to bear on the Virginia convention. He authorized Seward to invite Summers, or some equally influential and determined Union leader, to come to Washington. It is not likely that he had any great faith in such an effort; for the refusal or neglect of Scott, Gilmer, and Hunt to accept a cabinet appointment, offered each of them with more or less distinctness, had proved that Southern Unionism of this type was mere lip-service and not a living principle. It so turned



JOHN MINOR BOTTS.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

out in this instance. Summers, pleading important business in the convention, excused himself from coming. It would appear, however, that he and others selected one John B. Baldwin as a proper representative, who came to Washington and had an interview with the President on the morning of April 4, 1861. There is a direct conflict of evidence as to what occurred at this interview. The witnesses are Mr. Baldwin himself and Mr. John Minor Botts, both of whom gave their testimony under oath before the Reconstruction Committee of Congress in 1866, after the close of the war.

Mr. Botts testifies that on the 7th of April he called upon the President, who related to him, in confidence, that a week or ten days previously he had written to Summers to come to Washington, and he, instead of obeying the summons, had, after that long delay, sent Baldwin. On Baldwin's arrival (on the 5th of April, as Botts relates the story) Lincoln took him into a private room in the Executive Mansion, and said to him in substance:

> Mr. Baldwin, why did you not come here sooner? I have been waiting and expecting some of you gentlemen of that convention to come to me for more than a week past. I had a most important proposition to make to you. But I am afraid you have come too late. However, I will make the proposition now. We have in Fort Sumter, with Major Anderson, about eighty men. Their provisions are nearly exhausted. I have not only written to Governor Pickens, but I have sent a special messenger† to him to say that I will not permit these

* Seward to Lincoln, March 9, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† This messenger was not sent until the evening of April 6th.

people to starve; that I shall send them provisions. If he fires on that vessel, he will fire upon an unarmed vessel loaded with bread. But I shall at the same time send a fleet along with her, with instructions not to enter the harbor of Charleston unless that vessel is fired into; and if she is, then the fleet is to enter the harbor and protect her. Now, Mr. Baldwin, that fleet is now lying in the harbor of New York, and will be ready to sail this afternoon at 5 o'clock; and although I fear it is almost too late, yet I will submit the proposition which I intended when I sent for Mr. Summers. Your convention in Richmond has been sitting now nearly two months, and all that they have done has been to shake the rod over my head. You have recently taken a vote in the Virginia convention on the right of secession, which was rejected by ninety to forty-five, a majority of two-thirds, showing the strength of the Union party in that convention. If you will go back to Richmond, and get that Union majority to adjourn and go home without passing the ordinance of secession, so anxious am I for the preservation of the peace of this country, and to save Virginia and the other border States from going out, that I will take the responsibility of evacuating Fort Sumter, and take the chance of negotiating with the cotton-States.

Mr. Botts here asked how Baldwin received that proposition.

Sir [replied Lincoln, with a gesture of impatience], he would not listen to it for a moment; he hardly treated me with civility. He asked me what I meant by an adjournment; did I mean an adjournment *sine die?* Why, of course, Mr. Baldwin, said I. I mean an adjournment *sine die*. I do not mean to assume such a responsibility as that of surrendering that fort to the people of Charleston upon your adjournment, and then for you to return in a week or ten days and pass your ordinance of secession.

Mr. Botts then relates that he asked permission of the President to go himself and submit that proposition to the Union members of the convention, but that Lincoln replied it was too late, the fleet had sailed. Further, that Baldwin returned to Richmond without even disclosing the President's offer; and that he eventually became an active secessionist, and held a commission in the rebel army.*

On the material point Baldwin's testimony is directly to the contrary. He states that Seward's messenger reached Richmond April 3d; that at the request of Summers he immediately returned with him to Washington and called on the President on the morning of April 4th; that Lincoln took him into a private room and said, in substance: "I am afraid you have come too late; I wish you could have been here three or four days ago. Why do you not adjourn the Virginia convention?" "Adjourn it how?" asked Baldwin. "Do you mean *sine die?*" "Yes," said Lincoln; "*sine die*. Why do you not adjourn it? It is a standing menace to me which embarrasses me very much."

Baldwin then relates how he made a grandiloquent speech to the President about the balance of power, the safeguards of the Constitution, and the self-respect of the convention; that the Union members had a clear majority of nearly three to one; they were controlling it for conservative results, and desired to have their hands upheld by a conciliatory policy; that if he had the control of the President's thumb and finger for five minutes he could settle the whole question. He would issue a proclamation, call a national convention, and withdraw the forces from Sumter and Pickens. But Mr. Baldwin declares and reiterates that he received from Mr. Lincoln "no pledge, no undertaking, no offer, no promise of any sort." "I am as clear in my recollections," he says, "as it is possible to be under the circumstances, that he made no such suggestion as I understood it, and said nothing from which I could infer it." †‡

A careful analysis and comparison with established data show many discrepancies and errors in the testimony of both these witnesses. Making due allowances for the ordinary defects of memory, and especially for the strong personal and political bias and prejudice under which they both received their impressions, the substantial truth probably lies midway between their extreme contradictory statements. The actual occurrence may therefore be summed up about as follows:

Mr. Seward had an abiding faith in the Unionism and latent loyalty of Virginia and the border States. He wished by conciliation to re-awaken and build it up; and thereby not merely retain these States, but make them the instruments, and this feeling the agency, to undermine rebellion and finally reclaim the cotton-States. Lincoln did not fully share this optimism; nevertheless he desired to avoid actual conflict, and was willing to make any experimental concession which would not involve the actual loss or abandonment of military or political advantage. The acts of the previous Administration had placed Fort Sumter in a peril from which, so the military authorities declared, he could not extricate it. His Cabinet advised its evacuation. Public opinion would justify him in sacrificing the fort to save the garrison. He had ordered Fort Pickens reënforced; he was daily awaiting news of the execution of his announced policy to "hold, occupy, and possess" the Government posts. Pickens once triumphantly secured, the

* Testimony of John Minor Botts. Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, 1st sess. 39th Cong.

† Testimony of John B. Baldwin. Report of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, 1st sess. 39th Cong.

‡ The article "A Piece of Secret History," in the "Atlantic Monthly" for April, 1875, contains only the substance of Baldwin's testimony before the Reconstruction Committee.

loss of Sumter could be borne. But might not the loss of Sumter be compensated? Might he not utilize that severe necessity, and make it the lever to procure the adjournment of the Virginia convention, which, to use his own figure, was daily shaking the rod over his head? This we may assume was his reasoning and purpose when about March 20th, either directly or through Seward, he invited Summers, the acknowledged leader of the Union members of the convention, to Washington.

Summers, however, hesitated, delayed, and finally refused to come. His plea of business was evidently a pretext, not a valid excuse. Meanwhile things had changed. The anxiously-looked-for news of the reënforcement of Fort Pickens did not arrive. The Cabinet once more voted, and changed its advice. The President ordered the preparation of the Sumter expedition. A second expedition to Fort Pickens had been begun. Another perplexing complication, to be hereafter mentioned, had occurred. At this juncture Baldwin made his appearance, but clearly he had come too late. By this time (April 4, 1861) his presence was an embarrassment, and not a relief. Fully to inform him of the situation was hazardous, impossible; to send him back without explanation was impolite and would give alarm at Richmond. Lincoln therefore opened conversation with him, manifesting sufficient personal trust to explain what he intended to have told Summers. This called forth Baldwin's dogmatic and dictatorial rejoinder, from which Lincoln discovered two things: first, that Baldwin was only an embryo secessionist; and, second, that the Virginia convention was little else than a warming-pan for the rebellion. Hence the abrupt termination of the interview, and the unexplained silence at Richmond.

PREMIER OR PRESIDENT?

At noon on the 29th of March the Cabinet assembled and once more took up the all-absorbing question of Sumter. All the elements of the problem were now before them—Anderson's condition and the prospects of relief as newly reported by Fox; the state of public opinion in Charleston as described by Hurlbut; the Attorney-General's presentation of the legal aspects of an attempt at collecting the customs on shipboard; the Secretary of the Treasury's statement of the condition and resources of the revenue service; the report of the Secretary of the Navy as to what ships of war he could supply to blockade the port of Charleston; and, finally, the unexpected attitude of General Scott in advising the evacuation of Fort Pickens. All these features called out so much and such varied discussion, that at length the Attorney-General, taking up a pen, rapidly wrote on a slip of paper a short summing-up of his own conclusions. This he read aloud to the President, who thereupon asked the other members of the Cabinet to do the same.* They all complied, and we have therefore the exact record of the matured opinions of the Cabinet members then present. The importance of the occasion renders these memoranda of enduring interest. Placed in their order they read as follows:

By Mr. Seward:

First. The dispatch of an expedition to supply or reënforce Sumter would provoke an attack, and so involve a war at that point.

The fact of preparation for such an expedition would inevitably transpire and would therefore precipitate the war — and probably defeat the object. I do not think it wise to provoke a civil war beginning at Charleston and in rescue of an untenable position.

Therefore I advise against the expedition in every view.

Second. I would call in Captain M. C. Meigs forthwith. Aided by his counsel I would at once and at every cost prepare for a war at Pensacola and Texas, to be taken, however, only as a consequence of maintaining the possessions and authority of the United States.

Third. I would instruct Major Anderson to retire from Sumter forthwith. †

By Mr. Chase:

If war is to be the consequence of an attempt to provision Fort Sumter, war will just as certainly result from the attempt to maintain possession of Fort Pickens.

I am clearly in favor of maintaining Fort Pickens, and just as clearly in favor of provisioning Fort Sumter.

If that attempt be resisted by military force Fort Sumter should, in my judgment, be reënforced.

If war is to be the result, I perceive no reason why it may not be best begun in consequence of military resistance to the efforts of the Administration to sustain troops of the Union stationed, under the authority of the Government, in a fort of the Union, in the ordinary course of service. ‡

By Mr. Welles:

I concur in the proposition to send an armed force off Charleston, with supplies of provisions and reënforcements for the garrison at Fort Sumter, and of communicating at the proper time the intentions of the Government to provision the fort, peaceably if unmolested. There is little probability that this will be permitted, if the opposing forces can prevent it. An attempt to force in provisions without reënforcing the garrison at the same time might not be advisable; but armed resistance to a peaceable attempt to send provisions to one of our own forts will justify the Government in using all the power at its command to reënforce the garrison and furnish the necessary supplies.

Fort Pickens and other places retained should be strengthened by additional troops, and, if possible, made impregnable.

The naval force in the Gulf and on the Southern coast should be increased. Accounts are published that vessels having on board marketable products for the

* Bates, diary. Unpublished MS.
† Seward, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
‡ Chase, memorandum. Unpublished MS.

crews of the squadron at Pensacola are seized — the inhabitants we know are prohibited from furnishing the ships with provisions or water; and the time has arrived when it is the duty of the Government to assert and maintain its authority.*

By Mr. Smith:

Viewing the question whether Fort Sumter shall be evacuated as a political one, I remark that the effect of its evacuation upon the public mind will depend upon the concurrent and subsequent action of the Government. If it shall be understood that by its evacuation we intend to acknowledge our inability to enforce the laws, and our intention to allow treason and rebellion to run its course, the measure will be extremely disastrous and the Administration will become very unpopular. If, however, the country can be made to understand that the fort is abandoned from necessity, and at the same time Fort Pickens and other forts in our possession shall be defended, and the power of the Government vindicated, the measure will be popular and the country will sustain the Administration.

Believing that Fort Sumter cannot be defended, I regard its evacuation as a necessity, and I advise that Major Anderson's command shall be unconditionally withdrawn.

At the same time I would adopt the most vigorous measures for the defense of the other forts, and if we have the power I would blockade the Southern ports, and enforce the collection of the revenue with all the power of the Government. †

By Mr. Blair:

First. As regards General Scott, I have no confidence in his judgment on the questions of the day. His political views control his judgment, and his course as remarked on by the President shows that, whilst no one will question his patriotism, the results are the same as if he was in fact traitorous.

Second. It is acknowledged to be possible to relieve Fort Sumter. It ought to be relieved without reference to Pickens or any other possession. South Carolina is the head and front of this rebellion, and when that State is safely delivered from the authority of the United States it will strike a blow against our authority from which it will take years of bloody strife to recover.

Third. For my own part, I am unwilling to share in the responsibility of such a policy. ‡

By Mr. Bates:

It is my decided opinion that Fort Pickens and Key West ought to be reënforced and supplied, so as to look down opposition at all hazards — and this whether Fort Sumter be or be not evacuated.

It is also my opinion that there ought to be a naval force kept upon the Southern coast sufficient to command it, and if need be actually close any port that practically ought to be closed, whatever other station is left unoccupied.

It is also my opinion that there ought to be immediately established a line of light, fast-running vessels, to pass as rapidly as possible between New York or Norfolk at the North and Key West or other point in the Gulf at the South.

As to Fort Sumter — I think the time is come either to evacuate or relieve it. §

The majority opinion of the Cabinet on the 15th of March had been against the expediency of an attempt to provision Fort Sumter; but now, after a lapse of two weeks, the feeling was changed in favor of the proposed measure. Irrespective of this fresh advice, however, the President's own opinion was already made up. On the day previous he had instructed Captain Fox to prepare him a short order for the ships, men, and supplies he would need for his expedition, ‖ and that officer complied with characteristic and promising brevity:

Steamers *Pocahontas* at Norfolk, *Pawnee* at Washington, *Harriet Lane* at New York, to be under sailing orders for sea, with stores, etc., for one month. Three hundred men to be kept ready for departure from on board the receiving ships at New York. Two hundred men to be ready to leave Governor's Island in New York. Supplies for twelve months for one hundred men to be put in portable shape, ready for instant shipping. A large steamer and three tugs conditionally engaged. ¶

The Cabinet meeting over, the President wrote at the bottom of this preliminary requisition the following order to the Secretary of War: "Sir: I desire that an expedition, to move by sea, be got ready to sail as early as the 6th of April next, the whole according to memorandum attached, and that you coöperate with the Secretary of the Navy for that object." ** This order and its duplicate to the Secretary of the Navy †† duly signed and transmitted to the two departments, Captain Fox hurried away to New York to superintend the further details of preparation in person.

It will be observed that the President's order is simply to prepare the expedition; "which expedition," in his own language, was "intended to be ultimately used or not, according to circumstances." ‡‡ But he was by this time convinced that the necessity would arise. Nothing had yet been heard from the order to reënforce Fort Pickens sent two weeks previously; on the contrary, there were rumors through the Southern newspapers that the *Brooklyn*, containing the troops, had left her anchorage off Pensacola and gone to Key West. As a matter of fact, she had first transferred her troops to the *Sabine;* but this was not and could not be known, and the necessary inference was that the *Brooklyn* had carried them away with her. The direction to land them would therefore unavoidably fail, and both Sumter and Pickens be thus left

* Welles, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
† Smith, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
‡ Blair, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
§ Bates, memorandum. Unpublished MS.
‖ Fox to Lincoln, March 28, 1861. MS.
¶ Fox, memorandum. War Records.

** Lincoln to Secretary of War, March 29, 1861. War Records.
†† Lincoln to Secretary of Navy, March 29, 1861. "Galaxy," Nov., 1870.
‡‡ Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4, 1861.

within the grasp of the secessionists. Such was the contingency which had decided the President to prepare the Sumter expedition.*

The logic of daily events had by this time also wrought a change in the mind of Seward. In his written opinion of March 15th he had declared, "I would not provoke war in any way now"; but on the 29th, apparently alarmed, like the rest, at the advice of General Scott to make further concession to the rebels, he wrote, "I would at once, and at every cost, prepare for a war at Pensacola and Texas." That very afternoon, as he had suggested in this same paper, he brought Captain M. C. Meigs, the engineer officer in charge of the work on the new wings of the Capitol building, to the President. One reason for selecting him, in addition to his special training and acknowledged merit, was that he had in January personally accompanied the reënforcements then sent to Key West and Tortugas. On the way to and from the President's, Seward explained to Meigs that he wished the President to see some military man who would not talk politics; that they had Scott and Totten, but no one would think of putting either of those old men on horseback. They were in a difficulty. Scott had advised giving up both Sumter and Pickens. For his part, his policy had been to give up Sumter; but he wished to hold Pickens, making the fight there and in Texas, throwing the burden of the war, which all men of sense saw must come, upon those who, by revolting, had provoked it.†

The President talked freely with Captain Meigs, and after some inquiries about Sumter asked him whether Fort Pickens could be held. Meigs replied, "Certainly, if the navy would do its duty." The President then asked him whether he could go down there again and take general command of those three great fortresses, Taylor, Jefferson, and Pickens, and keep them safe. Meigs answered that he was only a captain, and could not command the majors who were there. Here Seward broke in with: "I understand how that is; Captain Meigs must be promoted." "But there is no vacancy," answered the modest captain. Mr. Seward, however, made light of all difficulties, and told the President if he wanted this thing done to put it in Meigs's charge. When Pitt wished to conquer Canada, he said, he sent for a young man whom he had noticed in the society of London, and told him to take Quebec,—to ask for the necessary means and do it,—and it was done. Would the President do this now? Lincoln replied he would consider it, and let him know in a day or two.

Two days afterward (Sunday, March 31st) Meigs was about starting for church when Colonel Keyes, General Scott's military secretary, called and took him to Mr. Seward, who requested them to go forthwith and in consultation with General Scott to put upon paper an estimate and project for relieving and holding Fort Pickens, and to bring it to the President before 4 o'clock that afternoon. The two officers went directly to the engineer's bureau to inspect the necessary charts of Pensacola Harbor and drawings of the fortifications, and over these they matured their plans. The rapid lapse of the few hours allowed compelled them to report back to the President before seeing General Scott. Lincoln heard them read their paper, and then directed them to submit it to the general. "Tell him," said he, "that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for as necessary."† The officers obeyed, and on the way encountered Mr. Seward, who went with them. "General Scott," said he, on entering the old soldier's presence, "you have formally reported to the President your advice to evacuate Fort Pickens; notwithstanding this, I now come to bring you his order, as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, to reënforce and hold it to the last extremity." The old general had his political crotchets, but he was at heart a soldier and a disciplinarian. "Sir," replied he, drawing himself up to his full height, "the great Frederick used to say, 'When the king commands, all things are possible.' It shall be done." Meigs and Keyes submitted their plan, which he approved in the main, adding a few details they had in their haste overlooked; the project was further discussed and definitely adopted.

Fort Pickens stands on the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, and serves, in connection with its twin fort, McRae, on the mainland opposite, to guard the entrance to Pensacola Harbor. But in this case the two forts intended to render mutual assistance were held by opposing forces, bent not upon protecting but upon destroying each other, and restrained only by the existence of the "Sumter and Pickens truce," described in a previous chapter. So far as a mere cannonade might go, Pickens was perhaps as strong as McRae; but Lieutenant Slemmer in Pickens had only a handful of Union men, forty-six soldiers and thirty ordinary seamen all told, while some thousands of rebels were either encamped or within reach of the secession General Bragg, himself a trained and skillful soldier. The chief danger was that Bragg might organize a large

* Lincoln, Message to Congress, July 4, 1861.
† Meigs, diary. Unpublished MS.

body of men, and by means of boats, crossing the bay at night or in a fog, carry Fort Pickens by a sudden assault long before the reënforcements in the Union fleet could be landed, as they were by the terms of the truce authorized to do in such an emergency. The substance of Meigs's plan was, that while a transport vessel bearing troops and stores landed them at Fort Pickens, outside the harbor, a ship-of-war, arriving simultaneously, should boldly steam past the hostile batteries of Fort McRae, enter the harbor, and take up such a position within as to be able to prevent any crossing or landing by the rebels. The ship destined to run the batteries would necessarily encounter considerable peril, not only from the guns of McRae, but also from those of Fort Barrancas and supposed batteries at the navy yard — all, like McRae, on the mainland, and forming part of the harbor defenses.

For such coöperation Meigs needed a young, talented, and daring naval officer, and accordingly he made choice of Lieutenant David D. Porter, a companion and intimate friend, who, as he believed, combined the requisite qualities.

One important characteristic of this Pickens expedition was to be its secrecy. Seward in his argument on Sumter had much insisted that preparation for reënforcement would unavoidably come to the knowledge of the rebels, and enable them to find means to oppose it. This argument applied with even greater force to Fort Pickens; the rebels controlled both the post and the telegraph throughout the South, and it was thought that upon the first notice of hostile design Bragg would assault and overwhelm the fort. Besides, the orders transmitted through regular channels two weeks before had apparently failed. But now that the ships to supply Sumter were being got ready, it was doubtless thought that under this guise the Pickens relief could be prepared without suspicion. On Monday, April 1, 1861, Captain Meigs, Colonel Keyes, and Lieutenant Porter were busy, under the occasional advice of Seward and General Scott, in perfecting the details of their plans and in drawing up the formal orders required. These were in due time signed by the President himself, it being part of the plan that no one but the officers named, not even the Secretaries of War or Navy, should have knowledge of them.* This was an error which only the anomalous condition and extreme peril of the Government would have drawn Lincoln into, and it was never repeated. He doubtless supposed they were entirely consistent with the Sumter plans, especially as General Scott's written request for his signature accompanied the papers — the general being perfectly cognizant of both expeditions.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, April 1, 1861.

DEAR SIR: The immediate departure of a war steamer, with instructions to enter Pensacola Harbor and use all measures in his power to prevent any attack from the mainland upon Fort Pickens, is of prime importance. If the President, as Commander-in-chief, will issue the order of which I inclose a draft, an important step towards the security of Fort Pickens will be taken. I am, sir, very respectfully, your most obedient servant, WINFIELD SCOTT.

HON. W. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, etc. †

But although useful to secrecy, this course was bound to produce confusion and bad discipline; and such was its immediate result. That afternoon the commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard received two telegrams, in very similar language, directing him to "fit out the *Powhatan* to go to sea at the earliest possible moment." One was signed by the Secretary of the Navy, the other by the President; the former intending the ship to go to Sumter, the latter to Pickens, and neither being aware of the other's action. Neither had reason to anticipate any such conflict of orders: the *Powhatan* was not included in Fox's original requisition, and Meigs did not even know that the Sumter expedition was being prepared.

On the same afternoon several additional orders, made out under Seward's supervision, were brought to Lincoln. Supposing they all related to this enterprise, he signed them without reading; but it soon turned out that two of them related to a matter altogether different. These orders changed the duty of several naval officers: Captain Pendergrast was to be sent to Vera Cruz on account of "important complications in our foreign relations"; and Captain Stringham was to go to Pensacola.

When these last-mentioned orders reached the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, to whom they were addressed and immediately transmitted, that official was not only greatly mystified but very seriously troubled in mind. He hastened to the President, whom he found alone in the executive office, writing. "What have I done wrong?" Lincoln inquired playfully, as he raised his head, and with his ever-accurate intuition read trouble in the countenance of his Secretary. Mr. Welles presented the anomalous papers and asked what they meant; he had heard of no "foreign complications," and he preferred Stringham in his present duty.

The President [says Mr. Welles] expressed as much surprise as I felt, that he had signed and sent me such a document. He said Mr. Seward, with two or three young men, had been there through the day on a matter which Mr. Seward had much at heart; that he had yielded to the project of Mr. Seward, but

* Meigs, in "National Intelligencer," Sept. 16, 1865.

† Unpublished MS.

as it involved considerable detail, and he had his hands full, and more too, he had left Mr. Seward to prepare the necessary papers. These papers he had signed, some of them without reading, trusting entirely to Mr. Seward, for he could not undertake to read all papers presented to him; and if he could not trust the Secretary of State, whom could he rely upon in a public matter that concerned us all? He seemed disinclined to disclose or dwell on the project, but assured me he never would have signed that paper had he been aware of its contents, much of which had no connection with Mr. Seward's scheme. . . . The President reiterated they were not his instructions, and wished me distinctly to understand they were not, though his name was appended to them — said the paper was an improper one — that he wished me to give it no more consideration than I thought proper — treat it as canceled — as if it had never been written.*

Mr. Welles acted upon this verbal assurance, and was highly gratified that the President thus corrected what he felt to be an encroachment upon the duties and powers of the Navy Department. Nevertheless it is apparent that he had his doubts whether Lincoln had fully and unreservedly given him his confidence in this affair. In these surmises he was correct; a circumstance had occurred between the President and Seward which the former could not communicate, and so far as is known never did communicate to any person but his private secretary, and of which the President's private papers have also preserved the interesting record. In order rightly to understand it, a brief glance at contemporary affairs is needful.

It will hardly be possible for the readers of history in our day to comprehend the state of public sentiment in the United States during the month of March, 1861. The desire for peace; the hope of compromise; the persistent disbelief in the extreme purposes of the South; and, strongest of all, a certain national lethargy, utterly impossible to account for,— all marked a positive decadence in patriotic feelings. The phenomenon is attested not only in the records of many public men willing to abandon constitutional landmarks and to sacrifice elementary rights of mankind, but also shown in the words and example of military officers like Scott and Anderson in their consenting to shut their eyes to the truths and principles of their own profession,— that it is the right of the Government to repel menaces as well as blows, and that building batteries is as effective and aggressive war as firing cannon-balls.

This perversion of public opinion in fact extended back to the meeting of Congress in December. Under the spell of such a political nightmare the revolution had been half accomplished. The Union flag had been fired upon, the Federal laws defied, the secession government organized and inaugurated. The work of the conspirators was done, but the popular movement had not yet fully ratified it. Ours is preëminently a country of mass meetings and conventions, of high-sounding resolves and speeches of flaming rhetoric. Perhaps their constant recurrence makes us less critical than we ought to be in scanning their real or fictitious value. Because a certain number of delegates assembled at Montgomery and framed a paper government, it did not necessarily follow that the people of the cotton-States stood behind them. In this case it was even so; but the military thrall by which revolution swept away conservatism was not understood by the North. The difficult problem was presented to the Lincoln administration, not alone whether it should endeavor to knock down the revolutionary edifice half built, but also whether such an effort might not excite the whole Southern people to rise *en masse* to complete it. The disease of rebellion existing in an advanced stage, could the cure be best effected with sedatives or irritants?

From our point of view the answer is easy; but it was not of so ready solution in March, 1861. Lincoln in his hesitation to provision Sumter at all hazards was not executing his own inclinations, but merely submitting to what for the time seemed the military and, more than all, the political necessities of the hour. The Buchanan administration had first refused and then postponed succor to the fort. Congress had neglected to provide measures and means for coercion. The conservative sentiment of the country protested loudly against everything but concession. His own Cabinet was divided in council. The times were "out of joint." Public opinion was awry. Treason was applauded and patriotism rebuked. Laws were held to be offenses, and officials branded as malefactors. In Lincoln's own forcible simile, sinners were "calling the righteous to repentance."

It must be remembered too, that during the month of March, 1861, Lincoln did not yet know the men who composed his Cabinet. Neither, on the other hand, did they know him. He recognized them as governors, senators, and statesmen, while they yet looked upon him as a simple frontier lawyer at most, and a rival to whom chance had transferred the honor they felt to be due to themselves. The recognition and establishment of intellectual rank is difficult and slow. Perhaps the first real question of the Lincoln cabinet was, "Who is the greatest man?" It is pretty safe to assert that no one — not even he himself — believed it was Abraham Lincoln. Bearing this in mind, we shall be better able to understand and explain acts done and acts omitted during that memorable month.

* Welles, in "Galaxy," November, 1870.

In this state of affairs the policy of the new Administration was necessarily passive, expectant, cautious, and tentative. Other causes contributed to their embarrassments. The change from a long Democratic to a Republican régime involved a sweeping change of functionaries and subordinates. The impending revolution made both sides suspicious and vindictive; the new appointees could not, as in ordinary times, lean upon the experience and routine knowledge of the old. Passion swayed the minds of men. There was little calm reasoning or prudent counsel. The new party was not yet homogeneous. A certain friction mutually irritated Republicans of Whig, of Democratic, or of Free-soil antecedents against each other. Douglas was artfully leading a Senate debate to foster and strengthen the anti-war feeling of the North. The Cabinet had not become a working unit. Each Cabinet minister was beset by a horde of applicants, by over-officious friends, by pressing and most contradictory advice.

Seward naturally took a leading part in the new Cabinet. This was largely warranted by his prominence as a party manager; his experience in the New York governorship and in the United States Senate; the quieting and mediating attitude he had maintained during the winter; the influence he was supposed to wield over the less violent Southerners; the information he had gained from the Buchanan cabinet; his intimacy with General Scott; his acknowledged ability and talent; his optimism, which always breathed hope and imparted confidence. During the whole of March he had been busy with various measures of tentative administration. He had advised appointments, written diplomatic notes and circulars, carried on a running negotiation with the rebel commissioners, sought to establish relations with the Virginia convention, sent Lander to Texas to kindle a "back fire" against secession, elaborated his policy of evacuating Sumter, proposed a change of party name and organization, and set on foot the secret expedition to Fort Pickens. All this activity, however, did not appear to satisfy his desires and ambition. His philosophic vision took a yet wider range. He was eager to enlarge the field of his diplomacy beyond the boundaries of the republic. Regarding mere partisanship as a secondary motive, he was ready to grapple with international politics. He would heal a provincial quarrel in the zeal and fervor of a continental crusade. He would smother a domestic insurrection in the blaze and glory of a war which must logically be a war of conquest. He would supplant the slavery question by the Monroe Doctrine. And who shall say that these imperial dreams did not contemplate the possibility of changing a threatened dismemberment of the Union into the triumphant annexation of Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies?

On this same first day of April, while Meigs and Porter were busy with plans and orders about Fort Pickens, Seward submitted to Lincoln the following extraordinary state paper, unlike anything to be found in the political history of the United States:

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CONSIDERATION, April 1, 1861.

First. We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.

Second. This, however, is not culpable, and it has even been unavoidable. The presence of the Senate, with the need to meet applications for patronage, have prevented attention to other and more grave matters.

Third. But further delay to adopt and prosecute our policies for both domestic and foreign affairs would not only bring scandal on the Administration, but danger upon the country.

Fourth. To do this we must dismiss the applicants for office. But how? I suggest that we make the local appointments forthwith, leaving foreign or general ones for ulterior and occasional action.

Fifth. The policy at home. I am aware that my views are singular, and perhaps not sufficiently explained. My system is built upon this *idea* as a ruling one, namely, that we must

CHANGE THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PUBLIC FROM ONE UPON SLAVERY, OR ABOUT SLAVERY, for a question upon UNION OR DISUNION.

In other words, from what would be regarded as a party question, to one of *Patriotism or Union.*

The occupation or evacuation of Fort Sumter, although not in fact a slavery or a party question, is so *regarded.* Witness the temper manifested by the Republicans in the free States, and even by Union men in the South.

I would therefore terminate it as a safe means for changing the issue. I deem it fortunate that the last Administration created the necessity.

For the rest I would simultaneously defend and reenforce all the forts in the Gulf, and have the navy recalled from foreign stations to be prepared for a blockade. Put the island of Key West under martial law.

This will raise distinctly the question of *Union* or *Disunion.* I would maintain every fort and possession in the South.

FOR FOREIGN NATIONS.

I would demand explanations from Spain and France, categorically, at once.

I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America, to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention.

And, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France,

Would convene Congress and declare war against them.

But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

Devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide.

It is not in my especial province.

But I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.*

The conscientious historian must ask the reader to pause and re-read this most remarkable and pregnant document. It is a little difficult to imagine what must have been the feelings of a President, and particularly of a frank, loyal, and generous nature like that of Lincoln, to receive from his principal councilor and anticipated mainstay of his Administration such a series of proposals. That he should delegate his presidential functions and authority; that he should turn his back upon the party which elected him; that he should ignore the political battle which had been fought and the victory for moral government which had been won; that he should by an arbitrary act plunge the nation into foreign war; that he should ask his rival to rule in his stead — all this might be romantic statesmanship, but to the cool, logical mind of the President it must have brought thoughts excited by no other event of his most eventful life. What was to be said in answer? The tender of a grave issue like this presupposed grave purposes and determinations. Should he by a fitting rebuke break up his scarcely formed Cabinet and alienate the most powerful leader after himself, who might perhaps carry with him the organized support of all the Northern States which had voted for this rival at Chicago?

The President sent his reply the same day. He armed himself with his irresistible logic, his faultless tact, his limitless patience, his kindest but most imperturbable firmness. Only the "hand of iron in the glove of velvet" could have written the following answer:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR SIR: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day, and entitled "Some thoughts for the President's consideration." The first proposition in it is, "*First*, We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign."

At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural, I said, "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts." This had your distinct approval at the time; and, taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter.

Again, I do not perceive how the reënforcement of Fort Sumter would be done on a slavery or party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be on a more national and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

Upon your closing proposition, that "whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it,

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly,

"Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

"Devolve it on some member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide," I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the Cabinet.

Your Ob't Serv't,

A. LINCOLN.†

In this reply not a word is omitted which was necessary, and not a hint or allusion is contained that could be dispensed with. The answer was conclusive and ended the argument. So far as is known, the affair never reached the knowledge of any other member of the Cabinet, or even the most intimate of the President's friends; nor was it probably ever again alluded to by either Lincoln or Seward. Doubtless it needed only the President's note to show the Secretary of State how serious a fault he had committed, for all his tireless industry and undivided influence continued to be given for four long years to his chief, not only without reserve, but with a sincere and devoted personal attachment. Lincoln, on his part, easily dismissed the incident from his thought with that grand and characteristic charity which sought only to cherish the virtues of men — which readily recognized the strength and acknowledged the services of his Secretary, to whom he unselfishly gave, to his own last days, his generous and unwavering trust.

* Unpublished MS.

† Unpublished MS.

UNDER THE FOAM.

LIGHTNESS and laughter are with such as he
Only the surf upon the soul's deep sea;
Passions of time but froth the upper main,
While far beneath, eternal passions reign.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

[*BEGUN IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE DUSANTES.*

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

III.

MR. ENDERTON'S letter astonished and angered me, but in spite of my indignation I could not but feel amused at the crafty way in which he had put a stop to the probable perpetual peregrinations of the ginger-jar. I handed the letter to Mr. Dusante, and when he had read it his face flushed, and I could see that he was very angry, although he kept his temper under excellent control.

"Sir," he said presently, "this shall not be allowed. That jar, with its contents, is my property until Mrs. Lecks has consented to receive it. It is of my own option that I return it at all, and I have decided to return it to Mrs. Lecks. Any one interfering with my intentions steps entirely beyond the line of just and warrantable procedure. Sir, I shall not go westward to-morrow morning, but, with my family, will accompany you to Chicago, where I shall require Mr. Enderton to return to me my property, which I shall then dispose of as I see fit. You must excuse me, sir, if anything I have said regarding this gentleman with whom you are connected has wounded your sensibilities."

"Oh, don't think of that!" I exclaimed. "Pitch into Enderton as much as you please, and you may be sure that I shall not object. When I took the daughter to wive, I did not marry the father. But, of course, for my wife's sake I hope this matter will not be made the subject of public comment."

"You need have no fear of that," said Mr. Dusante; "and you will allow me to remark that Mr. Enderton's wife must have been a most charming lady."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"I judge so," he answered, with a bow, "from my acquaintance with Mrs. Craig."

I now went immediately to Ruth, who, I found, knew nothing of what had occurred, except that her father had gone on to Chicago in advance of our party, and had had time only to bid her a hasty good-bye. I made no remarks on this haste which would not allow Mr. Enderton to take leave of us, but which gave him time to write a letter of some length; and as Ruth knew nothing of this letter, I determined not to mention it to her. Her father's sudden departure surprised her but little, for she told me that he always liked to get to places before the rest of the party with whom he might be journeying. "Even when we go to church," she said, "he always walks ahead of the rest of us. I don't understand why he likes to do so, but this is one of his habits."

When I informed Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine of what had happened, they fairly blazed.

"I don't know what Mr. Dusante calls it," exclaimed Mrs. Lecks, "but I know what I call it!"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, her round eyes sparkling with excitement; "if that is n't ex-honesty, then he ain't no ex-missionary! I pity the heathen he converted!"

"I 'll convert him," said Mrs. Lecks, "if ever I lay eyes on him! Walkin' away with a package with my name on it! He might as well take my gold spectacles or my tortoise-shell comb! I suppose there 's no such thing as ketchin' up with him, but I 'll telegraph after him; an' I 'll let him know that if he dares to open a package of mine, I 'll put the law on him!"

"That 's so," said Mrs. Aleshine. "You kin send telegraphs all along the line to one station an' another for conductors to give to him in the cars, an' directed to Mr. Enderton, a tall man with gray-mixed hair an' a stolen bundle. That 's the way they did in our place when Abram Marly's wife fell into the cistern, an' he 'd jus' took the cars to the city, an' they telegraphed to him at five different stations to know where he 'd left the ladder."

"Which ain't a bad idea," said Mrs. Lecks, "though his name will be enough on it without no description; an' I 'll do that this minute, an' find out about the stations from the clerk."

"You must be very careful," I said, "about

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anything of that kind, for the telegrams will be read at the stations, and Mr. Enderton might be brought into trouble in a way which we all should regret; but a dispatch may be worded so that he, and no one else, would understand it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Lecks, "an' let 's get at it; but I must say that he don't deserve bein' saved no trouble, for I 'm as sure as that I 'm a livin' woman that he never saved nobody else no trouble sence the first minute he was born."

The following dispatch was concocted and sent on to Bridger, to be delivered to Mr. Enderton on the train:

> The package you know of has been stolen. You will recognize the thief. If he leaves it at Chicago hotel, let him go. If he opens it, clap him in jail.
>
> MRS. LECKS.

"I think that will make him keep his fingers off it," said Mrs. Lecks; "an' if Mr. Dusante chooses to send somethin' of the same kind to some other station, it won't do no harm. An' if that Enderton gets so skeered that he keeps out of sight an' hearin' of all of us, it 'll be the best thing that 's happened yet. An' I want you to understan', Mr. Craig, that nothin' 's goin' to be said or done to make your wife feel bad; an' there 's no need of her hearin' about what 's been done or what 's goin' to be done. But I 'll say for her, that though, of course, Mr. Enderton is her father and she looks up to him as such, she 's a mighty deal livelier and gayer-hearted when he 's away than when he 's with her. An' as for the rest of us, there 's no use sayin' anythin' about our resignedness to the loss of his company."

"I should say so," said Mrs. Aleshine; "for if there ever was a man who thought of himself ninety-nine times before he thought of anybody else once, an' then as like as not to forgit that once, he 's the man. An' it 's not, by no means, that I 'm down on missionaries, for it 's many a box I 've made up for 'em, an' never begrudged neither money nor trouble, an' will do it ag'in many times, I hope. But he ought n't to be called one, havin' given it up,—unless they give him up, which there 's no knowin' which it was,—for if there 's anythin' which shows the good in a man, it 's his bein' willin' to give up the comforts of a Christian land an' go an' convert heathens; though bein' willin' to give up the heathens an' go for the comforts shows him quite different, besides, as like as not, chargin' double an' only half convertin'."

Mr. Dusante was fully determined to go on with us until he had recovered possession of the ginger-jar. His courteous feelings towards Mrs. Craig and myself prevented his saying much about Mr. Enderton, but I had good reason to believe that his opinions in regard to my father-in-law were not very different from those of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. Ever since Mr. Enderton had shown his petulant selfishness, when obliged to give up his room at the railroad station for the use of the women of his party, Mr. Dusante had looked upon him coldly, and the two had had but little to say to each other.

We were all very glad that our pleasant party was not to be broken up; and although there was no resignation at the absence of the ginger-jar, we started on our journey the next day in a pleasanter mood for the absence of Mr. Enderton. Before we left, Mr. Dusante sent a telegram to Kearney Junction, to be delivered to Mr. Enderton when he arrived there. What this message was I do not know, but I imagine its tone was decided.

Our journey to Chicago was a pleasant one. We had now all become very well acquainted with each other, and there was no discordant element in the combined party. Some of us were a little apprehensive of trouble, or annoyance at least, awaiting us in Chicago, but we did not speak of it; and while Ruth knew nothing of her father's misbehavior, it might have been supposed that the rest had forgotten it.

At Chicago we went at once to Brandiger's Hotel, and there we found, instead of Mr. Enderton, a letter from him to Ruth. It read as follows:

> MY DEAR DAUGHTER: I have determined not to wait here, as originally intended, but to go on by myself. I am sorry not to meet you here, but it will not be long before we are together again, and you know I do not like to travel with a party. Its various members always incommode me in one way or another. I had proposed to go to Philadelphia and wait for you there, but have since concluded to stop at Meadowville, a village in the interior of Pennsylvania, where, as they have informed me, the two women, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, reside. I wish to see the party all together before I take final leave of them, and I suppose the two women will not consent to go any farther than the country town in which they live. Inclosed is a note to your husband relating to business matters. I hope that he will take the best of care of you during the rest of the journey, and thus very much oblige
>
> YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

This was my note:

> MR. CRAIG. SIR: I should have supposed that you would have been able to prevent the insolent messages which have been telegraphed to me from some members of your party, but it is my lot to be disappointed in those in whom I trust. I shall make no answer to these messages, but will say to you that I am not to be browbeaten in my intention to divide among its rightful claimants the money now in my possession. It is not that I care for the comparatively paltry sum that will fall to myself and my daughter, but it is the principle of the matter for which I am contending. It was due to me that the amount should have been returned

to me, and to no other, for me to make the proper division. I therefore rest upon my principles and my rights; and, desiring to avoid needless altercations, shall proceed to Meadowville, where, when the rest of my party arrive, I shall justly apportion the money. I suppose the man Dusante will not be foolish enough to protract his useless journey farther than Chicago. It is your duty to make him see the impropriety of so doing.

Yours, etc.
D. J. ENDERTON.

Ruth's letter was shown to all the party, and mine in private to Mr. Dusante and Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. When the first moments of astonishment were over, Mrs. Lecks exclaimed:

"Well, after all, I don't know that I 'm so very sorry that the old sneak has done this, for now we 're rid of him for the rest of the trip; an' I 'm pretty certain, from the way he writes, that he has n't dipped into that jar yet. We 've skeered him from doin' that."

"But the impidence of him!" said Mrs. Aleshine. "Think of his goin' to the very town where we live an' gittin' there fust! He 'll be settin' on that tavern porch with every loafer in the place about him, an' tellin' 'em the whole story of what happened to us from beginning to end, till by the time we git there it 'll be all over the place an' as stale as last week's bread."

"'The man Dusante,'" quietly remarked that individual, "will not abandon the purpose of his journey. He left his island to place in the hands of Mrs. Lecks, on behalf of her party, the ginger-jar with the money inclosed. He will therefore go on with you to Meadowville, and will there make formal demand, and, if necessary, legal requisition, for the possession of that jar and that money; after which he will proceed to carry out his original intentions."

We all expressed our pleasure at having him, with his ladies, as companions for the remainder of our journey, and Mrs. Lecks immediately offered them the hospitalities of her house for as long a time as they might wish to stay with her.

"The weather there," she said, "is often splendid till past Thanksgivin' Day, an' nobody could be welcomer than you."

"I 'd have asked you myself," said Mrs. Aleshine, "if Mrs. Lecks had n't done it,—which of course she would, bein' alive,—but I 'm goin' to have Mr. Craig an' his wife, an' as our houses is near, we 'll see each other all the time. An' if Mr. Enderton chooses to stay awhile at the tavern, he can come over to see his daughter whenever he likes. I 'll go as fur as that, though no further can I go. I 'm not the one to turn anybody from my door, be he heathen, or jus' as bad, or wuss. But tea once, or perhaps twice, is all that I can find it in my heart to offer that man after what he 's done."

As the Dusantes and Ruth expressed a desire to see something of Chicago, where they had never been before, we remained in this city for two days, feeling that as Mr. Enderton would await our coming, there was no necessity for haste.

Early in the afternoon of the second day I went into the parlor of the hotel, where I expected to find our party prepared for a sight-seeing excursion; but I found the room tenanted only by Mrs. Aleshine, who was sitting in her bonnet and wraps, ready to start forth. I had said but a few words to her when Mrs. Lecks entered, bonnetless and shawlless, and with her knitting in her hand. She took a seat in a large easy-chair, put on her spectacles, and proceeded to knit.

"Mrs. Lecks!" exclaimed her friend in surprise, "don't you intend goin' out this afternoon?"

"No," said Mrs. Lecks. "I 've seen all I want to see, an' I 'm goin' to stay in the house an' keep quiet."

"Is n't Mr. Dusante goin' out this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Aleshine.

Mrs. Lecks laid her knitting in her lap; then she took off her spectacles, folded them, and placed them beside the ball of yarn; and, turning her chair around, she faced her friend. "Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, speaking very deliberately, "has any such a thing got into your mind as that I 'm settin' my cap at Mr. Dusante?"

"I don't say you have, an' I don't say you have n't," answered Mrs. Aleshine, her fat hands folded on her knees, and her round face shining from under her new bonnet with an expression of hearty good-will, "but this I will say,—an' I don't care who hears it,—that if you was to set your cap at Mr. Dusante there need n't nobody say anythin' agin it, so long as you are content. He is n't what I 'd choose for you, if I had the choosin', for I 'd git one with an American name an' no islands. But that 's neither here nor there, for you 're a grown woman an' can do your own choosin'. An' whether there 's any choosin' to be done is your own business too, for it 's full eleven years sence you 've been done with widder fixin's; an' if Mr. Lecks was to rise up out of his grave this minute, he could n't put his hand on his heart an' say that you had n't done your full duty by him, both before an' after he was laid away. An' so, if you did want to do choosin', an' made up your mind to set your cap at Mr. Dusante, there 's no word to be said. Both of you is ripe-aged and qualified to know your own minds, an' both of you is well off enough, to all intents and purposes,

to settle down together, if so inclined. An' as to his sister, I don't expect she will be on his hands for long. An' if you can put up with an adopted mother-in-law, that 's your business, not mine; though I allus did say, Mrs. Lecks, that if you 'd been 'Piscopalian, you 'd been Low Church."

"Is that all?" said Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes," replied the other; "it 's all I have to say jus' now, though more might come to me if I gave my mind to it."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Lecks, "I 've somethin' to say on this p'int, and I 'm very glad Mr. Craig is here to hear it. If I had a feelin' in the direction of Mr. Dusante that he was a man, though not exactly what I might wish, havin' somethin' of foreign manners with ties in the Sandwich Islands, which I should n't have had so if I 'd had the orderin' of it, who was still a Christian gentleman,— as showed by his acts, not his words,— a lovin' brother; an' a kind an' attentive son by his own adoption; and who would make me a good husband for the rest of our two lives; then I 'd go and I 'd set my cap at him — not bold nor flauntin', nor unbecomin' to a woman of my age, but just so much settin' of it at him, that if he had any feelin's in my direction, and thought, although it was rather late in life for him to make a change, that if he was goin' to do it he 'd rather make that change with a woman who had age enough, and experience enough in downs as well as ups, and in married life as well as single, to make him feel that as he got her so he 'd always find her; then I say all he 'd have to do would be to come to me an' say what he thought, an' I 'd say what I thought, an' the thing would be settled, an' nobody in this world need have one word to say, except to wish us joy, an' then go along and attend to their own business.

"But now I say to you, Barb'ry Aleshine, an' just the same to you, Mr. Craig, that I have n't got no such feelin's in the direction of Mr. Dusante, an' I don't intend to set my cap at him, an' if he wore such a thing and set it at me, I 'd say to him, kind though firm, that he could put it straight again as far as I was concerned; an' that if he chose to set it at any other woman, if the nearest an' dearest friend I have on earth, I 'd do what I could to make their married lives as happy as they could be under the circumstances; and no matter what happened, I would n't say one word, though I might think what I pleased. An' now you have it, all straight and plain: if I wanted to set caps, I 'd set 'em; and if I did n't want to set 'em, I would n't. I don't want to, and I don't."

And, putting on her spectacles, she resumed her knitting.

Mrs. Aleshine turned upon her friend a beaming face.

"Mrs. Lecks," she said, "your words has lifted a load from off my mind. It would n't ha' broke me down, an' you would n't never have knowed I carried it, but it 's gone, an' I 'm mighty glad of it. An' as for me an' my cap,— an' when you spoke of nearest and dearest friends, you could n't meant nobody but me,— you need n't be afraid. No matter what I was, nor what he was, nor what I thought of him, nor what he thought of me, I could n't never say to my son when he comes to his mother's arms, all the way from Japan: 'George, here 's a Frenchman who I give to you for a father!'"

Here I burst out laughing, but Mrs. Lecks gravely remarked: "Now I hope this business of cap-settin' is settled an' done with."

"Which it is," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she rose to meet the rest of our party as they entered the room.

For several days I could not look upon the dignified and almost courtly Mr. Dusante without laughing internally and wondering what he would think if he knew how, without the slightest provocation on his side, a matrimonial connection with him had been discussed by these good women, and how the matter had been finally settled. I think he would have considered this the most surprising incident in the whole series of his adventures.

On our journey from Chicago to the little country town in the interior of Pennsylvania we made a few stops at points of interest for the sake of Ruth and the Dusante ladies, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine generously consenting to these delays, although I knew they felt impatient to reach their homes. They were now on most social terms with Mrs. Dusante, and the three chatted together like old friends.

"I asked her if we might call her Emily," said Mrs. Aleshine in confidence to me, "an' she said, 'yes,' an' we 're goin' to do it. I 've all along wanted to, because it seemed to come nat'ral, considerin' we knowed 'em as Emily an' Lucille before we set eyes on 'em. But as long as I had that load on my mind about Mrs. Lecks an' Mr. Dusante, I could n't 'Emily' his adopted mother. My feelin's would n't ha' stood it. But now it 's all right; an' though Emily is n't the woman I expected her to be, Lucille is the very picter of what I thought she was. An' as for Emily, I never knowed a nicer-mannered lady, an' more willin' to learn from people that 's had experience, than she is."

We arrived at Meadowville early in the afternoon, and when our party alighted from the train we were surprised not to see Mr. Ender-

ton on the platform of the little station. Instead of him, there stood three persons whose appearance amazed and delighted us. They were the red-bearded coxswain and the two sailor men, all in neat new clothes and with their hands raised in maritime salute.

There was a cry of joy. Mrs. Aleshine dropped her bag and umbrella, and rushed towards them with outstretched hands. In a moment Mrs. Lecks, Ruth, and myself joined the group, and greeted warmly our nautical companions of the island.

The Dusante party, when they were made acquainted with the mariners, were almost as much delighted as we were, and Mr. Dusante expressed in cordial words his pleasure in meeting the other members of the party to whom his island had given refuge.

"I am so glad to see you," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that I don't know my bonnet from my shoes! But how, in the name of all that 's wonderful, did you git here?"

"'T ain't much of a story," said the coxswain, "an' this is just the whole of it. When you left us at 'Frisco we felt pretty downsome, an' the more that way because we could n't find no vessel that we cared to ship on; an' then there come to town the agent of the house that owned our brig, and we was paid off for our last v'yage. Then, when we had fitted ourselves out with new togs, we began to think different about this shippin' on board a merchant vessel, an' gittin' cussed at, an' livin' on hard-tack an' salt prog, an' jus' as like as not the ship springin' a leak, an' all hands pumpin' night an' day, an' goin' to Davy Jones after all. An' after talkin' this all over, we was struck hard on the weather bow with a feelin' that it was a blamed sight better — beggin' your pardon, ma'am — to dig garden-beds in nice soft dirt, an' plant peas, an' ketch fish, an' all that kind of shore-work, an' eatin' them good things you used to cook for us, Mrs. Aleshine, and dancin' hornpipes fur ye, an' tamin' birds when our watch was off. Was n't that so, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the black-bearded sailor men.

"Then says I, 'Now look here, mates, don't let 's go an' lark away all this money, but take it an' make a land trip to where Mrs. Aleshine lives,' which port I had the name of on a piece of paper which you give me, ma'am."

And here Mrs. Aleshine nodded vigorously, not being willing to interrupt this entrancing story.

"'An' if she 's got another garden, an' wants it dug in, an' things planted, an' fish caught, an' any other kind of shore-work done, why we 're the men for her; an' we 'll sign the papers for as long a v'yage as she likes, an' stick by her in fair weather or foul, bein' good for day work an' night work, an' allus ready to fall in when she passes the word.' Ain't that so, Jim and Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" returned the sailor men with sonorous earnestness.

"Up'n my word!" cried Mrs. Aleshine, tears of joy running down her cheeks, "them papers shall be signed if I have to work night an' day to find somethin' for you to do. I 've got a man takin' keer of my place now; but many a time have I said to myself that, if I had anybody I could trust to do the work right, I 'd buy them two fields of Squire Ramsey's an' go into the onion business. An' now you sailor men has come like three sea angels, an' if it suits you we 'll go into the onion business on sheers."

"That suits us tip-top, ma'am," said the coxswain; "an' we 'll plant inyans for ye on the shears, on the stocks, or in the dry dock. It don't make no dif'rence to us where you have 'em; jes pass the word."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Lecks, "I don't know how that 's goin' to work, but we won't talk about it now. An' so you came straight on to this place?"

"That did we, ma'am," said the coxswain. "An' when we got here we found the parson, but none of you folks. That took us aback a little at fust, but he said he did n't live here, an' you was comin' pretty soon. An' so we took lodgin's at the tavern, an' for three days we 've been down here to meet every train, expectin' you might be on it."

Our baggage had been put on the platform, the train had moved on, and we had stood engrossed in the coxswain's narrative, but now I thought it necessary to make a move. There was but one small vehicle to hire at the station. This would hold but two persons, and in it I placed Mrs. Dusante and Ruth, the first being not accustomed to walking, and the latter very anxious to meet her father. I ordered the man to drive them to the inn, which was about a mile from the station, where we would stay until Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine should get their houses properly aired and ready for our reception.

"Mrs. Craig will be glad to get to the tavern and see her father," said Mrs. Aleshine. "I expect he forgot all about it 's bein' time for the train to come."

"Bless you, ma'am!" exclaimed the coxswain, "is she gone to the tavern? The parson 's not there!"

"Where is he, then?" asked Mrs. Aleshine.

"He 's at your house, ma'am," replied the coxswain.

"An' what in the name of common sense is he doin' at my house?" exclaimed Mrs.

Aleshine, her eyes sparkling with amazement and indignation.

"Well, ma'am, for one thing," said the coxswain, "he 's had the front door painted."

"What!" cried Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine in one breath.

"Yes," continued the coxswain; "the parson said he hated to see men hangin' around doin' nothin'. An' then he looked about, an' said the paint was all wore off the front door, an' we might as well go to work an' paint that, an' he sent Jim to a shop to git the paint an' brushes —"

"An' have 'em charged to me?" cried Mrs. Aleshine.

"Yes, ma'am," continued the coxswain. "An' Jim an' Bill holy-stoned all the old paint off the door an' I painted it, havin' done lots of that sort of thing on shipboard; an' I think it 's a pretty good job, ma'am — red at top and bottom an' white in the middle, like a steamer's smoke-stack."

Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine looked at each other. "An' he told you to do that?" said Mrs. Lecks.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the coxswain. "The parson said he never liked to be nowhere without doin' what good he could. An' there was some other paintin' he talked of havin' done, but we ain't got at it yit. I s'posed he was actin' under your orders, an' I hope I have n't done no wrong, ma'am."

"You 're not a bit to blame," said Mrs. Aleshine; "but I 'll look into this thing. No fear about that! An' how did he come to go to my house? An' how did he get in, I 'd like to know?"

"All I know about that," said the coxswain, "is what the gal that 's livin' there told me, which she did along of askin' us if we was comin' to live there too, an' if she should rig up beds for us somewhere in the top-loft, but we told her no, not havin' no orders, an' payin' our own way at the tavern. She said, said she, that the parson come there an' 'lowed he was a friend of Mrs. Aleshine's an' travelin' with her, an' that if she was at home she would n't let him stay at no tavern; an' that knowin' her wishes he 'd come right there, an' 'spected to be took care of till she come. She said she felt oncertain about it, but she tuck him in till she could think it over, an' then we come an' certified that he was the parson who 'd been along with Mrs. Aleshine an' the rest of us. Arter that she thought it was all right, an', beggin' your pardon if we was wrong, so did Jim an' Bill an' me, ma'am."

"Now," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "if that is n't exactly like Elizabeth Grootenheimer! To think of Elizabeth Grootenheimer thinkin'! The Grootenheimers always was the dumbest family in the township, an' Elizabeth Grootenheimer is the dumbest of 'em all! I did say to myself when I went away: 'Now Elizabeth Grootenheimer is so stone dumb that she 'll jus' stay here an' do the little I tell her to do, an' has n't sense enough to git into no mischief.' An' now, look at her!"

She waved her hand in the direction of the invisible Elizabeth Grootenheimer.

Mrs. Lecks had said very little during this startling communication, but her face had assumed a stern and determined expression. Now she spoke.

"I guess we 've heard about enough, an' we 'd better be steppin' along an' see what else Mr. Enderton an' Elizabeth Grootenheimer is doin'."

The homes of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine were not far from each other and were situated about midway between the station and the village inn, and in the direction of these our party now started. Mrs. Aleshine, contrary to her custom, took the lead, and walked away with strides of unusual length. Mrs. Lecks was close behind her, followed by the two Dusantes and myself, while the three mariners, who insisted upon carrying all the hand-baggage, brought up the rear. We stepped quickly, for we were all very much interested in what might happen next; and very soon we reached Mrs. Aleshine's house. It was a good-sized and pleasant-looking dwelling, painted white, with green shutters and with a long covered porch at the front. Between the road and the house was a neat yard with grass and flower-beds, and from the gate of the picket-fence in front of the yard a brick-paved path led up to the house.

Our approach had been perceived, for on the porch, in front of the gayly painted door, stood Mr. Enderton, erect and with a bland and benignant smile upon his face. One hand was stretched out as if in welcome, and with the other he gracefully held the ginger-jar, now divested of its wrappings.

At this sight Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine made a simultaneous dash at the gate, but it was locked. The two women stamped their feet in fury.

"Put down that jar!" shouted Mrs. Lecks.

"Elizabeth Grootenheimer! Elizabeth Grootenheimer!" screamed Mrs. Aleshine. "Come here and open this gate."

"Break it down!" said Mrs. Lecks, turning to the sailors.

"Don't you do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, throwing herself in front of it. "Don't you break my gate! Elizabeth Grootenheimer!"

"My friends," said Mr. Enderton in clear, distinct tones, "be calm. I have the key of that gate in my pocket. I locked it because

I feared that on your first arrival you would hurry up to the house in a promiscuous way, and give heed to irrelevant matters. I wished to address you in a body and in a position where your attention would not be diverted from me. I hold here, my friends, the receptacle containing the money which under a misapprehension was paid for our board while on a desert island. This money I have taken care of and have carefully guarded for the benefit of us all. Unfortunately objections have arisen to this guardianship, which were forwarded to me by telegraph, but I have not heeded them. If you cannot see for yourselves the propriety of my assumption of this trust, I will not now undertake to enlighten you. But I hope there is no necessity for this, for, having had time to give the matter your fullest attention, I doubt not that you entirely agree with me. I will merely add, for I see you are impatient, that the sum which will fall to the share of each of us is comparatively insignificant, and in itself not worth striving for; but what I have done has been for the sake of principle. For the sake of principle I have insisted that this money should be received by its rightful owners; for the sake of principle I assumed the custody of it; and for the sake of principle I shall now empty the contents of this jar — which by me has not been examined or touched — upon the floor of this porch, and I shall then proceed to divide said contents into five suitable portions — the three mariners, as I understand, having paid no board. The gate can then be opened, and each one can come forward and take the portion which belongs to him or to her. The portion of my daughter, whom I saw pass here in a carriage, going, doubtless, to the inn, will be taken charge of by myself."

"You man!" shrieked Mrs. Lecks, shaking her fist over the fence, "if you as much as lift that paper of fish-hooks from out the top of that ginger-jar, I 'll —"

Here she was interrupted by the loud, clear voice of Mr. Dusante, who called out: "Sir, I require you to put down that jar, which is my property."

"I 'll let you know," said Mrs. Lecks, "that other people have principles!"

But what more she said was drowned by the voice of Mrs. Aleshine, who screamed for Elizabeth Grootenheimer, and who was now so much excited that she was actually trying to break open her own gate.

I called out to Mr. Enderton not to make trouble by disturbing the contents of the jar; and even Miss Lucille, who was intensely amused at the scene, could be heard joining her voice to the general clamor.

But the threats and demands of our united party had no effect upon Mr. Enderton. He stood up, serene and bland, fully appreciating the advantage of having the key of the gate's padlock in his pocket and the ginger-jar in his hand.

"I will now proceed," said he. But at that moment his attention was attracted by the three mariners, who had clambered over the pointed pales of the fence and who now appeared on the porch, Bill to the right hand of Mr. Enderton, Jim to the left, and the red-bearded coxswain at his back. They all seemed to speak at once, though what they said we could not hear, nothing but a few hoarse mutterings coming down to us.

But in consequence of what Bill said, Mr. Enderton handed him the key of the gate; and in consequence of what Jim said, Mr. Enderton delivered to him the ginger-jar; and in consequence of what the coxswain said, he and Mr. Enderton walked off the porch; and the two proceeded to a distant corner of the yard, where they stood, out of the way, as it were, while the gate was opened. Bill bungled a little, but the padlock was soon removed, and we all hurried through the gate and up to the porch, where Jim still stood, the ginger-jar held reverently in his hands.

The coxswain now left Mr. Enderton, and that gentleman proceeded to the open gate, through which he passed into the road, and then turned, and in a loud and severe tone addressed Mrs. Aleshine:

"I leave your inhospitable house and go to join my daughter at the inn, where I request you to send my valise and umbrella as soon as possible."

Mrs. Aleshine's indignation at this invasion of her home and this trampling on her right to open her own gate had entirely driven away her accustomed geniality, and in angry tones she cried:

"Jus' you stop at that paint-shop when you git to the village, an' pay for the paint you had charged to me; an' when you 've done that you can send for your things."

"Come, now, Barb'ry," said Mrs. Lecks, "don't let your feelin's run away with you. You ought to be thankful that he 's let you off so easy, an' that he 's gone."

"I 'm all that," said Mrs. Aleshine; "an' on second thoughts, every whip-stitch of his bag and baggage shall be trundled after him as soon as I kin git it away."

We all now stood upon the porch, and Mrs. Aleshine, in calmer tones, but with her face still flushed from her recent excitement, turned to us and said: "Now, is n't this a pretty comin' home? My front gate fastened in my very face; my front door painted red and white; the inside of the house, as like as not,

turned upside down by that man jus' as much as the outside; an' where in the world, I 'd like to know, is Elizabeth Grootenheimer?"

"Now, don't you be too hard on her," said Mrs. Lecks, "after havin' been away from her so long. I have n't a doubt she 's feedin' the pigs; an' you know very well she never would leave them as long as she felt they needed her. You need n't mind if your house is upset, for none of us is comin' in, havin' only intended to see you to your door, which I must say is a pretty blazin' one."

"And now, Mrs. Lecks," said Mr. Dusante, taking, as he spoke, the ginger-jar from the hand of Jim, "I think this is a suitable opportunity for me to accomplish the object for which my present journey was undertaken, and to return to you the contents of this jar."

"Which," said Mrs. Lecks, in a very decided tone, "I don't take now no more 'n I did before."

Mr. Dusante looked surprised and troubled. After all the dangers and adventures through which that ginger-jar had gone, I believe that he expected that Mrs. Lecks would at last relent and consent to accept it from him.

"Now, look here," said Mrs. Aleshine; "don't let us have any more fuss about the ginger-jar or anything else. Let 's put off talkin' about that till we 're all settled an' fixed. It won't do for you to take the jar to the tavern with you, Mr. Dusante, for like as not Mr. Enderton will git hold of it ag'in, an' I know Mrs. Lecks won't let it come into her house; so, if you like, you may jus' leave it here for the present, an' you may make up your minds nobody 'll touch it while I 'm about. An' about I intend to be!"

This arrangement was gladly agreed upon, and the jar being delivered to Mrs. Aleshine, we took our leave of her.

Mrs. Lecks found no difficulty in entering her gate, where she was duly welcomed by a man and his wife she had left in charge, while the Dusantes and myself walked on to the inn, or "Hotel," as its sign imported, about which the greater part of the little town clustered. The three mariners remained behind to await further orders from Mrs. Aleshine.

By the afternoon of the next day the abodes of those two most energetic and capable housewives, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, were fully prepared for the reception of their visitors, and the Dusante family were ensconced beneath the roof of the one, while my wife and I were most warmly welcomed at the gayly adorned door of the other.

Mr. Enderton remained at the inn, where he found very comfortable quarters, an arrangement satisfactory to all parties.

In Mrs. Aleshine's dwelling, where, from the very first, Lucille took her position as a most constant visitor, being equally welcomed by Ruth and the mistress of the house, all was satisfaction and high good-humor. The ceaseless activity and cheerful spirits of our hostess seemed to animate us all. At Mrs. Lecks's home the case was different. There, I could plainly see, there was a certain uneasiness amounting almost to stiffness between Mrs. Lecks and Mr. Dusante. The latter had not accomplished the purpose for which he had made this long journey; and although if things had turned out as he wished, he would have been very glad to be the guest of Mrs. Lecks, still, under the present circumstances, the situation did not suit him. Mrs. Lecks, too, possessed an unsettled mind. She did not know when Mr. Dusante would again endeavor to force back upon her the board-money in the ginger-jar, and in this state of uneasy expectancy she was not at her best.

"He 's not satisfied," said she to me, on the morning after the Dusantes had come to her; "he wants to do somethin', or else to go away. I wish that ginger-jar had dropped into the bottom of the sea while he was bringin' it, or else had smashed itself into a thousand bits while we was slidin' down the mountain, and the money had melted itself into the snow. S'posin' at the end of the week he was to come to me and offer to pay me board for himself and his family, sayin' that was no more than I 'd done to him! Of course the two cases are not a bit alike; for we went to his house strangers, without leave or license, while he comes to mine as a friend, bein' fully invited an' pressed. But I don't suppose I could make him see it in that light, an' it worries me."

I was convinced that something ought to be done to end this unpleasant state of affairs, and I took my wife and Miss Lucille into council on the subject. After we had deliberated a little while an idea came to Ruth.

"In my opinion," said she, "the best thing we can do with that board-money is to give it to those three sailors. They are poor and will be glad to get it; Mr. Dusante and Mrs. Lecks ought to be fully satisfied, for the one does n't keep it, and the other does n't take it back, and I 'm sure that this plan will please all the rest of us."

This plan was unanimously agreed to by the council, and I was appointed to go immediately and lay it before the parties interested.

Mr. Dusante gave his ready consent to the proposition. "It is not what I intended to do," said he, "but it amounts to almost the same thing. The money is in fact restored to its owners, and they agree to make a certain disposition of it. I am satisfied."

Mrs. Lecks hesitated a little. "All right,"

said she, in a few moments. "He takes the money and gives it to who he chooses. I 've nothin' to say against it."

Of course no opposition to the plan was to be expected from anybody else, except Mr. Enderton. But when I mentioned it to him I found, to my surprise, that he was not unwilling to agree to it. Half closing the book he had been reading, he said: "What I have done was on behalf of principle. I did not believe, and do not believe, that upon an entirely deserted island money should be paid for board. I paid it under protest, and I do not withdraw that protest. According to all the laws of justice and hospitality the man who owned that island should not retain that money, and Mrs. Lecks had no right to insist upon such retention. But if it is proposed to give the total sum to three mariners, who paid no board and to whom the gift is an absolute charity, I am content. To be sure, they interfered with me at a moment when I was about to make a suitable settlement of the matter, but I have no doubt they were told to do so; and I must admit that while they carried out their orders with a certain firmness characteristic of persons accustomed to unreasoning obedience, they treated me with entire respect. If equal respect had been shown to me at the beginning of these disputes, it would have been much better for all concerned."

And, opening his book, he recommenced his reading.

That afternoon, all of us, except Mr. Enderton, assembled on Mrs. Aleshine's porch to witness the presentation of the board-money. The three sailors, who had been informed of the nature of the proceedings, stood in line on the second step of the porch, clad in their best toggery, and with their new tarpaulin hats in their hands. Mrs. Aleshine went into the house and soon reappeared, carrying the ginger-jar, which she presented to Mr. Dusante. That gentleman took it, and stood holding it for a moment as if he were about to speak; but even if he had intended to say anything he had no further opportunity, for Mrs. Lecks now stepped forward and addressed him:

"Mr. Dusante," said she, "from what I have seen of you myself an' heard tell of you from others, I believe you are a man who tries to do his duty, as he sees it, with a single heart an' no turnin' from one side to the other. You made up your mind that you 'd travel over the whole world, if it had to be done, with that ginger-jar an' the board-money inside of it, till you 'd found the people who 'd been livin' in your house; an' then that you 'd give back that jar, jus' as you 'd found it, to the person who 'd took upon herself the overseein' of the reg'lar payin' of the money, an' the puttin' of it therein. With that purpose in your mind you carried that jar over the ocean; you wandered with it up an' down California; an' holdin' it tight fast in your arms, you slid down the slipperiest mountain that was ever made yet, I believe, an' if it had been your only infant child, you could n't have held it firmer, nor regarded it more careful. Through ups an' downs, an' thicks an' smooths, you carried that jar or followed it, an' for the sake of doin' what you 'd set your mind on you came all the way to this place; to which, if it had n't been for that one idea, it is n't likely you 'd ever dreamed of comin'. Now, Mr. Dusante, we 've all agreed on what we think is the right thing to do, an' you agreed with us, but I can see by your face that you 're disapp'inted. The thing you set out to do you have n't done; an' I 'm not goin' to have it to say to myself that you was the only one of all of us that was n't satisfied, an' that I was the stumblin'-block that stood in your way. So I 'll back down from sayin' that I 'd never touch that jar again, an' you can put it into my hands, as you set out to do."

Mr. Dusante made no answer, but stepped forward, and taking Mrs. Lecks's large brown and work-worn hand, he respectfully touched it with his lips. It is not probable that Mrs. Lecks's hand had ever before been kissed. It is not probable that she had ever seen any one kiss the hand of another. But the hard sense and keen insight of that independent country-woman made her instantly aware of what was meant by that old-fashioned act of courteous homage. Her tall form grew more erect; she slightly bowed her head; and received the salute with a quiet dignity which would have become a duchess.

This little scene touched us all, and Mrs. Aleshine afterwards informed me that for a moment she had n't a dry eye in her head.

Mr. Dusante now handed the ginger-jar to Mrs. Lecks, who immediately stepped towards Ruth and Lucille.

"You two young ones," she said, "can jus' take this jar, an' your hands can be the first to lift off that paper of fish-hooks an' take out the money, which you will then divide among our good friends, these sailor men."

Ruth and Lucille immediately sat down on the floor of the porch and the one emptied the board-money into the lap of the other, where it was speedily divided into three equal portions, one of which was placed in the hands of each mariner.

The men stood motionless, each holding his money in his open right hand, and then the red-bearded coxswain spoke.

"It ain't for me, nor for Bill, nor for Jim nuther, to say a word agin what you all think

is right and square. We 've stood by ye an' obeyed orders since we first shipped on that island, an' we intend to do so straight along, don't we, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Jim and Bill, in hearty hoarse response.

"There 's some of ye, 'specially Mrs. Aleshine, though meanin' no disrespec' to anybody else, that we 'd foller to the cross-trees of the top-gallant mast of the tallest ship that ever floated in the middle of the ragin'est typhoon that ever blowed. Would n't we, Jim an' Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" sang out Jim and Bill.

"But though we stand ready to obey orders," said the coxswain, "we made up our minds, when we heard what was goin' to be done, that we 'd listen keerful fer one thing, an' we have listened keerful an' we have n't heard that one thing, an' that thing was what we should do with this money. An', not havin' heard it, an' so bein' under no orders as to the spendin' of it, we take the money, an' thank you kindly, one an' all. Don't we, Jim and Bill?"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Jim and Bill.

And into the pocket of each mariner clinked the money.

Mr. Dusante now took up the ginger-jar and approached Mrs. Lecks. "I hope, madam," he said, "that as the subject of our little differences has now been removed from this jar, you will consent to accept it from me as a memento of the somewhat remarkable experiences through which it has accompanied us."

"Take it, sir?" said she. "To be sure I will. An' very glad am I to get it. As long as I live it shall stand on the mantel-piece in my parlor; an' when I die, it shall be left to my heirs, to be taken care of as long as it holds together."

Every reason for dissatisfaction having now been banished from our little company, we all settled down for a season of enjoyment. Even Mr. Enderton, who had found on the top shelf of a closet in his room a lot of old leather-bound books, appeared to be in a state of perfect content. To the Dusantes a residence in this absolutely rural portion of our Middle States in the autumnal season was an entirely novel experience. The crisp and invigorating air, the mists and glowing hues of the Indian summer time, the softness of the sunshine, and even those masses of limbs and twigs which had already dropped their leaves and spread themselves in a delicate network against the clear blue sky, were all full of a novel beauty for these people who had lived so long in tropical lands and among perennial foliage, and had never known the delights of an American country life out of season. Having enjoyed Mrs. Lecks's hospitality for a suitable period, they proposed to that sensible woman that she should receive them as boarders until the winter should set in; and to this practical proposition she gave a ready assent, hoping that the really cold weather would long defer its coming.

Ruth and I established ourselves on the same terms with Mrs. Aleshine. A prolonged holiday from the labors of my business had been the object of my attempted journey to Japan, and I could think of no place where it would better please my young wife and myself to rest for a time than here among these good friends.

A continual source of amusement to us were the acts and doings of Mrs. Aleshine and her three sailor men. These bold mariners had enlisted, soul and body, into the service of the thrifty housewife; and as it was impossible to do anything in connection with the growing of the onions until the desired fields should be acquired and the spring should open, many and diverse were the labors at which the coxswain and those two able-bodied seamen, Bill and Jim, set themselves or were set by Mrs. Aleshine.

The brilliantly painted front-door, which at first had excited the good woman's ire, gradually came to command her admiration; and when her sailor men had done everything else that they could in the barns, the fields, or at the wood-pile, she gave them privilege to paint various portions of her property, leaving designs and colors to their own taste and fancy. Whether they milked the cows, cut the wood, or painted the sides of the house, they always worked like good fellows, and in nautical costume. They holy-stoned the front deck, as they called the floor of the porch, until it seemed sacrilegious to set foot upon it; and when the house and the pale-fence had been suitably painted, they allowed their fancies lofty flights in the decoration of the smaller out-buildings and various objects in the grounds. One of the men had a pocket-chart of the colors adopted by the different steamship companies all over the world, and now smoke-houses, corn-cribs, chicken-houses, and so on, down to pumps and hitching-posts, were painted in great bands of blue-and-red and white-and-black, arranged in alternating orders, until an observer might have supposed that a commercial navy had been sunk beneath Mrs. Aleshine's house-grounds, leaving nothing but its smoke-stacks visible.

The greatest work of decoration, however, was reserved by the red-bearded coxswain for himself, designed by his own brain, and executed by his own hands. This was the tattooing of the barn. Around this building, the sides

of which were already of a color sufficiently resembling a well-tanned human skin, the coxswain painted, in blue spots resembling tattooing, an immense cable passing several times about the structure, a sea-serpent almost as long as the cable, eight anchors, two ships under full sail, with a variety of cannons and flags which filled up all the remaining spaces. This great work was a long time in execution, and before it was half finished its fame had spread over the surrounding country.

The decoration of her premises was greatly enjoyed by Mrs. Aleshine. "It gives 'em somethin' to do," said she, "till the onion-season comes on; it makes 'em happy; an' the leaves an' flowers bein' pretty nigh gone, I like to see the place blossomin' out as if it was a cold-weather garden."

In the evenings, in the large kitchen, the sailor men danced their hornpipes, and around the great fire-place they spun long yarns of haps and mishaps on distant seas. Mrs. Aleshine always, and the rest of us often, sat by the fire and enjoyed these nautical recreations.

"Havin' myself done housekeepin' in the torrid zone," she once said, "a lot of the things they tell come home to me quite nat'ral. An' I 'd do anythin' in the world to make 'em content to live on dry land like common Christians, instid of cavoortin' about on the pitchin' ocean, runnin' into each other, an' springin' leaks with no likelihood of findin' a furnished island at every p'int where their ship happened to go down."

On one subject only did any trouble now come into the mind of Mrs. Aleshine, and she once had a little talk with me in regard to it.

"I 've been afeared from the very beginnin'," she said, "an' after a while I more 'n half believed it, that Elizabeth Grootenheimer was settin' her cap at the coxswain, so I jus' went to him an' I spoke to him plain. 'This sort o' thing won't do at all,' says I; 'an' although I have n't a doubt you see it for yourself, I thought it my dooty to speak my mind about it. There 's plenty of young women in this township that would make you sailor men fust-rate wives, an' glad enough I 'd be to see you all married an' settled an' gone to farmin' right here amongst us, but Elizabeth Grootenheimer won't do. Settin' aside everything else, if there was to be any children, they might be little coxswains, but they 'd be Grootenheimers too; stone-dumb Grootenheimers; an' I tell you plain that this county can't stand no more Grootenheimers!' To which he says, says he, 'I want you to understan', ma'am, that if ever me or Jim or Bill makes up our mind to set sail for any sort of a weddin' port, we won't weigh anchor till we 've got our clearance papers from you.' By which he meant that he 'd ask my advice about courtin'. An' now my mind 's easy, an' I can look ahead with comfort to onion-time."

I found it necessary to go to Philadelphia for a day or two to attend to some business matters; and the evening before I started, the coxswain came to me and asked a favor for himself and his mates.

"It may n't have passed out of your mind, sir," said he, "that when me an' Jim an' Bill took that money that you all give us, which was n't zackly like prize-money, because the rest of the crew, to put it that way, did n't get any, we listened keerful to see if anythin' was said as to what we was to do with the money; an' nothin' bein' said, we took it, an' we was n't long makin' up our minds as to what we was goin' to do with it. What we wanted to do was to put up some sort of signal what could n't git blowed away, or, more like, a kind of reg'lar moniment as would make them that looked at it remember the rough squalls an' the jolly larks we 've gone through with together, an' it was when we was talkin' about Mrs. Lecks bein' give the ginger-jar to put on her mantel-piece an' keep forever, that me an' Jim an' Bill we said, says we, that Mrs. Aleshine should have a ginger-jar too, havin' as much right to one as her mate, an' that that would be the signal-flag or the moniment that we 'd put up. Now, sir, as you 're goin' to town, we ask you to take this money, which is the whole lot that was give' us, an' have a ginger-jar built, jus' the size an' shape an' gen'ral trim of that other one, but of no pottery-stuff, fur you kin buy 'em jus' like that, an' that ain't what we want. We want her built of good oak, stout an' strong, with live-oak knees inside to keep her stiff an' save her from bein' stove in, in case of a collision. We want her bottom coppered up above the water-line with real silver, an' we want a turtle-back deck with a round hatchway, with a tight-fittin' hatch, jus' like common jars. We want her sides caulked with oakum, an' well scraped an' painted, so that with water inside of her or outside of her she won't leak. An' on the bottom of her, so they kin be seen if she keels over, we wants the names of me, an' Jim, an' Bill, which we 've wrote on this piece of paper. An' on her sides, below the water-line, on the silver copperin', we wants the names of all the rest of you, an' the latitood an' longitood of that island, an' anythin' out of the logs that might 'a' been kep' by any of you, as might help to be remembered the things what happened. An' then, if there 's any room left on the copperin' an' any money lef' to pay for 'em, you might have cut on as many anchors, an' hearts, an' bits of cable, an' such like suitable things as would fill up. An' that jar

we 're goin' to give to Mrs. Aleshine to put on her mantel-piece, to stay there as long as she lives, or anybody that belongs to her. An', by George, sir!" he added behind his hand, although there was nobody to hear, "if ever them two jars run into each other, it won't be Mrs. Aleshine's that 'll go down!"

I undertook this commission, and in due course of time there came to the village the most astonishing ginger-jar that was ever built, and which satisfied the three mariners in every particular. When it was presented to Mrs. Aleshine, her admiration of this work of art, her delight in its ownership, and her gratitude to the donors were alike boundless.

"However could I have had the idee," said she privately to me, "that any one of them noble sailor men could have brought himself down to marry Elizabeth Grootenheimer!"

It was not long after this happy event that another great joy came to Mrs. Aleshine. Her son returned from Japan. He had heard of the loss of the steamer in which his mother and Mrs. Lecks had set sail, and was in great trouble of mind until he received a letter from his mother which brought him speedily home. He had no intention of settling in Meadowville, but it had been a long time since he had seen his mother.

He was a fine young man, handsome and well educated, and we were all delighted with him; and in a very short time he and Lucille Dusante, being the only young bachelor and maiden of the company, became so intimate and super-friendly that it was easy to see that to Mrs. Aleshine might come the unexpected rapture of eventually being the mother of Lucille.

We staid much later at Meadowville than we had expected. Even after the little hills and vales had been well covered with snow, sleighing and coasting parties, led by the lively new-comer, offered attractions, especially to Lucille, which bound us to the cheery homes of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. But, after a time, the Dusantes considered it prudent to go to Florida for the rest of the winter; Mr. Enderton had long since read all the books on his closet-shelf and departed for New York; and Ruth and I determined that we, too, must move eastward.

But, before our little company separated, Mrs. Aleshine's son and Lucille Dusante had settled it between them that when the springtime came they would set sail for a wedding port. This match was a highly satisfactory one to all concerned, for Mr. Dusante could scarcely have found a young brother-in-law who would make his sister so happy, and who was, at the same time, so well fitted by disposition and previous occupation to assist in his increasing business cares.

In the spring the Dusante family came North again and Lucille and her lover were married; and then all of us, except Mr. Enderton, who had obtained a most congenial position as assistant librarian in a public institution seldom visited, gathered at Meadowville to spend a week or two together before Ruth and I repaired to the New England town which was to be our home; and the Dusante family, the young husband included, set out on a tour, partly of business and partly of pleasure, through Canada and the far Northwest.

It was arranged that, whenever it should be possible, Lucille and Mrs. Dusante should spend their summers at Meadowville; and as this would also give her much of the society of her son, the heart of Mrs. Aleshine could ask no more.

This visit to Meadowville was in the onion-season; and one morning Ruth and I sat upon a fence and watched the three sailor men busily at work. The soil looked so fine and smooth that one might almost have supposed that it had been holy-stoned; and the three nautical farmers, in their tight-waisted, loose-bottomed trousers, their tarpaulin hats, and their wide-collared shirts, were seated on the ground at different points, engrossed in the absorbing task of setting out young onions as onions had never been set out before. All the careful attention to patient minutiæ which nautical handiwork had taught them was now displayed in their new vocation. In a portion of the field which had been first planted the onions had sprouted, and we could see evidences of astonishing designs. Here were anchors in onions; hearts in onions; brigs, barks, and schooners in onions; and more things pertaining to ships, the heart's affections, and the raging main outlined in onions than Ruth and I could give names to.

"It seems to me," said I, "that there must have been some sort of enchantment in that little island in the Pacific, for in one way or another it has made us all very happy."

"That is true," answered Ruth; "and, do you know, I believe the cause of a great part of that happiness was the board-money in the ginger-jar!"

Frank R. Stockton.

THE END.

ASTROLOGY, DIVINATION, AND COINCIDENCES.

IT is incorrect to suppose that astrology has no votaries at the present time. Zadkiel's Almanac, which has been published for nearly forty consecutive years, sells more than one hundred and twenty thousand copies per annum, and it is not a publication which ignorant persons could understand,— nor does it appear to make any appeals to that class. The "Saturday Review" for July 4, 1863, says: "Without doubt there are a million of people who have some sort of confidence in Zadkiel; certainly there is ample encouragement to them in the countenance afforded Zadkiel by the great and wise and learned of the land." This writer also states that "society believes in astrology." It is quite possible that this is exaggerated, for "society" affects the study of all strange or new things. If its interest in any passing novelty or new aspect of something old should be allowed any value as indicating what it "believed," it might be held to accept almost anything.

I should not, however, think it a prudent economy of time or space to treat astrology here merely to delay its final disappearance. It is because the exhibition of its principles and methods will afford us an almost indispensable aid in the studies to which this series of articles is devoted, and account for and explain certain conditions of current thought, that it is worthy of investigation.

Goethe begins his autobiography with these words:

> On the 29th of August, 1749, at midday, as the clock struck 12, I came into the world at Frankfort-on-the-Main. My horoscope was propitious: the Sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and had culminated for the day; Jupiter and Venus looked on him with a friendly eye and Mercury not adversely, while Saturn and Mars kept themselves indifferent; the Moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her reflection all the more as she had then reached her planetary hour. She opposed herself, therefore, to my birth, which could not be accomplished until this hour was passed. These good aspects, which the astrologers managed subsequently to reckon very auspicious for me, may have been the causes of my preservation; for, through the unskillfulness of the midwife, I came into the world as dead, and only after various efforts was I enabled to see the light.

This mighty intellect, representing, according to Madame de Staël, in himself alone the whole of German literature, whose knowledge and insight, sensibility and imagination, were so extraordinary as to elevate him for all time to the highest rank, appears to have been somewhat under the influence of that belief in astrology which, from the earliest ages, had dominated the human mind, and from which, at the date of his birth, even the most enlightened, with comparatively few exceptions, had not been emancipated. For there was scarcely an extraordinary character in antiquity who did not believe in astrology. Hippocrates and Galen,— the first names in medicine,— Pythagoras, Democritus, and Thales gave it credit. Hippocrates said in substance that a physician who was ignorant of astrology deserved to be called a fool rather than a physician; and Galen, that no man should "trust himself to that physician, or rather pretender, who is not skilled in astrology." In China, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome it was universally accepted, while Chaldea may be called the center of its power.

There are many references to it in the Bible, such as "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" The Magi, who came from the East following the star of Christ, were astrologers. It seems probable from some passages that Daniel, who accepted the office of chief of the Magi, studied the heavens and astrological books. Only when the astrologers contradicted the direct revelation of God's word were they specially condemned. On such occasions the prophets denounced them: though seeming to admit that there might be an influence from the stars, they declared that they could not prevail against the will of God — as when Jeremiah says, "Be not dismayed at the signs of heaven, for the heathen are dismayed at them"; or the similar injunction given by Isaiah, "Let now the astrologers, the stargazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee."

The ancient poets — Æschylus, Vergil, Horace, Homer, and many others — rose to the loftiest strains when praising astrology. In more modern times the chief physicians on the continent of Europe were astrologers, some of them very famous. One was Cardan of Milan, who was not only a physician but an algebraist. The "Text-book of Astrology" gives a list of eminent men in England who believed in astrology,— Roger Bacon; Duns Scotus; Baron Napier, the inventor of logarithms; Tycho Brahe; Francis Bacon; Kepler; Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal; Sir Elias

Ashmole, the founder of the Ashmolean Museum. Chaucer was also a believer, and wrote a treatise on the astrolabe. John Dryden, skilled in the theory, computed the nativities of his children, and foretold certain severe accidents to his son Charles.

Astrology has exerted great influence upon language and literature. Many of the words most frequently used are derived from astrology or kindred subjects — *augur*, *augury*, *auspices*, the common word *talisman*, and especially *influence*. In literature appeals to the heavens are common, as well as references to the stars as sources of prosperity.

Trench says we seem to affirm that we believe that

> the planet under which a man may happen to be born will affect his temperament, will make him for life of a disposition grave or gay, lively or severe. . . . For we speak of a person as "jovial," or "saturnine," or "mercurial"—jovial as being born under the planet Jupiter or Jove, which was the joyfullest star and of the happiest augury of all; a gloomy, severe person is said to be "saturnine" as born under the planet Saturn, who was considered to make those that owned his influence, and were born when he was in the ascendant, grave and stern as himself; another we call "mercurial," that is, light-hearted, as those born under the planet Mercury were accounted to be. The same faith in the influence of the stars survives, so far at least as words go, in "disaster," "disastrous," "ill-starred," "ascendant," "ascendancy," and, indeed, in the word "influence" itself.*
>
> Or, again, do we keep in mind, or are we even aware, that whenever the word "influence" occurs in our English poetry, down to a comparatively modern date, there is always more or less remote allusion to the skyey, planetary influences supposed to be exercised by the heavenly luminaries upon men? How many a passage starts into new life and beauty and fullness of allusion, when this is present with us. Even Milton's
>
> Store of ladies, whose bright eyes
> Rain *influence*,
>
> as spectators of the tournament, gain something when we regard them — and using this language, he intended we should — as the luminaries of this lower sphere, shedding by their propitious presence strength and valor into the hearts of their knights.†

If we turn to Shakspere, we find the belief molding some of his most beautiful expressions:

> Comets, importing change of times and states,
> Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky.

When *Romeo* and *Juliet* are married the prayer is:

> So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
> That after hours with sorrow chide us not.

In one of the most frequently quoted passages of Shakspere the astrological reference is generally omitted:

> In my stars I am above thee: . . . some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.

From Byron astrologers quote a fine passage, using it as though he were a believer:

> Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
> If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
> Of men and empires — 't is to be forgiven
> That, in our aspirations to be great,
> Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
> And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
> A beauty and a mystery, and create
> In us such love and reverence from afar,
> That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

Dante, writing of Mars, says:

> With him shalt thou see
> That immortal who was at his birth impressed
> So strongly with this star, that of his deeds
> The nations shall take note.

And speaks in another place thus:

> Where the planets roll
> To pour their wished influence on the world.

Longfellow, in a passage which has touched many a parent's heart, says:

> O child! O new-born denizen
> Of life's great city! on thy head
> The glory of the morn is shed,
> Like a celestial benison!
> . . . . . .
> By what astrology of fear or hope
> Dare I to cast thy horoscope!

What is astrology? According to Zadkiel's "Grammar of Astrology" the science consists of four branches or distinct parts, which are essentially different from each other. These are: *Nativities*, *Mundane Astrology*, *Atmospheric Astrology*, and *Horary Astrology*.

Nativities comprise "the art of foreseeing, from the figurings of the heavens at the moment of birth, the future fate and character of individuals."

Mundane Astrology is "the art of foreseeing, by the positions of the heavenly bodies at certain periods, the circumstances of nations, such as wars, pestilences, inundations, earthquakes, etc."

Atmospheric Astrology, Zadkiel defines as "the art of foreseeing, by the positions of the planets at the periods of the sun and moon being in mutual aspect, and some other circumstances, the quality of the weather at any required time or place."

Horary Astrology is "the art of foreseeing, by the positions of the heavens at any period when an individual may be anxious about the matter, the result of any business or circumstance whatever."

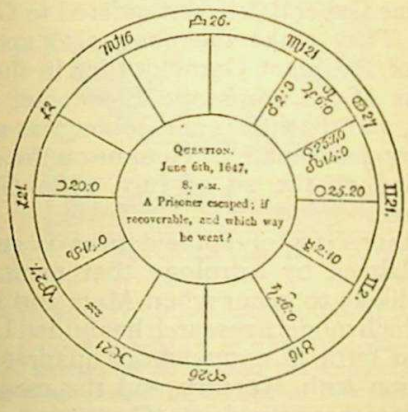
Concerning Atmospheric Astrology, which is merely a system of meteorology based on the theory that the changes of the weather are produced by the influence of the planets, I shall say nothing. Mundane Astrology is in

* Trench, "On the Study of Words."
† Trench, "English Past and Present."

some respects more complex than either Nativities or Horary Astrology.

The nature of the influence of the heavens upon human destiny has been differently taught by different astrologers, some claiming that the heavens merely exhibit the signs of events, so that when these are properly interpreted the future can be foretold, and others holding that they are the causes of the events. Most, however, seem to believe that they are both.

The calculations of astrology are made by means of the sun, moon, and planets, the signs of the Zodiac, and the various aspects and relations of the planets. To work the problems, a "figure of the heavens" is drawn. This is merely a map to represent the heavens at any particular moment, such as when a child is born, a question asked, etc. It is made by drawing three circles and then drawing lines to represent the horizon, and others at right angles with them to represent the meridian. Thus will be shown the natural divisions formed by the rising and setting of the sun, and by his passing the meridian at noon and midnight. Each of these quarters or quadrants is to be divided again into three equal parts, forming the twelve houses. The following figure, from Lilly's "Introduction to Astrology," exhibits the method:



In calculating a *nativity* the horoscope must be cast for the instant the child is born, and the figure show exactly the state of the heavens at that instant as viewed from the place of birth: the signs of the Zodiac and the planets, with their latitudes, declinations, etc., have to be determined, and the figure when completed must exhibit all these. This is difficult, and cannot be done without a knowledge of astronomical tables.

Suppose, then, the figure completed; what is the method of judging? Here we enter the most interesting part of the subject. From the time of Ptolemy down to the present, a system of significations has existed. These significations, which have been more or less changed and modified by the various astrologers who have arisen since his time, are assigned to the signs of the Zodiac, and also to the planets and to their relations to each other and to the Zodiac. Aries, one of the four cardinal signs, influences Britain, Germany, Denmark, Lesser Poland, Burgundy, Palestine, Syria, and Judea. Astrologers go so far as to specify towns: Naples, Capua, Florence, Verona, Padua, Brunswick, Marseilles, Cracow, and Utrecht. Gemini relates to the north-east coast of Africa, Lower Egypt, Flanders, Lombardy, Sardinia, Brabant, and Belgium. It is of particular interest to us because it rules the west of England and the United States. London, Marseilles, and other cities also come under its sway, and, the "Science of the Stars" modestly says, "perhaps Melbourne."

Astrologers hold that the signs of the Zodiac affect not only nations, but individuals — that Aries, for example, produces a spare and strong body, of stature rather above the average, face long, eyebrows bushy, neck long, etc.; while Taurus gives a middle stature, thick, well-set body, broad forehead, full face and prominent eyes, neck and lips thick, nose and mouth wide. Aries governs the head and face of man; and the diseases it produces (when evil planets are located in it) are small-pox, measles, ringworm, apoplexy, palsy, etc. Gemini governs the arms and shoulders. Its diseases are brain-fever, croup, fractures of the head, arms, etc.

Certain planets are called *malefics*. These are Mars, Saturn, and Uranus. Venus and Jupiter are specified as *benefics*. A planet is spoken of as being *afflicted* whenever the malefics are in certain relations to it, and as being free from affliction when the benefics are in these relations. Of the sun they say that if it is afflicted at birth the tendency is to the destruction of life. In order to have great prosperity, both the sun and the moon must be free from affliction; and if both are afflicted, the person will have a life-long struggle. If the sun is in good aspect with Mars, the child born will be very fortunate in war, surgery, chemistry, etc.; if it is in the zenith and free from affliction, he will have a great public career. If it is rising at the birth, it makes him bold, courageous, and proud. But if it is afflicted by Saturn, he is liable to consumption or paralysis; if by Mars, he will be cruel and blood-thirsty, unless Jupiter happens to assist the sun. If the moon is properly related it has a good, but if otherwise an exceedingly bad, effect. Its diseases are rheumatism, consumption, palsy, lunacy, scrofula, small-pox, and dropsy.

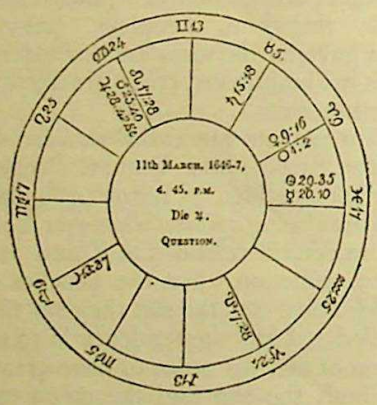
There are certain "eminent" fixed stars, to which great significance is attached. Some of

these are Aldebaran, Hercules, and Regulus. Alfred J. Pearce predicts that when "the martial star Aldebaran (α Tauri), of the first magnitude, shall arrive at 17 degrees, 54 minutes, Gemini, 700 years hence, there will probably happen a fearful conflagration in if not the total destruction of London." This is safer than anything which Professor E. Stone Wiggins has as yet attempted, since the author of the "Science of the Stars" will not be upon the scene at that time to rejoice at the fulfillment of his prophecy or mourn over the destruction of London.

When the figure is completed, and the positions and aspects of the planets are duly marked, the preparation is made to form a judgment.

> The exact way of judicature in astrology is, first, by being perfect in the nature of the planets and signs; secondly, by knowing the strength, fortitude, or debility of the significators and well-poise of them (that is, the various rules, directions, aspects, etc., and several mixtures in your judgment); thirdly, by applying the influence of the figure of heaven erected and the planets' aspects to one another at the time of the question or nativity.*

To make the proper calculation is a work requiring experience.



The above is the famous figure which William Lilly drew to decide whether Presbytery should stand in England. Zadkiel adduces this figure with the judgment pronounced upon it as a decisive proof of the science, and of its ability to decide the most important questions, both public and private.

To demonstrate the truth of astrology its votaries appeal to the history of England for the past six hundred years. Aries is the principal sign influencing England. Saturn is a malefic planet, and they assign various coincidences of misfortune to England during the times "Saturn" was in "Aries," of which I give a few. In 1290, the desperate war with the Scots was waged by Edward I. and the English army defeated at Roslin, near Edinburgh; in 1378, the rebellion by Wat Tyler; in 1555, Queen Mary's time, 277 persons burned at the stake; in 1643, civil war between Charles I. and Parliament. The whole list is remarkable.

On the other hand, in 896 Jupiter was in Aries, and King Alfred beat the Danes; in 1215 King John signed the Magna Charta; in 1856 peace was signed between the allies, and the Crimean war ended; in 1868 the tide of prosperity set in.

An important incident is related to the United States. Gemini rules the United States and also the west of England. The rebellion of the American colonies coincided with the transit of Uranus through the sign Gemini; and on the very next occasion, as the "Science of the Stars" points out, when the same planet passed through the same sign, 1859 to 1866, the American civil war waged four years. During the same time the west of England suffered fearfully from the cotton famine, nearly a million people being in a state of semi-starvation.

Of the eclipses in their relation to Mundane Astrology the following illustrations may serve: On April 10, 1865, there occurred a partial eclipse of the moon at Washington; Jupiter was in the ascendant in Sagittarius, and about that time General Lee surrendered to General Grant. They make the point also upon the death of President Garfield, that in the midheavens of his horoscope the comet B appeared, and that this same comet was seen in the second decanate of Gemini on the 22d of May, and on the 2d of July, 1881, Garfield was shot.

Another class of coincidences is striking. It is claimed by astrology that mental disease is likely to occur when Mars and Saturn — to which modern research has added Uranus — are at birth in conjunction, quadrature, or opposition with Mercury and the moon, but Mercury more particularly. The "Science of the Stars," from which we take some of these coincidences, though it has quoted them from another work, says: "It is by no means asserted that insanity always or even often occurs with such opposition; what is asserted is, that it rarely occurs without it." This proposition should be scrutinized, for it contains a serious if not fatal weakness.

There are nine great princes notoriously insane or deficient in intellect, upon whose birth Mercury or the moon, or both, will be found to have been afflicted by Mars, Saturn, or Uranus. These are: Paul of Russia, George III. of England, Gustavus IV. of Sweden, Ferdinand II. of Austria, Maria of Portugal, Charlotte, Empress of Mexico, Charles II. of

* Lilly, "Introduction to Astrology," p. 29.

Spain, Murad V. of Turkey, and Constantine of Russia. Six persons of genius, born under the same configuration, Gérard de Nerval; Alfred Rethel, the painter of "Der Tod als Freund"; Agnes Bury, the actress; Julien; Paul Morphy, the chess-player; and Pugin, became insane. Four distinguished men who lost their faculties in old age are also given — Swift, Southey, Moore, and Faraday. The histories of the Bourbon family, as derived from documents now in the British Museum, agree with the state of the heavens at the time of their births, according to the theories of astrology; their misfortunes, insanity, violent deaths, etc., are too well known to need recapitulation. Many coincidences between the aspect of the heavens at her birth and the events of her career are found in the life of Queen Victoria.

Lilly predicted, it is claimed, in 1651 the Great Plague which occurred in London in 1665. The following is a fac-simile of the hieroglyphic of the Great Plague:

Fac-Simile of the Hieroglyphic of the GREAT PLAGUE in 1665, published by W. LILLY, in the Year 1651.

This hieroglyphic, as explained by Zadkiel,

signifies a great mortality, in which the vast number of deaths should so far exceed the supply of coffins that the dead should be buried in their shrouds, or merely stitched up in sheets, as therein rudely represented.

Lilly also predicted, in the same year, by means of an astrological hieroglyphic, the Great Fire in London, which took place September 3, 1666.

Zadkiel says that the hieroglyphic forecasting the Great Fire may be understood

by the horoscope being introduced therein, and the twins are intended to represent the sign Gemini, which in astrology is known to rule London, and the twins are, therefore, intended to denote that city. Their falling headlong into the fire signifies the extensive injury to be done to London by that element fifteen years afterwards.

The astrologers made a great deal out of these hieroglyphics, Zadkiel affirming that if there had been only these, whereas there were several others equally pointing out future events published with them, they would ever remain undeniable monuments of the author's skill and of the substantial truth of the science of astrology.

Fac-Simile of the Astrological Hieroglyphic of the GREAT FIRE in LONDON, September 2d, 1666, published by W. LILLY, in the Year 1651.

Americans cannot but be struck by a recent extraordinary coincidence. In Zadkiel's Almanac for 1886 occurs the following prediction:

Shocks of earthquake in the 77th degree of west longitude may be looked for. Great thunder-storms and waves of intense heat will pass over the States. There will be great excitement in America.

What are the facts? The terrific shocks of earthquake which visited Charleston, S. C., Washington, Richmond, Augusta, Raleigh, etc., on the night of August 31st, many lives being lost, took place in longitude 76 to 78 degrees west. Waves of intense heat passed over the States in July and August, the thermometer in the middle of the latter month in St. Louis rising to 104 in the shade. Coincidences more or less can be multiplied indefinitely, and it was by observing them that the system of astrology was constructed.

ITS PROBLEMS MERE PUZZLES.

HAVING traced the influence of astrology upon literature and given an explanation of the principles of the science, and an impartial outline of the supposed evidences of its truth which its professors advance, it is now necessary to subject those evidences to examination. Fortunately the cases adduced are of great historical interest, and a discussion which otherwise might be tedious is closely connected with the progress of civilization and of modern as well as ancient nations.

The ancients knew nothing of the two great planets Uranus and Neptune. Yet the "Text-book of Astrology" asserts that "the influence of Uranus is found to be very powerful in nativities, when he is angular or in as-

pect to the luminaries." Shortly after this planet was discovered, an astrologer called on an astronomer to secure his calculations of the periodical motions of Uranus, stating that it was very probable "that the want of a knowledge and use of its motions was the cause that, in judicial astrology, the predictions so often failed." The planet Neptune was discovered in 1846. The "Text-book of Astrology" affirms that "sufficient time has not elapsed to enable astrologers to determine the exact nature of Neptune's influence in nativities"; yet, the writer appropriately says, "until more experience has been gained as to his influence in nativities, it may be accepted that his general character is fortunate, and that persons born under his sway are healthy, good-natured, and romantic." When Mr. Proctor remarked, a number of years ago, "astrologers tell us now that Uranus is a very potent planet, yet the old astrologers seem to have gotten on very well without him," all that the standard authorities of the "Science" could reply was that "Democritus maintained that more planets would be discovered in succeeding ages." This is no answer to the proposition that the ancients seemed to succeed in total ignorance of the "very powerful" influence of Uranus, and the possible mighty influence of Neptune.

There are three fatal defects in the proofs they offer: (*a*) The number of instances investigated is too small to establish a law of cause and effect. (*b*) In the more remarkable predictions, reasoning upon existing conditions and tendencies, a shrewd guess or a mere coincidence can account for the fulfillment. (*c*) In the most striking cases there was ample time for the culmination of the operation of causes.

When William Lilly was examined by the British Parliament on his prophecies concerning the plague and the fire, he was thus addressed by Sir Robert Brooke:

> Mr. Lilly, this Committee thought fit to summon you to appear before them this day, to know if you can say anything as to the cause of the late fire, or whether there might be any design therein. You are called the rather hither, because, in a book of yours long since printed, you hinted some such thing by one of your hieroglyphicks.

Unto which Mr. Lilly replied:

> May it please your Honors: After the beheading of the late King, considering that in the three subsequent years the Parliament acted nothing which concerned the settlement of the nation's peace; and seeing the generality of the people dissatisfied, the citizens of London discontented, the soldiery prone to mutiny; I was desirous, according to the best knowledge God had given me, to make enquiry by the art I studied, what might, from that time, happen unto Parliament and the nation in general. At last, having satisfied myself as well as I could, and perfected myself as well as I could, and perfected my judgment therein, I thought it most convenient to signify my intentions and conceptions thereof in forms, shapes, types, hieroglyphicks, etc., without any commentary, that so my judgment might be concealed from the vulgar, and made manifest only unto the wise; I herein imitating the examples of many wise philosophers who had done the like. Having found, Sir, that the city of London would be sadly afflicted with a great plague, and not long after with an exorbitant fire, I framed these two hieroglyphicks, as represented in the book, which, in effect, have proved very true.
>
> "Did you foresee the year?" said one. "I did not," said I, "nor was desirous; of that I made no scrutiny." I proceeded: Now, Sir, whether there was any design of burning the City, or any employed to that purpose, I must deal ingenuously with you; that, since the fire, I have taken such pains in the search thereof, but cannot or could not give myself any the least satisfaction therein I conclude that it was the finger of God only; but what instruments he used thereunto, I am ignorant.

Those were troublous times; plagues were common in Europe, fires were of frequent occurrence, and modern methods of extinguishing them had not been invented.

Lilly did not pretend to have foreseen the year, or to reflect any light upon the instruments; yet he was constantly ascertaining "who stole fish" and what had become of lost dogs, and affirms that he never failed in questions of that sort. His hieroglyphics could have been applied to a variety of events. It would have been easy to interpret that which he afterwards declared foretold the Great Plague as signifying murders and the hasty concealment of bodies, or the burial of soldiers after a battle. The hieroglyphic typifying the fire could have been applied to any other of a hundred things, as falling into a fire might be made to illustrate most catastrophes.

The coincidences in English history, it is to be noted, consist of certain events drawn from a period of six hundred years, which events occurred during the progression of Saturn through Aries. Saturn remains long in that sign, and his returns are separated by a considerable time. In the confused history of England during those six centuries there were hundreds of battles and great events were numerous, and yet but thirteen of these having an evil character are produced. English history furnishes scores of disasters which occurred when Saturn was *not* in Aries. In like manner, Jupiter is in Aries every twelve years or thereabouts, and yet but seven prosperous events are produced from 1196—nearly seven hundred years! Those mentioned are great occurrences, but during the seven centuries more than a hundred occurred when Jupiter was *not* in Aries.

It will be observed that the American Revolution did concur with the transit of Uranus through the sign Gemini, and also that the next time that planet passed through Gemini,

from 1859 to 1866, the great American civil war raged four years. But the period from 1784 to 1859 was just long enough for the causes growing out of slavery and different views of State sovereignty to culminate in a rebellion. Had the malefic planet's orbit been smaller there would not have been time enough. This is all that appears. The astrologer declares that during the same time the west of England suffered fearfully from the cotton famine. This is not wonderful, as the cotton came from the South and its ports were blockaded. Had there been no cotton-mills in the west of England, or had the war begun sooner or later, they would not have suffered at that particular time.

The death of President Garfield, considered in connection with the appearance of comet B in his horoscope and also in the year of his death, is merely a proof that between the appearances of that comet sufficient time elapsed for the infant Garfield to grow to manhood and become President and for such modification of political parties as then existed.

As to the statements concerning mental diseases, in order to give them any value thousands of cases should be adduced, and it should be proved that the majority of those who were insane were born under such aspects of the heavens, and that comparatively few born under other signs lost their reason. A score or five hundred coincidences of this kind are not sufficient to lay the foundation for a law.

The prediction of Zadkiel that earthquakes would occur in the 77th degree of west longitude, followed immediately by the earthquakes in this country, appears at first sight very remarkable. Yet to read all the predictions of Zadkiel's Almanac for 1886 and compare them with subsequent events is sufficient to dissipate any belief that there was a foreseeing of those events. The Almanac for 1886 predicted for England that an effort would be made to abolish hereditary peerages; that the revenue would not be satisfactory; that theaters would suffer; that the school-board would be in bad odor, and that certain of its members would find their chances of reëlection very perilous; that some public buildings would be destroyed in Paris by fire; that German affairs would become entangled; that socialistic proceedings would cause trouble (a thing that has been true for several years, and no more true during 1886 and 1887 than it had been). An astounding prediction was made that there would be "some trouble in the Western States and a good deal of sickness, and that the President would find his office a burdensome one." The financial condition of Mexico was to be bad. In Australia there would be trouble connected with railroads, and serious accidents were only too probable. There would be a great outbreak of epidemic diseases, and naval forces would be increased. In Ottawa the Canadian government would find it difficult to maintain peace at home and abroad; and in Paris the Communists would resort to violence and the streets would be stained with blood. In all these there is scarcely another definite prediction of importance, or a fulfillment transcending the results of ordinary sagacity in conjecturing future events.

Much was made of the prediction of Zadkiel in his Almanac for 1853 of the fate of Louis Napoleon. That prediction was in the following words:

> But let him not dream of lasting honors, power, or prosperity. He shall found no dynasty, he shall wear no durable crown, but in the midst of deeds of blood and slaughter, with affrighted Europe trembling beneath the weight of his daring martial hosts, he descends beneath the heavy hand of fate, and falls to rise no more.

Some of this language is extravagant, but as a whole it may be considered a correct description of the career and doom of Louis Napoleon. Yet Zadkiel was not alone in this prediction; for students of French history, and every one acquainted with the events of the preceding thirty years, anticipated the speedy downfall of the Empire. The observations of writers, statesmen, and philosophers concurred in the opinion that the career of Louis Napoleon would be terminated by revolution or foreign war. The world was not surprised at his overthrow, for all perceived that he lacked the genius of his great uncle, and that he had lost the power to fire the heart of his country; while the condition of France financially and morally for years was not such as to promise success in any serious conflict with any one of the great Powers. At the time of his fall, "affrighted Europe" did not tremble beneath the weight of his daring martial hosts.

From time immemorial the different characters and histories of twins have been alleged against astrology. Cicero quotes the stoic Diogenes, who, when contending against the Chaldean astrologers, says:

> For instance, two twins may resemble each other in appearance, and yet their lives and fortunes be entirely dissimilar.

The characters and careers of Jacob and Esau have been alleged against them by Mr. Proctor and others. They answer very ingeniously that a difference of five minutes in the time of the birth of twins may imply such a difference in the position of the planets

as to indicate a great dissimilarity in their careers.*

If they were willing to adhere to this proposition they would be more consistent; but they advance in proof of the truth of astrology, in all their books, many instances of twins having similar careers when it was impossible for them to procure infallible data as to the precise moment of birth, and when they knew there must have been some difference.

This subject has of late been made interesting by the manner in which the astrologers of England have made use of Francis Galton's monograph on the "History of Twins." Mr. Galton sent out circulars to persons who were either twins themselves or near relatives of twins. He received "about eighty returns of close similarity, many of which entered into instructive details." From these replies he draws various conclusions, such as that "extreme similarity and extreme dissimilarity between twins of the same sex are nearly as common as moderate resemblance." He says that when twins are a boy and a girl they are never closely alike. In the thirty-five cases of great similarity, there were seven in which both twins suffered from some special ailment or some exceptional peculiarity. They were liable to sickness at the same time in nine out of thirty-five cases. Eleven pairs out of this number were remarkably similar in the association of ideas, making the same remarks on the same occasion. In sixteen cases their dispositions were very similar. He says that only a few retain their close resemblance through life, either physically or in disposition. Again, he says that it is a fact that "extreme dissimilarity, such as existed between Jacob and Esau, is a no less marked peculiarity in twins of the same sex than extreme similarity."

Since his views were published I have observed various twins and have seen some instances of astonishing similarity, but in other children, not twins, more instances which could readily be accounted for by the law of heredity and the influence of similar surroundings and nurture. A number of instances could be given of distinguished men, now living or but recently deceased, where the physical and mental resemblances between them and their twin brothers were no greater than ordinarily exist between brothers. Is it not important in a general examination to collect with equal care instances of as great similarities between children who have the same parents but who are not twins? Harmonies of disposition, similarity of personal appearance, and devotion to each other through life have been seen between brothers and sisters, more frequently between sisters, and occasionally between two brothers.

Driven to concede these things, the astrologers in modern times have been compelled to say:

> We do not deny the existence of many difficulties and anomalies, and fully admit that astral science is incompetent to explain the divergences in the human constitution and character without a free use of the doctrine of heredity. Our contention is that the two theories complete each other, the latter accounting for the element of stability, the former for the element of variability.†

An illustration of the wild manner in which a person competent to edit Zadkiel's Almanac may reason can be found in the "Text-book of Astrology," p. 164:

> Astrologers find that unless Mars afflicts either the ascendant or luminaries at birth (or in the fatal train of directions) there is no liability to take the small-pox.

How this can be ascertained without an acquaintance with the nativities of an immense number of persons and their histories in relation to small-pox is not set forth. The investigation is so difficult that they could not possibly show that every person who ever took small-pox was born when Mars was in a certain relation to the birth. They are not kind enough to inform us whether the vaccination of persons born under these circumstances would or would not "take." They may carry it a little farther yet and dispose of the liability to hydrophobia, cholera, yellow fever, etc., in a similar way!

Here is another case from the same source. An individual was born when the sun and moon were evilly configurated with Saturn and had no assistance from Jupiter. In harmony with theories of astrology, he did not prosper in Great Britain, but afterwards went to Australia, where he became one of the wealthiest and most highly respected citizens of Melbourne. How is this explained? It is sufficiently easy:

> At his birth the planets Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter were located in the fourth house (the northern angle). By crossing the equator, and pitching his tent in a southern latitude (38°), *he inverted his horoscope* and thereby brought the *benefics* nearly to zenith.

* They state this as follows: It is well known to *accoucheurs* that the intervals between the births of twins vary greatly; in some cases three or four minutes, in other cases hours and even days. Every four minutes' interval brings another degree of right ascension on the meridian, consequently a difference of half an hour in the times of birth would make a great difference in the part of the sign of the Zodiac ascending (as one degree in arc represents one hour of life in directions) and would alter the periods of occurrence of the subsequent events. The whole sign of Aries only takes (in the latitude of London) about fifty-two minutes in ascending; hence it is evident that a difference of half an hour might give Aries at the birth of one child and Taurus at the birth of the second.

† Wilson, "Dictionary of Astrology."

When any person declines to believe in astrology, he is disposed of without difficulty. For example, Luther condemned astrology. The "Text-book" says, perhaps this was owing to the very evil horoscope assigned to him by the great Cardan, and observes that Melancthon believed in it, and that "*phrenologists* [!] will understand that Melancthon's judgment on a scientific subject is entitled to far greater weight than Luther's."

DIVINATION.

ASTROLOGERS maintain that if the coincidences had not been sufficient in number and character to prove an intimate connection between the stars and the fate of men, it would have been impossible to maintain faith in their system through so many ages. This claim is shown to be worthless by an examination of divination in general. In all countries and times divination has been practiced, and to this day maintains itself in Asia and in various parts of the continent of Europe.

Divination was practiced in almost innumerable ways, such as by observing the flight of birds, called Augury; the living human body, such as Palmistry; dead bodies, such as Aruspicy, the inspection of animals slain in sacrifice; Anthropomancy, the examination of a dead human being; by fire, Pyromancy, of which there were six varieties; by natural phenomena, thunder and lightning, air and winds and water; by mirrors and glasses; by letters and figures; and by direct appeals to chance. Besides these salt, laurel, dough and meal, verses, dreams, and consulting the dead were used.

All these and many other methods were practiced and held in the highest reverence by many poets, philosophers, and warriors of Greece and Rome and other ancient nations. And coincidences followed the predictions of the diviners as remarkable as any that astrologers boast, and by these faith was maintained. When they failed they quibbled and equivocated, after the manner of the astrologers.

Cicero's treatise "On Divination," though written so long ago, exhausts the subject. That famous work is frequently misquoted so as to place the authority of Cicero in favor of divination. It consists of an introduction, in which Cicero declares that —

> It is an old opinion derived as far back as from the heroic times, and confirmed by the unanimous agreement of the Roman people, and indeed of all nations, that there is a species of divination in existence among men which the Greeks call μαντική; that is to say, a presentiment and foreknowledge of future events. A truly splendid and serviceable gift if it only exists in reality.

In testing this opinion he represents a discussion between his brother Quintus and himself. Quintus affirms that all nations have believed in divination. He asserts that when the statue of Plato, which stood on the top of the temple of Jupiter, was struck by lightning, and the head of the statue could not be found, the soothsayers said that it had been thrown down into the Tiber, and it was found in that very place; and that King Deiotarus never did anything without taking the auspices. An instance which he emphasizes is told of Tiberius Gracchus, an augur of the highest reputation, who, when two snakes were caught in his house, convoked the soothsayers. The answer which they gave him was that "if he let the male escape, his wife would die in a short time; but if he let the female escape, he would himself die: accordingly he let the female escape and died in a few days." One of the most striking passages concerns the oracle at Delphi:

> Would that oracle at Delphi have been so celebrated and illustrious, and so loaded with such splendid gifts from nations and kings, if all ages had not had experience of the truth of its predictions?

Some theologians, who should know better, to this day quote this passage for their own purpose, and attribute it to Cicero.

When Cicero replies he opens with metaphysical considerations, maintaining that if things come by chance they cannot be divined, and if by fate they cannot be changed. He then considers the inspection of the entrails of victims and says:

> Could you persuade any man in his senses that those events which are said to be signified by the entrails are known by the augurs in consequence of a long series of observations? How long, I wonder? For what period of time have such observations been continued? What conference must the augurs hold among themselves to determine which part of the victim's entrails represents the enemy, and which the people; what sort of cleft in the liver denoted danger, and what sort presaged advantage?

On the subject of the ox without the heart he asks:

> How is it that you think it impossible that an animal can live without a heart, and yet do not think it impossible that its heart could vanish so suddenly, no one knows whither? For myself I know not how much vigor is necessary to carry on vital function, and suspect that if afflicted with any disease, the heart of a victim may be found so withered, and wasted, and small as to be quite unlike a heart.

He then tells him that in trying to prove the truth of the auguries he is overturning the whole system of physics; and concludes his argument in these words:

> After having thus destroyed divination by the inspection of entrails, all the rest of the science of the soothsayers is at an end.

Of the head which was discovered he says:

> Oh! But a head was found in the Tiber. As if I affirmed that those soothsayers had no skill! What I deny is their *divination*.

He quotes the old saying of Cato, familiar enough to everybody, that

> he wondered that when one soothsayer met another he could help laughing. For of all the events predicted by them, how very few happened! And when one of them does take place, where is the proof that it does not take place by mere accident?

Cicero had little respect for the oracle of Delphi. He thus attacks it:

> I now come to you,
> Apollo, monarch of the sacred center
> Of the great world, full of thy inspiration,
> The Pythian priestesses proclaim thy prophecies.
>
> For Chrysippus has filled an entire volume with your oracles, many of which, as I said before, I consider utterly false, and many others only true by accident, as often happens in any common conversation. Others, again, are so obscure and involved that their very interpreters have need of other interpreters; and the decisions of one lot have to be referred to other lots. Another portion of them are so ambiguous that they require to be analyzed by the logic of dialecticians. Thus, when Fortune uttered the following oracle respecting Crœsus, the richest king of Asia,
>
> When Crœsus has the Halys crossed,
> A mighty kingdom will be lost,
>
> that monarch expected he should ruin the power of his enemies; but the empire that he ruined was his own. Whichever result had ensued, the oracle would have been true.

The use I make of divination is to show that in its diversified forms it was sustained by means similar to those employed by astrologers, and exerted the same kind of influence over the minds of men. Its supports were the occasional occurrence of striking coincidences which the superstition of the people accepted, while they were prevented from carefully examining the whole subject, both by fear of the consequences of unbelief to themselves personally, and by their habit of mind, which was in all respects the reverse of scientific. Also, many of the most powerful intellects were paralyzed by the opinion that if divination were given up belief in the gods must be renounced, and from that they shrank.

Many astrologers and diviners were undoubtedly wise men, acquainted with the laws of physics so far as they had been discovered, and with the progress of war and current events. They were as able to form rational conjectures of the future as any of their contemporaries. Some of them were masters of magic, very skillful in sleight-of-hand, and were also capable of practicing ventriloquism. When they exercised this knowledge and these powers they credited it to astrology or to the method of divination which they employed. As Lilly naïvely says, they saw by "*discretion* as well as art." The knowledge which they possessed in common with all persons of equal attainments, and the peculiar skill gained by long practice in observing the probable course of events, together with coincidences with casual but no causal connection, account for the apparent fulfillment of astrological and similar predictions.

To those who deny this *there exists the same reason for believing in the various forms of divination as in astrology.*

COINCIDENCES.

Suspicion may arise that this theory places a burden upon the possibilities of fortuitous coincidence which it is not able to support. It is therefore necessary to show that coincidences are far more frequent and astonishing than is generally supposed.

Coincidences in names are of such frequent occurrence as to be familiar; but some of them are surprising. Daniel Webster married Catherine Le Roy. A few months since in Boston a suit was noticed, the parties to which were Daniel Webster and Catherine Le Roy. The First Unitarian Church of the city of Baltimore was attended for more than forty years by a gentleman recently deceased. From that pulpit he heard discourses by Doctors Furness, Bellows, Sparks, Burnap, and Greenwood. Two were settled pastors; the others, eminent men who appeared on various occasions. In Guilford, Conn., till within a few years, the Second Congregational Church had had but three pastors in its entire history — Root, Wood, and Chipman. This society resulted from a disturbance in the First Church, and when Mr. Root was about to be installed, one of the members of the First Church, with equal bitterness and wit suggested a text, "And I saw the wicked taking root." Not many years since the city of New York had attention drawn to the names of four great criminals whose names contradicted their characters — Charles Peace, who had personated a clergyman, was hung for murder in England; Angel was the name of a defaulting cashier; John Hope, of one of the robbers of the Manhattan Bank; and the Rev. John Love was deposed for crime. On the day that the Hon. John P. Hale died, the schooner *John P. Hale* ran ashore on a reef called Norman's Woe. When James Buchanan was President of the United States, a ship-of-war was named after his niece, the accomplished Miss Harriet Lane. The officer in command was Henry Wainwright. An accident happened to that

vessel about the same time that Henry Wainright of England murdered a Miss Harriet Lane. The papers that announced the accident to the ship gave in another column the details of the murder.

The superstitions concerning dates occasionally exhibit remarkable coincidences. Thirty-three sovereigns have ascended the English throne since the time of William the Conqueror, every month except May witnessing the coronation of one or more; that month, not one. In the lives of men extraordinary coincidences often occur on particular days of the week.

Friday, commonly counted unlucky, in the early history of the United States seems to be a day of good fortune. The "Norfolk Beacon," many years ago, gave the following list of fortunate events in early American history which occurred on Friday:

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melandez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *Mayflower* made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day was signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. Thus, by numerous examples, we see that, however it may be with foreign nations, Americans never need dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be.

Impressive coincidences have occurred in the words of parts performed by actors in their last appearance on the stage previous to death or attacks of fatal illness. The same is true of clergymen whose texts for their last sermons, and frequently the very words which they uttered before being stricken with paralysis or apoplexy, have been singularly appropriate. An appalling instance occurred in a certain church near New York. Nearly fifty years ago, its pastor stood in the pulpit reading the stanza,

> Well, the delightful day will come
> When my dear Lord shall take me home,
> And I shall see his face.

At this point he was smitten with paralysis and soon ceased to breathe. Thirty-three years afterward, another pastor standing in the same pulpit, reading the same stanza, was also smitten and removed to die.

In marriages, both in the beginning and progress of the attachment, opportunities that are called casual, or coincidences in times, places, and circumstances of meeting, have to all appearance in many, if not in most cases, influenced the fate of the "high contracting parties" more powerfully than anything which they had intentionally arranged. Indeed, many persons when doubting the wisdom of a proposed marriage, encourage themselves in the belief that it was "meant to be," or that it was "providential," by recalling such circumstances.

How often resemblances of persons in no way related confuse the question of identity. Detectives frequently unravel difficult problems by their skill and sagacity, but owe their success in many cases to chance coincidences. Such happenings are of assistance to lawyers, and by them desperate cases are saved. Every lawyer of large practice has a list of anecdotes of this sort with which he delights young "limbs of the law."

In an unsigned article appearing in the "Cornhill Magazine" in 1872, which is now known to have been written by Richard A. Proctor, from the fact that he has incorporated it nearly all verbatim, without quotation, in his last work, is given a case which "relates to a matter of considerable interest apart from the coincidence." I condense the account.

Dr. Thomas Young was endeavoring to interpret the inscription of the famous Rosetta Stone. Sir George Francis Grey placed in Dr. Young's hands some of the most valuable fruits of his researches among Egyptian relics, including fine specimens of writing on papyrus, which he had purchased from an Arab at Thebes in 1820. Before this reached Young, a man named Casati had arrived in Paris bringing with him from Egypt a parcel of Egyptian manuscripts, among which Champollion observed one which bore in its preamble some resemblance to the text of the Rosetta Stone. Dr. Young procured a copy and attempted to translate it; then Sir George gave him the new papyri. He discovered that this document was a translation of the enchorial manuscript of Casati, and says: "The most extraordinary chance had brought unto me the possession of a document which was not very likely ever to have existed, still less to have been preserved uninjured, through a period of nearly two thousand years; but that this very extraordinary translation should have been brought safely to Europe, to England, and to me, at the very moment when it was most of all desirable to me to possess it, as the illustration of an original which I was then studying, but

without any other reasonable hope of comprehending it — this combination would, in other times, have been considered as affording ample evidence of my having become an Egyptian sorcerer."

Mr. Proctor regards this as most extraordinary.

Such coincidences are not very uncommon. About fifteen years ago seven old friends, who had casually met, were dining together at one of the hotels in the city of New York. The subject of spiritualism was introduced; the extraordinary "manifestations" given by Charles Foster were discussed, and one of the party said, "I don't believe in spiritualism, but the blood-red writing which Foster shows upon his arm, in which the name of a deceased friend of the visitor appears, confounds me." Having investigated the subject, I ventured to say that was not difficult to explain; when another member of the party said, "Oh, yes, it has been exposed in the United States courts." This remark excited great attention. He then stated that Colchester, a medium, was famous for producing the same phenomenon, and that the internal revenue officers had notified him to take out a license as a juggler. He put in a defense that he was not a juggler, but a spiritual medium; and that those things were done, not by his own personal procurement, but by supernatural beings. Prior to this time, Colchester had made an arrangement with a famous prestidigitator to travel with him in Europe and give exhibitions in which Colchester was to perform this feat. During their intimacy he explained to the professional wizard how it was done. Afterward Colchester became too intimate with alcoholic spirits and the tour abroad was abandoned. The revenue officers had become aware of this, and the wizard was summoned as a witness for the Government. He not only explained how it was done, but did it in the presence of the court and jury.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Three years afterward, while I was calling at a large furniture store in a city which I was not in the habit of visiting more than once in two or three years, a gentleman entered on business and the proprietor excused himself for a few minutes. On his return he said, "That was rather singular business on which I was called away. The gentleman you saw is the famous wizard ——. He wishes to rent some furniture for use in his performances here." I recognized the name of the man, whom I especially wished to see, to ascertain whether Colchester's methods and those of Foster were similar, and whether the results of my investigation were confirmed. At my request he was recalled and performed the feat — first with such rapidity of action as to invest it with all the mystery which perplexed most and appalled some of Foster's visitors; afterward more slowly, explaining the successive steps.

Such things occur with more or less frequency to every student, investigator, or professional man.

The science of medicine affords many examples. Ancient remedies, deemed of the utmost importance, are now utterly discarded; but they were long supported by coincidences. Men took them and recovered, the inference being that they were cured by them. Now a wider generalization and a more accurate induction establish either that they were inert, or that the patient recovered in spite of them. Great modifications have taken place in the most enlightened medical opinion in regard to the use of water in different diseases, and the relative value of bleeding and the occasions in which it is indicated. The growth of the idea that one or two remedies are sufficient for every disease is one, and the list of thousands of specifics for ten times that number of symptoms is another, illustration of deception by coincidence. In 1813 Sir Benjamin Brodie published a work on the diseases of the spine and joints, lauding the advantages of calomel, setons, blisters, and bleeding, with long confinement to a recumbent position. In 1834, in a new edition, he confirmed what he had enforced twenty-one years before. In 1850 he thus recants:

A more enlarged experience has satisfied me that, in the very great majority of instances, this painful and loathsome treatment is not only not useful, but absolutely injurious. For many years I have ceased to torment my patients thus afflicted in any manner.

In the realm of pure chance it is impossible to fix the limits of coincidence. Mr. Proctor's recent work, "Chance and Luck," quotes from Steinmetz this fact:

In 1813 a Mr. Ogden wagered one thousand guineas to one that *seven* could not be thrown with a pair of dice *ten* successive times. The wager was accepted (though it was egregiously unfair); and, strange to say, his opponent threw *seven* nine times running. At this point Mr. Ogden offered four hundred and seventy guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined, though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance. He cast yet once more and threw nine, so that Mr. Ogden won his guinea.

Commenting on this, Mr. Proctor says:

Now here we have an instance of a most remarkable series of throws, the like of which has never been recorded before or since. Before they had been made it might have been asserted that the throwing of nine successive sevens with a pair of dice was a circumstance which chance would never bring about; for experience was as much against such an event as it would seem to be against the turning up of a certain number ten successive times at roulette. Yet experience now shows that the thing is possible, and if we are to limit the action of chance we must assert that the throwing of seven ten times in succession is an event which will never happen.

I will present one more, which I think will justify the assertion that no coincidence more wonderful has ever occurred. The article was found by me in an Italian paper while Louis Napoleon was in prison at Wilhelmshöhe. If it has ever appeared in English it has escaped my notice.

THE LETTER M AND THE NAPOLEONS.

Marbœuf was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the École Militaire, Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way into Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr in his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was engulfed. Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey) and twenty-six of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. Murat, Duke of Bassano, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence; his first great battle was that of Montenotte, his last that of Mont-Saint-Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail, and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou, and employed Miollis to make Pius VII. prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterwards Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet, and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena Montholon, and for his valet Marchand.

If we examine the history of his nephew Napoleon III. we find that the same letter has no less influence, and we are assured that the captive of Wilhelmshöhe attaches still more importance to its mysterious influence than did his uncle. The Empress, his wife, is a Countess Montijo; his greatest friend was Morny; the taking of Malakoff and of the Mamelouvert the principal exploits of the Crimean war,— exploits due chiefly to the French. His plan in the Italian campaign was to give the first battle at Marengo, but this was not fought until after the engagement of Montebello at Magenta. McMahon received for the important services rendered by him in the battle the title of Duke of Magenta, as Pélissier received for a similar service that of Duke of Malakoff. Napoleon III. now made his entry into Milan and repulsed the Austrians at Melegnano.

After 1866 the letter M seems to have become for him a presage of misfortune. We pass over Mexico and Maximilian, and take the present war, in which he had founded a vain hope on three M's — Marshal McMahon, Montauban, and the Mitrailleuse. Mayence was to have been the base of operations for the French army, but, repulsed on the Moselle, his fate was decided upon the Meuse at Sedan. Finally we have to mention the fall of Metz. All these disasters are due to another M, the enemy of Napoleon — and this is a capital M — Moltke.

These incidents must be sufficient to show that, excluding wise forecasts and self-procured fulfillments, we do not place too great a burden upon coincidences when we attempt by them to account for the specious evidences of astrology and divination.

The following principles concerning coincidences will be found reliable as working laws:

First. As a general proposition, the law of coincidences is that when two phenomena always coincide they are either connected as "cause and effect" or are the "effect of a common cause." But if they do not always coincide, neither of these is proved. They may then be the effects of separate causes working in their respective planes.

The first question is, Do the phenomena always coincide? The importance of a wide generalization is often lost sight of, and erroneous conclusions are asserted with all the confidence of demonstration. A physician who lives near the sea says that during the past five years he has noted the hour and minute of death of ninety-three patients, and that every one has "gone out with the tide" save four, who died suddenly by accident. Yet about thirty-two years ago, a writer in the English "Quarterly Review" claimed to have ascertained the hour of death in 2880 instances of all ages. His observations show that the maximum hour of death is from 5 to 6 o'clock A. M., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess. Between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning it is 17½ per cent. above, but from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. it is 16½ per cent. below the average. From 3 to 7 in the afternoon the deaths rise to 5½ per cent. above the average, and then fall from that hour to 11 P. M., averaging 6½ per cent. below mean. It is probable that both these observations are worthless in view of the small number of instances covered. It is clear that they do not concur; yet, taken separately, each would seem conclusive.

Second. Astronomical predictions are based upon a series of unvarying coincidences, in most cases in harmony with laws whose operations can be tested at any time. If these phenomena were irregular and unclassifiable such predictions would be wholly uncertain; but because they usually coincide, — and when they do not, interfering causes can be traced,— eclipses can be foretold for thousands of years in advance, and discoveries such as those of Uranus and Neptune can be made.

Third. Chemistry and cognate sciences also work with fixed phenomena, so that when the most diverse elements are combined and effects observed, formulæ can be deduced by which at all times the same effects can be produced.

Fourth. Many of the most wonderful inventions have been made by seeming accident; for example, photography. But reflection upon the accident reveals the cause; the cause and the effect are seen to be *scientific* coinci-

dences, and the art with its principles and practice is the result.

Fifth. The performances of jugglers are in harmony with the established methods of nature. The charm of their exploits is in the successful concealment of the causes, rapidity of motion, distraction of attention, and shrewdly contrived illusions of the senses.

Sixth. It is essential to remember that the so-called "laws of chance" reflect no light on the order of sequence. It may be rendered probable by those laws that a certain event will not occur on the average more than *once* in a *million* of times; but this gives no assistance in determining the order in which any two occurrences will take place. Thus, if it be shown that an event will occur once in a million of times, in the first million it may be the last in the series, and in the second it may be the first; and that will bring them side by side. Many years ago there was a famous lawsuit in New England. A wealthy woman died leaving large sums for benevolent purposes, and to her niece — already very rich — almost a million of dollars. The niece made strenuous efforts to break the will. A codicil was produced, the signature of which was found to be exactly like another signature of the testatrix. It was hinted, if not explicitly charged, by the counsel for the will that it was a forgery. Professor Peirce of Harvard University was brought in as a witness. He testified that not more than once in many millions of times would two signatures of the same person be written precisely alike. From this it was designed to raise the presumption that where there is an exact coincidence it must have been done by tracing. The court sustained the will on other grounds, and declined to decide that question. But the force of a presumption of this kind is much weakened, if not destroyed, by the fact that all to which Professor Peirce testified might be true, yet the two similar signatures might occur in the same month. Mr. Proctor states it thus:

> The balance is restored just as chance directs. It may be in the next thousand trials, it may not be before many thousands of trials. We are utterly unable to guess when or how it will be brought about.

The business of life insurance can be carried on with certainty, provided the system be constructed upon averages deduced from a sufficiently large number of lives; but the employment of a smaller number would make it ruinous. It is clear that "expectation of life," so called, cannot give the slightest hint as to the probable duration of the life of any man insured under a perfectly reliable system.

Seventh. When a phenomenon is seen with which human beings are not directly connected as actual or possible agents, and which appears to be unlike the course of nature, it should be studied scientifically to ascertain its cause. By such investigations every thing now attributed to natural forces has been wrested from the domain of superstition. The work began almost contemporaneously with the historic period. Its results are now the inheritance of the school-boy. He understands the causes of many things which were formerly attributed, even in classic Greece and Rome, to supernatural interferences.

Eighth. When phenomena are presented by human beings for which no natural cause is assigned and none appears, the first philosophical inquiry is, Is this deception or jugglery? Here the question of moral presumption comes into view. Has this person a motive to deceive? Is his character such as to raise doubts whether he be honest? The peculiar influence of that phase of human nature which loves to startle, to be regarded as extraordinary, either in action, knowledge, or susceptibility, and the strange opinions and morbid conditions which give fascination to the exercise of the ability to deceive, must not be ignored. When pay is received for such performances, the presumption of dishonesty is strong. The possible paralleling of the phenomena by confessed jugglers is also an important consideration.

Assuming, however, that no presumption of jugglery or deceit can be found, the next question is, Do the phenomena go beyond what is known of the possibility of chance coincidences? Not until it is shown that legerdemain cannot produce the effects; that the most painstaking investigation can find no explanation and no antecedent in the order of nature; and, further, that the phenomena transcend the possible bounds of coincidences, is there the least presumption that the cause is supernatural. Yet comparatively few of the investigators of occult phenomena have taken pains to comprehend the facts and principles of natural science or the tricks of jugglers,— some of whom have been masters of science,— or to comprehend the vast possibilities of coincidence.

It should not be supposed that common sense and learning, without special experience, qualify persons to investigate these things. Yet physicians who would sneer with just contempt at a non-professional person who should attempt to give an opinion on a difficult question in medical science, and lawyers who would despise a layman presuming to appear as a judge of abstruse legal questions, and ministers who have given no attention to methods of deception or to the "night side of nature," will join with merchants, teachers, and farmers to pronounce upon subjects much

further removed from their spheres than the pursuits of those whom they call "laymen" are from their own; and, because they cannot see how these things can be done or explained, will give support by testimonials and affirmations of mystery to every new, or renewal of an ancient, superstition. Thus astrology and divination were maintained, and so vast structures of deception at the present day are upheld.

J. M. Buckley.

THE EUROPEAN CRAZE FOR DECORATIONS.

MANY American travelers in Europe will have noticed in the principal thoroughfares of the largest capitals a number of small but elegant shops, the keepers of which earn their living, and in many instances accumulate considerable fortunes, by the vanity, not of women, but of the stronger sex. They are decoration merchants — the jewelers of men.

There are cheap and costly orders, modern and antique orders, and probably even a greater variety than there is in jewelry for ladies. The "man of society" in Europe requires orders just as his wife requires diamonds — not that it is the fashion to wear the glittering crosses and stars in their full blaze at every picnic or *soirée*, but at all such social occasions the Continental gentleman will, according to etiquette, wear in the shape of a *boutonnière* or colored button on his coat something to indicate his possession of such crosses. The more multicolored the button or rosette, the more crosses the wearer has, and the more respected and envied he will be in a certain set. Every American traveler on the Continent has probably noticed these *boutons* on at least one man out of ten, not counting the working-classes. These distinguished people are usually the object of some slight attention on the part of the railway conductor, hotel proprietor, or custom-house official. I know several Americans who, while in Europe, imitated this European custom by wearing rosettes in the American colors in their buttonholes, and thus enjoyed the slight advantages of a "*décoré*,"— at least with those whose knowledge of the orders of chivalry is somewhat limited.

Very few — probably not more than three — decorative institutions have retained their original organization and privileges through centuries down to the present time. Curiously enough the most ancient of these institutions, the order of the Holy Sepulcher, is still existing, although in a deteriorated state. Founded with the object of defending the holy grave at Jerusalem, it exercised its holy function for many centuries under the auspices of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. But it dwindled down to a mere name when the object of its existence, the defense of the Holy Sepulcher, became unnecessary. To-day the Patriarch of Jerusalem still retains the right to confer the insignia of the order, a red enameled cross curiously shaped. Some years ago, when the "crown of thorns" and the alleged pieces of the "true cross" were exhibited at the Chapel of Notre-Dame in Paris, the knights of the order were permitted to exercise their ancient privilege of guarding the holy relics.

Probably the next most ancient order was that of the mysterious Knights of the Round Table, said to have been founded by King Arthur in 516, though it is doubtful if it ever existed in reality. The most powerful impulse for the foundation of knightly orders was the defense of Christianity against the Saracens in the Holy Land, and, later on, against the Moors in Spain. The holy cross was the ensign adopted by all, and their names and attire simply varied according to their nationality and their patron saint. To-day, the object and organization of those noble institutions is preserved by only one order — that of the Knights of St. John (or Knights of Malta). They are recognized as a sovereign body, and have their ambassadors at various courts, and in their ranks are representatives of many leading Catholic, sovereign, and aristocratic families of Austria, Germany, Italy, and Great Britain. They have retained their ancient picturesque dress and their time-honored ceremonies.

All the other orders conformed themselves to modern views and requirements, and little more remains of them than the outside insignia, the cross, conferred by the sovereign upon persons distinguished for virtue, merit, or fidelity. Among them may be counted the order of Christ (a meager offspring of the once powerful order of the Knights Templar), the Spanish orders of Alcantara, of Calatrava, and the still more ancient of St. Jacob of the Sword. Aside from these historical orders many other decorations have been founded during the past two centuries, with the object of promot-

ing all possible virtues and as a recompense for all possible merits and achievements. They are not orders in the ancient meaning of the word. Their knights have to abide by no special laws, have to render no special service—in fact, are united as a body only once a year, at a religious ceremony and a banquet. Excepting some orders, like the Marie Thérèse of Austria, whose knights receive handsome annual pensions, the only value in belonging to an order is limited to-day to the visible distinction. None but persons of great achievements in science, art, literature, or on the battle-field will, for instance, be admitted into the Prussian order of Merit or the Bavarian order of Maximilian. The number of their knights is very limited, and the knights themselves choose the persons to be proposed to the sovereign as worthy to fill vacancies.

Only a few Americans and Englishmen are possessors of decorations; which, of course, does not imply that they are devoid of either merit or vanity. The English government is at all events not guilty of any wholesale distribution of decorations, and although England possesses a number of orders, they are in most instances conferred only upon persons of high rank or of real merit, military or diplomatic, and very rarely for scientific or literary achievements.

The highest English order — and indeed ranking in the same line with the Golden Fleece of Austria or the Black Eagle of Prussia — is the well-known Garter, only conferred upon princes and persons of the highest nobility. Lord Palmerston once said, "What I like about the Garter is, that it does not require any particular merit to get it."*

I have seen the Prince of Wales attired in the full paraphernalia of a K. G. (the usual abbreviation for Knight of the Garter), consisting of black costume and knee-breeches of the time of George III., the famous garter, a blue velvet ribbon lined with leather, under the left knee. The well-known inscription on it, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, is set in diamonds. The decoration belonging to the garter consists of an oblong gold medal worn on a blue ribbon around the neck, and showing St. George with the dragon, surrounded by the same inscription as on the garter; and, in addition, a brilliant star on the left breast, and a blue ribbon from the right shoulder to the left hip with another image of St. George suspended.

Among other English decorations the order of the Bath, mostly for civil services, and the Victoria Cross, for military valor, are the most distinguished; indeed, the letters G. C. B., K. C. B., C. B. (standing for "Grand Cross Bath," "Knight Commander Bath," and "Companion Bath" respectively), form a valuable addition to the long list of initials which is apt to form a sort of peacock's tail to the names of distinguished Englishmen. It is a sort of ribbon worn in the buttonhole of their signature. There are about half a dozen other decorations conferred in Great Britain, among them the order of the Thistle for the Scotch, and the Shamrock (or St. Patrick) for the Irish nobility. Foreigners rarely receive English distinctions of this sort.

There can be no doubt that many decorations in several large empires are conferred upon soldiers or statesmen for real merit only, especially when a council of well-known men is appointed to decide upon or recommend the investiture with this or that respected order. The Russian order of St. George, the Austrian order of Marie Thérèse, and the Prussian order of the Iron Cross, all three military distinctions, are conferred in this manner. Neither the Garter, nor the Austrian Golden Fleece, nor the Italian order of St. Annunciata can be compared with the little black iron cross, for the former are the ordinary attributes of every royal prince and every sovereign. Many of the latter receive these decorations on the day of their birth. Spanish royal babies wear the big yellow or blue ribbons on the day of their presentation to the court and state dignitaries, when but a few days old. The Iron Cross or the Cross of St. George, however, must be won on the battle-field.

Other decorations are given for universally acknowledged political or scientific achievements — in fact, for real merit in every branch of life, like the Belgian order of Leopold, and the Austrian order of St. Stephen and Leopold. Perhaps a dozen others are of equally high rank and respectability, like the Prussian Red Eagle, the Prussian order of the Crown, and others. The rulers of the central European empires and their responsible state ministers do not permit any abuse of them. It is mostly on account of the undisputed respectability of two or three different decorations in every state that speculation and abuse have found their way into the institution, and that an endless number of new decorations have been established of late. Each of the larger governments of Europe disposes of from ten to twelve different decorations, one or two for ladies of rank; while each of the minor states, down to the petty Republic of San Marino, may confer one, two, or more

*According to recent researches, the well-known story of the origin of the Garter is devoid of foundation. It was indeed King Edward III. who established the order after having used his own garter as a sign of rally at the battle of Crécy. The famous device is simply an allusion to his pretensions to the throne of France.

orders. There are but three governments in Europe which so far have been preserved from this institution — Switzerland, the principality of Liechtenstein, a patch of land fifty square miles in extent and inhabited by about 7000 people, and the nominally independent republic of Andorra.

The great scenes, however, of the decoration farce are the western and southern states of Europe, especially Turkey and Spain. In Latin countries this old European institution forms one of the secrets of the power and influence still exercised by kings and princes.

The governments of Europe dispose of about two hundred and fifty different decorations, most of them subdivided into four or five different grades — Grand Cross, Grand Officer, Commander, Officer, and Knight. Consequently, not less than about one thousand different crosses are at the disposal of the European governments, to recompense merit, reward favors, and foster the vanity of European society.

The subdivision of decorations into different degrees has its origin in the ancient knightly orders, as, for instance, the Knights of Malta, who were commanded by officers, commanders, grand officers, and grand commanders, somewhat similar to our armies. It was thought expedient to keep up these different degrees in the more modern institution of decorations, and to confer grand crosses only upon generals in command, state ministers, high court dignitaries, and ambassadors; the second degree, that of Grand Officer, is usually given to distinguished generals, princes, chiefs of departments, provincial governors; the degree of Commander is conferred upon staff officers, consul-generals, and dignitaries of similar rank; while the fourth and fifth degrees, those of Officer and Knight, are given to persons of minor rank or celebrity, however great their merits or achievements. The different degrees of decorations have also their different insignia. Thus the decoration of a Knight is usually the silver cross of the order, to be worn on a small ribbon suspended in the left buttonhole; the decoration of an Officer is worn in a similar way, but the cross is made of gold; the Commander wears a larger cross, on a broader ribbon around his neck; the distinction of a Grand Officer consists in the cross of the order placed on a silver or gold star, generally worn on the right side of the breast; while the Grand Cross or Grand Commander wears the same star on the left side of the breast. In addition, he wears the cross of the order suspended on a large, broad ribbon from the right shoulder to the left hip. On state occasions, grand crosses of several orders are also worn suspended on heavy gold chains around the neck. Sovereigns usually wear the stars of their own orders, of which they are the Grand Masters, while their royal consorts are Grand Masters of the female orders. The Emperor William is generally seen wearing the iron cross and the star of the most distinguished order of the Black Eagle. Emperor Francis Joseph invariably wears the decoration of the order of the Golden Fleece, it being one of the regulations of the order that every knight belonging to it must wear it at all times, in state or private. A similar regulation compels the knights of the Russian order of St. George to wear the cross at all times, and they would incur penalties if seen without it.

The ordinary decoration, including the ribbon, is about four inches long by three inches wide. To be able to wear all their decorations, Prince Bismarck or Count Moltke, for instance, would require a breast thirty feet in breadth. A man of merit in Europe should, however, not only be of large proportions, but also of superior strength; for the average weight of one gold grand cross is about half a pound. The aforesaid dignitaries would therefore have to carry about forty pounds, in addition to their heavy gold-embroidered uniform. Civilians are permitted to wear diminutive reductions of their orders, suspended on narrow gold chains; the stars of a Grand Officer or a Grand Cross, however, are worn in their original size.

It would be difficult to say who is the most decorated man of Europe. Each of the three emperors and the royal sovereigns of Europe average fifty grand crosses, with their respective appendages. Aside from the sovereigns and princes, I should think the most decorated man must be either Count Andrassy, the former Chancellor of Austria, or the station-master of ——, a well-known watering-place. The latter receives an average of three minor crosses annually, depending mainly on the number of sovereigns and princes visiting the place; station-masters, physicians, police commissioners, and others are in many instances remunerated for their services with crosses very much as the gate-keeper of the Castle of Chillon receives a shilling from every visiting Englishman.

Prince Gortschakoff was one of the most decorated men of his time, and I once saw at his house a large *étagère* full of the most varied crosses and stars, an exhibition similar to those at the Palais Royal. "I never wore them together," he told me, "and I suppose the first and last time will be at my funeral." (It is customary in Europe to carry all the decorations of a deceased dignitary on pillows behind the hearse.)

It is not usual for statesmen to receive foreign decorations set in diamonds or precious stones, unless there is a special object in it. About thirty years ago, for instance, the Shah of Persia began the new era of European civilization in his provinces by establishing glittering decorations. Now persons receiving a foreign decoration are not permitted to wear it, unless by special authorization of their sovereign. The newly established Oriental decorations were consequently of no value so long as the European governments withheld this authorization. In order to put the ruling men in a better disposition, the Oriental rulers tried a characteristic way of doing business by conferring upon them the grand crosses of the new decoration set in diamonds of great value. It was, however, of not much avail with many of the recipients.

Aside from the decorations at the disposal of sovereigns and governments in power, there are a number of others not officially recognized, but tolerated. Thus some benevolent societies, Italian cities, and formerly reigning families retain the right to confer titles and crosses. For instance, the royal house of Lusignan, which many centuries ago reigned over Jerusalem and Cyprus, disposes of an order; and, strangely enough, the crosses of these little princes are usually the handsomest and of the most elaborate design.

The innumerable number of crosses in existence, and the rage to obtain as large a collection of them as possible, of course causes many abuses of this ancient institution. Indeed, it is well known that quite a number of decorations can be bought for cash by persons of a certain outside respectability. Even as high a decoration as the *Légion d'honneur* has somewhat degenerated under the present republic, as has been shown by recent events. There is a proverb in France to the effect that nobody can escape death and the "Legion of Honor."

About ten or fifteen years ago the five-armed Cross of the Legion was a much-coveted decoration. The scarlet ribbon belonging to it was considered a sign of the wearer's authority or at least respectability, and the vast hordes of decoration-hunters therefore looked for another outlandish order having the same ribbon as the Legion. Several such were discovered, and the authorities of the respective states, finding their orders so much in demand, established secretly quite a tariff for the sale of the different degrees of the orders, and for years these crosses remained a source of considerable revenue to somebody.

The French authorities, noticing with surprise the sudden increase of red-lined boutonnières among the inhabitants of Paris, and discovering the real cause of this buttonhole inundation, compelled all persons possessing foreign decorations with ribbons similar to that belonging to the Legion of Honor to attach to the ribbon a diminutive cross of the same decoration, to distinguish it from the French cross. But this did not terminate the "*guerre aux boutonnières*," for instantly the decoration-hunters directed their attention to such easily obtainable foreign decorations whose ribbons contained, among other colors, at least a faint streak of red. The most welcome of these decorations was the Tunisian order of Merit, conferred with equal liberality on all respectable and deserving persons who pay hard cash for it. Its ribbons are green, with red borders. By making these borders very broad and leaving the faintest streak of green in the center, the boutonnière was made to resemble closely the Legion ribbon.

Aside from these minor decorations there are quite a number of other formerly much respected orders of knighthood accessible to the dollar, and a regular underhand traffic with them seems to have been established,—as certain European governments annually require enormous funds secretly to influence elections and the opposition press. This traffic, according to late revelations, appears to be in practice in certain powerful empires of Europe. Thus, until quite recently, a high decoration was sold to many otherwise respectable persons who paid considerable sums for it, amounting to twenty or thirty thousand dollars. The knights of this order were entitled to hereditary knighthood in their families, the commanders to a baronetcy. The ruler of the empire in question, recognizing the social danger connected with this system of ennobling, put a stop to it.

Enormous amounts of money are annually paid for these glittering stars and crosses, and quite frequently advertisements of the following style are to be found in European papers, especially in those of famous resorts or watering places:

> Any honorable person may obtain an officially recognized decoration, the ribbon of which can be worn in the buttonhole. Charges, moderate. Apply to Mr. ——, —— Street, London.

African and Asiatic monarchs, so much given to Oriental splendor and display, were not slow in recognizing the beauty of these glistening gold and silver stars. Turkey, Persia, Egypt, Tunis, Siam, Japan, China, etc., have their decorations, and the usual form of a cross being somewhat out of place with them, the form of a star is universally adopted in the Orient.

European republicanism does not appear to be incompatible with personal distinctions of

this sort, for not only did the French republic preserve the Legion of Honor, but two more decorations were recently established in that country — one for literary and artistic pursuits, to be conferred by the Secretary of Public Instruction; and another for agricultural merit, whose supreme chief is the Secretary of Agriculture. Several of the American republics have established similar decorations, as Honduras, Nicaragua, and Venezuela.

Aside from the decorations mentioned in the official "Almanac de Gotha," that old-established *vade mecum* of royalty and nobility in Europe, each government gives a number of other crosses and medals for civil and military merit, for art and science. Writers, poets, singers, and actors of reputation, and of either sex, are usually favored with a number of them; and many instances could be quoted where salaries have been paid in medals instead of hard cash. Extraordinary occasions, as the visit of a foreign monarch, the opening of a new theater, and jubilees of festival performances, are the occasions for such showers of medals, although some states confer them parsimoniously. I remember an amusing incident of this kind at the opening of a large new theater in Germany. The director of the theater was known to be an exceedingly vain man, whose gaping buttonhole was wide open, like a young sparrow's beak longing for food. He was expected to receive a little cross or medal on this occasion. After the first act of the festive opening performance, a chamberlain of the king entered the box of the director, and ceremoniously informed the latter that the king wished to confer upon him a mark of his esteem and a recognition of his services, and that he was sent to present to him the royal thanks. With this he handed to the director an elegant, small, leather case, and left. We congratulated him warmly, for at last his long-looked-for ribbon was in his hands! Was it the Crown? was it the Red Eagle? At last the case was opened with trembling hands, and the contents were found to be — a silver snuff-box! I shall never forget the manager's face at this solemn moment. Disgusted and disappointed, he left the theater and was not to be seen for several days. In the papers, however, it was jokingly reported that he had received the "Royal Snuff-box for Art and Science."

From the contents of this paper it will be gleaned that, aside from the knightly institutions of England, Germany, Austria, and some other countries, the system of decorations has deteriorated in no small degree, and in many instances is little more than a farce, unworthy the giver as well as the receiver. A few years ago, an envoy of a certain kingdom in a European capital used to pay his bills in decorations. Thus, his shoemaker, tailor, and butcher became knights, his landlord commander, of a certain order. Fortunately, "society" in Europe is well acquainted with the value of this or that distinction, and the sale of certain crosses has become a harmless sport.

Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Real Nature of Politics.

Stranger. And that common science which is over them all, and guards the laws, and all things that are in the State, and truly weaves them all into one, if we would describe under a name characteristic of this common nature, most truly we may call Politics. . . . This, then, according to our view, is the perfection of the web of political action. There is a direct intertecture of the brave and temperate natures, when the kingly science has drawn the two sorts of lives into communion. . . ; and, having completed the noblest and best of all webs of which a common life admits, and enveloping therein all other inhabitants of cities, binds them in one fabric, and governs and presides over them, omitting no element of a city's happiness.

Young Socrates. You have completed, Stranger, a very perfect image of the Statesman. — PLATO, *Politicus* (Jowett's translation).

Jailer. "What is your trade, Mr. Tweed?" *Tweed.* "Well, you may put me down as a Statesman."

THE degradation which has come upon the words "politics" and "politician," in their American use, their degeneration from the high estate to which the precedents of two thousand years have entitled them, mark a degeneration in political methods which deserves the attention of every lover of his country. "Politics" has become simply the work of managing a party for its own advantage, or that of its leaders; and the term "politician" is applied only to the campaign director, the local committee-man, the appointment-broker — in short, to the men who manage parties and distribute the public offices. If we wish a great public question — such as the labor question, the tariff question, the currency question, and others of the class — to be treated with ordinary common sense, we must "take it out of politics"; while if any party perpetrates a particularly mean act for mere partisan advantage, we are told that it was done for "political purposes." So evident has been the tendency that an effort has been made to differentiate terms, and, while leaving "politician" in its degradation, to use "statesman" as a designation for a real master of the art of government. But so sure are the laws which have been working in the case, that the only result has been a corresponding degradation in the new term also, and the only differentiation is this: the "politician" is still one who is "in politics" for the sake of what he can make there; while the "statesman" is now a *bouffe* politician — a politician with an element of conscious humbug about him.

All this is not due to loose thinking by Americans: this people is rather characterized by acute thinking in such matters, and the degradation of the word politician is but the outward sign and symbol of the degradation in political methods, which the people recognize as if by instinct, and which they mark by their use of the old words. It is the spoils system, combined with the lack for some years of any clearly defined issues in our public affairs, that has degraded our politics and politicians in fact as well as in name. While the chief work of Government officers is held to consist in getting and distributing offices, while matters of real public importance are neglected and not even discussed, it is inevitable that politics should be considered an inferior business, and its real nature and importance temporarily lost to view. There are, however, many signs among us now both of increased interest in politics and of a better understanding of what it really is; and with the progress of this improvement we may expect that the term will recover something of its old and honorable meaning. The recent courageous and remarkable surplus-and-tariff annual message of President Cleveland has greatly helped to lift current political discussion to a higher plane.

We purpose at this time to inquire a little more particularly what the old meaning of the term "politics" is. It has been said that politics is the government of nations; but the precise sense of so important and comprehensive a term cannot be fixed by a single phrase. To make the definition perfect, it would be necessary to state what are the true functions of government — a work of great difficulty, which we have no intention of undertaking at the present time. Again, it may be said that nations, or at least civilized nations, are governed by law; but politics, in every sense of the word, is clearly distinguished from law. It may be thought that the true function of politics, as distinguished from law, is to make new laws and amendments to old ones, so as to adapt the legal system to the wants of a changing and advancing society. And this is true; but even this does not reach the heart of the matter. The work of framing and enacting new laws would not be so difficult a task as it is, and would not excite the intellects and feelings of men as it does, if this was a complete account of it. The making of new laws, or changes in existing laws, is undoubtedly the ultimate outcome of politics; but the real nature of the work becomes apparent only when we consider why it is that new laws are needed and why it is often so difficult to get them enacted.

There are in the human soul many conflicting motives which display themselves in society no less than in individual character. Each of us has his own interests and his own views of what is desirable and right, and none of us is so absolutely right as never to do wrong to others. We are all likely not only to be mistaken in our opinions, but also to push the advancement of our interests beyond the line of strict justice to our neighbor; and hence the need of an overruling authority to maintain justice and keep all legitimate interests in harmony. Now, so far as the acts of individuals are concerned, the police and the courts are generally sufficient to maintain justice; but interests that are common to large numbers of men lead inevitably to great combinations seeking to control the law itself in their own interest, or to carry out some Government policy in which they believe. Thus the real work of politics, or statesmanship, consists in adjusting these conflicting social interests, which are too powerful for the ordinary law to control, so as to secure equal justice to all, and thus to enable all members of society to work together in harmony and for the common good. That this is the real nature of political work the political history of the world abundantly shows. The domestic history of every nation, and especially of every free nation, is full of the conflicts of interests and classes; while international politics in all ages has been little else than the endeavor to adjust the disputes which nations have had with each other.

Such being the real nature of politics in the higher and true sense of the word, it is not difficult to apply its lesson to our own affairs. American politics does not consist in winning elections and distributing offices, though these things are necessary as means to the end. It consists in harmonizing the various conflicting interests in American society; the interests of labor and of capital, of the farmers and of the railroads, of the manufacturer and of the importer, of the East and the West and the South — in short, of all classes and regions and individuals. To this end we must not only find out what laws are needed, but persuade the people to have them made; and when they are made we must have them impartially administered. This shows how important and how difficult and how dignified real politics is.

Honesty at Elections.

AN editorial in the July number of THE CENTURY referred to recent addresses before the Commonwealth Club, by Mr. W. M. Ivins and Mr. J. B. Bishop, and advocated the adoption of the English system of managing elections, from the belief that its methods were far more democratic, far better calculated to obtain an expression of the general popular will and feeling, than our present unregulated system of nomination. A consideration fully as important, perhaps more important, is the probable influence of the success of Mr. Bishop's proposal (also made in a book on "Machine Politics" written by Mr. Ivins) of the best remedies for the universal evil of bribery at elections.

That the bribery of voters is an evil, and a general evil, of American elections will be the inevitable conclusion of any one who has had occasion to go below the surface of politics. And there is no truth in the common notion that the evil is peculiar to city elections, or even more common in them; the differences are only of methods. The large assessments of city elections are of course really corruption funds; but the multitude of election districts and of party employees makes it possible to bring most of the purchasable class of city voters into the actual or nominal service of one or other of the parties, and thus to cloak bribery under the form of wages. In agricultural districts bribery is not so completely disguised. The political evils of the former case are fully treated by Mr. Ivins and need not be repeated here; the purpose of this article is to show that the remedy may be successful in eliminating bribery from the elections outside of the cities.

Mommsen fastens on the appearance of organizations for traffic in votes as the first unmistakable sign of the fatal degeneration of the Roman popular body; and he traces from this the successive steps which followed

until Augustus sat in the place of the consuls, and the Republic had fallen. An American looks at the appearance of parallel evils in our own history as calls to a reformation, not as indications of the downfall of our republic. And yet the most optimistic of Americans may well see danger signals in many a sharply contested rural election. The ordinary party machinery is changed at once into something closely approximating an organization for traffic in votes; men who have taken little or no interest in more languid contests now begin to appear and reappear at the polling-places, each bringing with him, at each return, a voter of that large class of indifferent men who need the spur of personal and persistent solicitation, or a bribe, to undertake what they consider a burdensome task — for the sole benefit of the candidate for whom they are asked to vote. The appearance of bribery is always exaggerated, partly through braggadocio, partly through the desire of the "worker" to exalt himself before the party-managers and the people — there is never any fear of punishment. But there is bribery enough to be a danger, though the disgusted spectator may attempt to find comfort by persuading himself that after all, in the long run, each party will buy about the same number of votes, and the honest vote will decide the election.

Such comfort is of the very barrenest. It pays no regard to the most serious evil of all, the constantly increasing degeneration of our political ideals, with all the consequences which in practice have their root here. The degeneration of ideals shows itself in the fact that bribery is no longer confined to the originally purchasable class, the hirelings who vote for the side which bids highest; the virus has already spread farther. Political managers know that it is now not at all uncommon for well-to-do voters of good repute in the community to refuse to vote for their own party unless they are paid for the trouble of doing so; while lump sums to secure the presence of entire families at the polls have taken their place among the fixed expenses of party organizations. The venal vote may be overslaughed again and again by the honest vote; but an exclusive reliance on this remedy must result only in the decrease of the honest vote itself. And yet, what other remedy is open to us? The anti-bribery laws are notoriously the most difficult of all laws to be enforced, under present conditions. We have left the voter so utterly unguarded at the polls that the attractiveness of an offense so easy of commission quite outweighs any terrors to be found in an almost impossible detection.

How is the voter to be guarded further? In answering the question, we may as well get rid of the notion that there is honor among thieves, or among other rogues: on the contrary, the surest way to destroy the rogues' trade is to drive the rogues into a compulsory reliance upon honor, trust, and confidence. The first step of a prosecuting attorney, in attacking a criminal conspiracy, is to spread abroad the rumor that this, that, or the other confederate is about to "squeal"; he knows that it will be but a few days before one or more of the rogues will hurry to his office to anticipate the traitors by turning State's evidence. Bribery at elections is possible still, mainly because our laws release the briber from any necessity for reposing special trust and confidence in the voter whom he bribes: the briber is allowed to accompany the voter all the way to the polling-window, and to see that the vote paid for is deposited. Let communication between briber and voter be cut off for even a brief period just before the deposit of the ballot, and it is easy to see that the foundation of the trade of bribery at elections is greatly weakened.

Indirectly, then, honesty at elections outside of the cities ought to be very greatly promoted by the provisions, common to the English and Australian plans, that the voter, just before entering the polling-place to deposit his ballot, shall pass through another room and there have a few minutes of absolute seclusion. That seclusion, it is true, is primarily intended to give the voter an opportunity to prepare his ballot; but it just as certainly applies with peculiar force to a large part of our elections, in that it cuts the connection between the voter and any possible briber, and compels the latter, if he will pay money, to get in return only the bare word of the venal voter. Such an influence cannot but show itself in a steady decrease of the purchasable class, but the effects could not well stop there. Neither party dares now to enforce the statutory punishments for bribery at elections, for the offense is too common to all parties. But, as the offense itself lessens and becomes a less important weapon in the party armory, a party which feels itself to have been injured at any election by bribery will for the first time have an interest in seeing that the laws against bribery are enforced. This one provision, then, of the separation of the voter from other persons, not only makes bribery more difficult, but increases the probability of its punishment, while our present system makes the offense easy and its punishment difficult.

It is the unanimous testimony of those who have studied the working of the English and Australian laws that the complete exclusion of the voter from espionage or supervision while he is preparing and depositing his ballot has of itself put a stop to bribery.

There is, therefore, no shadow of reason why any reader, in any part of the country, should look upon the proposals of Mr. Bishop and Mr. Ivins as foreign to his interests, or as relating exclusively to New York or any other large city. The Ballot Act, on the general lines of the English statute, is essential as a foundation for the laws against bribery at elections, and it is therefore of interest everywhere. The effort is to be made, in several of our legislatures, at their sessions this winter, to pass such a ballot act, making the expense of printing and distributing the ballots a charge upon the State, providing for double rooms, or rooms with compartments, at polling-places, and securing to the voter a period of separation from all other persons while in the act of voting.

A bill providing for both these reforms was passed by one branch of the Michigan legislature last year, and we trust will be revived and made a law this year. It was based, in its main provision, upon the principles of the English law, and was the most carefully considered application of those principles to the needs of our American system which has yet been made. A similar application has been made in a bill which has been prepared for the New York legislature, and which ought to be made a law at this session. It places the expense of printing and distributing the ballots upon the State,

provides for secret ballot-rooms, with compartments in the proportion of one to every fifty voters, into which a voter can retire and, free from all observation, prepare his ballots, which he folds and deposits in the boxes. No "boss" or briber can follow him to see how he votes. As the State has entire charge of the ballots, there can be no peddlers of tickets about the polls. As the State pays the expense of printing and distributing, there will be no excuse for raising funds; and there being no funds, there will be no money with which to employ workers.

A law has already been adopted in Wisconsin, putting the work of distributing the ballots into the hands of the State, and providing for two polling-rooms, one in which sworn State officials shall distribute the ballots, and another, connected by a hall-way or passage, to which the voter shall pass and deposit his ballot without observation. But the printing of the ballots is left with the political parties, as heretofore. A bill providing for the State printing and charge of ballots was prepared, but not introduced, in the Connecticut legislature last year.

There is no State of the Union where honest and intelligent men have not reason to work for the adoption of a reform ballot act, not only as a positive good in itself, but as an essential prerequisite to the real and earnest enforcement of the laws prescribing punishments for bribery at elections.

"No Successful Substitute for Justice."

IT is somewhat surprising that the agitation in favor of abolishing, by means of just laws, the disgrace of American literary piracy should have been until lately carried on almost exclusively by those supposed to be directly interested: namely, writers and publishers.

Only lately have there been signs that the clergy — the guardians of both private and public morals — take any vital interest in the subject, or that the people at large are aroused to the national dishonor. But the stolen books with which the country is deluged are read by the country. How many among our citizens are alive to the shameful fact that American pirates and the American public have for generations been living upon stolen literature? Congress has been blamed for its indifference — but who among us can escape reproach; who among us has done his whole duty in attempting to right this gigantic wrong; to wipe out this unendurable national disgrace?

Mr. Lowell, in presiding over the very successful Author's Readings in New York last November, added to the number of his admirable sayings in favor of international copyright. He repeated two most fortunate phrases of his own on this subject — phrases used by him in his notable address to a committee of Congress: "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by"; "Our authors are the only workers among us who are forced to compete with men who receive no wages at all."

In the course of his Chickering Hall address, in which the above watch-words were again given out, Mr. Lowell said: "To steal a book I have bought is theft; to steal a book I have made — what is that?" In referring to the effect of the absence of international copyright upon the country at large, he put the question, "Whether it be prudent in a nation to allow its literature, or a great part of its literature, to be made for it by another nation — in other words, to allow the shaping of its thought, and therefore of its character, to be done by that other"? But the deepest word of all was this: "I prefer that the argument should rest, not upon interest and expediency, but upon honesty and justice. No successful substitute for justice has ever been discovered — nothing with the lasting quality of justice."

These are golden words, the key-note of a great national reform; or, to take another figure, shafts of light heralding the dawn of a new era of justice, a new era in the literature of the English-speaking race.

OPEN LETTERS.

About Mr. Irving.

A GREAT deal of space has been devoted in THE CENTURY, early and late, to the discussion of Mr. Irving's characteristics as an actor and as a manager. I should like, however, to tell briefly what it is that I like about this extraordinarily individual actor. I delight in going to see Mr. Irving; I delight more and more in going. I discover, in fact, that I give myself up more and more completely to the enjoyment of what I do find in him,— after having ceased to look for what I did not find.

Although so much has been said about Mr. Irving's pictorial qualities, I do not think that his pictorial genius is even yet duly appreciated. It is true that at times he does appear to think too much of this side of the dramatic art. But even if the virtue be overdone, for how much pleasure and satisfaction must we thank the virtue! Now, I do not refer merely to the general setting of the stage, the costumes and grouping, his own costume and get-up — all generously done and with an exquisite pictorial sense; — I mean something more subtile, more rare, and to me more remarkable than these. Mr. Irving is always making a picture of his own person, of his own figure and face: he is always in the right relation to the picture, which includes the whole stage; and the picture that he himself makes, by himself, is almost always fine. I follow him about with my eyes, fearing to miss each new, effective design. If it were pigments alone that he used, one would say that Mr. Irving had a strong feeling for landscape and was at the same time one of the most admirable figure-painters of our day. He is a master of color and of intense, picturesque expression.

I like Mr. Irving's humor. I like it immensely. It fascinates, it genuinely amuses me. It is a very individual and grotesque sort of humor. I never saw anything like it before and never expect to again. The more Mr. Irving gives me of his humor, the better I am pleased. "Jingle" races on so merrily, with such

a quick and saucy wit, that it is all over in the crack of a whip. I like the humor of Mr. Irving's *Mephistopheles*. The conception of the part is open to criticism. That uncertain-stepping, much-illuminated harlequin-devil seldom really scares me; but I often greatly admire his picturesqueness and sometimes his unearthly dignity, as when he warns his creature Faust, "I am a spirit!"—the finest piece of acting in the play; and I am entertained by his impish, satanic waggishness. It is, moreover, the humor of Irving's *Louis XI.* that adds force and humanity to the part.

In fact, I would almost wish Mr. Irving to play only a certain sort of comedy, did I not remember with what expressiveness he can interpret, in his own peculiar way, ideas of tragic intensity. Salvini is my ideal of tragedy — of perfection in detail and of sublimity in feeling. Two actors more unlike than Salvini and Irving cannot be named. But along with my most ineffaceable tragic impressions are certain memories of Irving — in "The Bells," in "Hamlet." But, no; it was not Irving, it was *Shylock* himself that I saw one night in Venice,— hunted, foiled, perplexed, dismayed; his sinister face and form sublimed for the moment by the shadow of all the woe and wrong wrought upon that race, which, in the language of Emma Lazarus, has "served through history as the type of suffering."

I like, it seems, many things about Mr. Irving aside from his managerial rôle; but I like him because he has brought before English and American audiences the world-tragedy of "Faust." He has led, as no one else has led, the English-speaking people, "the masses," to the study of Goethe's immortal poem. He has, in his own way, put a version of this work effectively upon the stage. It is right that the version and the way should be gravely reviewed, and that exceptions should be taken to them; but the obligation to Mr. Irving for what he has actually accomplished in this play, and in his whole interesting career as actor and manager in the Old World and the New, must never be lost sight of. It is for the serious, intellectual aims and accomplishments of his career that I like Mr. Irving; and, let me add, I like him too for letting us in America see, and see again, so individual and delightful an actress as Miss Ellen Terry,— one who so gracefully complements the sterner and more graphic qualities of the leading English-speaking actor-manager of our time.

G.

Miss Terry as Gretchen.

FROM Mr. Irving's production of "Faust" I brought away the deepest impression of the art value of Miss Terry's impersonation of the heroine. By her emotional genius she seemed to heighten the spiritual significance of the play. In the scene where the jewels are found, her simplicity divested the gewgaw motive of worldly taint; and at the crowning point of the action, kneeling before the Mater Dolorosa, she reached a height of human despair and devotional fervor which for its rarity on the stage and its spiritual elevation might well be noted as the greatest achievement of this remarkable actress. Coming after such a supreme revelation of human feeling, the closing scene of madness and death has in some degree the elements of an anticlimax, while the tableau at the end relieves by enforcing the sentiment of forgiveness and rest.

B.

"Lynching."

IN an open letter on the above subject published in the November number of this magazine, the writer says:

> The number of reported murders in the United States in 1882 was 1266. There were only 93 persons executed and 118 lynched,— in all, 211. Consequently. . . 1055 criminals escaped.

Judge James A. Creighton of Springfield, Ill., objects to this statement on the ground that all degrees of homicide are here classed as murders, and that the writer has made no mention of the very large number of the 1055 criminals who have been sentenced to imprisonment for terms ranging from one to ninety-nine years, or for life, according to the degree of guilt.

He also objects to calling the 118 who were lynched "escaped criminals," saying that lynching is not resorted to by men who have lost patience because criminals have escaped punishment under the law, but by men excited by aggravated cases of crime not murder, in which the law would in all probability have taken its course.

Henry A. Davis of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, writes in relation to the same article as follows: "In no single State of the Union is a murderer punishable capitally unless the murder was willful, deliberate, and premeditated,— that is, unless the act was done with the fixed design and premeditated intent to take life, or was done in the attempt to commit some atrocious felony. So it will be seen that Dr. Deems's statistics, showing only the number of homicides, capital and otherwise, on the one hand, and the number of executions on the other hand, can have no value in showing what proportion of murderers were legally punished. A murder to be punishable capitally must not only be a willful, deliberate, and premeditated killing, but every element of such offense must be shown beyond a reasonable doubt."

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Beneath the Hood.

BENEATH the hood her eyes were bright,—
I shyly watched her where she stood,—
Her tresses looked like scraps of night
Beneath the hood.

Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,
Such lips — like flowers warm with light —
Would quickly melt the iciest mood.

I stole behind her — 't was n't right,—
I call it neither wise nor good,—
I put propriety to flight
Beneath the hood!

William H. Hayne.

Content vs. Discontent.

ONE, satisfied with what must be her lot,—
'T was not a corner lot,— serenely meant
Never to wander from her humble cot,
Made beautiful by wise and sweet content.

And one, dissatisfied with all he had,
Roved from his place into the world's mad whirl.
What did he find? Well, it was not so bad,—
The fellow found that cottage and that girl.

A. W. R.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

I HAVE heard of men who knew more than they could tell, but I never have met one. If a man has a genuine idea, he can make himself understood.

LITERATURE is the diet of the common mind, but genius feeds on the unwritten things.

YOU may travel a good ways on whisky, and travel fast while you are going, but you can't get back when you want to.

WHEN you have learned to listen, you have already acquired the rudiments of a good education.

FAITH won't enable a man to lift a ton all at once, but it will, ten pounds at a time.

GENIUS invents, talent applies.

I NEVER have seen an idea too big for a sentence, but I have read thousands of sentences too big for an idea.

VANITY and jealousy are the two weakest passions in the human heart, and, strange to tell, they are the most common.

A THOROUGHLY neat woman is a joy unspeakable, but does n't she make it busy for the dust and for the people in her neighborhood!

MY young disciple, don't hunt for new things, but study to improve upon the old ones; every flat stone, and most of the bowlders, have been turned over already by the novelty-hunters.

WE find plenty of people who don't average well; they know too much for one man, and not quite enough for two.

Uncle Esek.

Young Lochinvar.

(AN AFTER-STUDY.)

THEY were married and settled, and if they repented
By times, that wild ride when the horse carried double,
They never confessed it; Papa had relented,
Being old, and averse to a family trouble.
And "the poor craven bridegroom" kept wisely afar
From the home of Fair Ellen and Young Lochinvar.

But Fair Ellen was moody: she 'd answer him shortly,
In a way which perplexed him, and which, at the least,
He considered uncalled for; and, as he grew portly,
She sneered at his fancy for frolic and feast.
"Ye 're aften forgettin'," she 'd say, "that ye are
No longer a callant, my Lord Lochinvar."

Yet she always went with him to wake or to wedding,
Though he kindly excused her, or tried to, poor man!
For the watch that she kept, as the dance he was treading,
Made him feel that he somehow was under her ban.
And the maidens would whisper, "I 'd gladly go far
To escape from a dance wi' that puir Lochinvar!"

He was nearly worn out with her moods and her tenses;
So he collared his courage, and told her, one day,
He 'd enlist, if she did n't soon come to her senses,
And endeavor to fall in the front of the fray.
"I can stand this no longer; 't were better, by far,
You had minded your father," said poor Lochinvar.

"If you 'd only just tell me what 's fashin' you, Ellen,"
He mournfully added, "and no be so blate,
Though what I 've put up wi' surpasses all tellin',
It may be that yet we could set it all straight;
And if we cannot, then I 'm aff to the war;
'T would be peace, just by contrast," said poor Lochinvar.

"Then tell you I will!" cried Fair Ellen. "I 've borne it
As lang as I can, and a great deal too lang!
As for jealousy, it 's a low thing, and I scorn it —
But some impudent scribbler 's put into a sang
That you said 'there were maidens more lovely by far'
Who would gladly have wed you, my Lord Lochinvar!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

An Example of the Superlative.

J. R. P. writes from Frankfort of a hand-bill he saw not long ago on the walls of a house in Breathell County in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. He sends it as a good example apropos of Emerson's remarks on the weakness of the superlative.

"FUN! FUN!
CARRY THE NEWS TO MARY!
WE ARE COMING.

"Happy Bill Buckles and the great original Australian troupe will give one of the Grandest Entertainments that has ever been Witnessed on this Continent at South Fork of Quicksand Creek.

"Happy Bill is the only French violin player in the world, the violin being one of the Grandest Musical instruments that has ever been on Exhibition in North America or any other Country. Happy Bill is the Gentleman who invented this superb instrument, which was made exclusively for him to please the public," etc., etc.

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To prevent the public being deceived by the many glues flooding the market, some with high-sounding names, others imitating our advertisements, trade-marks and name as near as they dare, we have commenced putting the autograph below on all the Genuine LePage's Glues.

Sample by mail 20 cents (stamps). Mention this Journal.

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VICTOR Self Acting Shade Roller.

"Ye puts an a heap av shtyle, Mrs. McGinnis, wid yer injy rubber windy Curtains."

"Sure an' its not an injy rubber curtain, at all, at all, but I have wan av them VICTOR SELF ACTING fixtures, an' ye would be showin' great respect for yer own windys if ye had the same."

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Contains the NEWEST AND MOST VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS known in the history of Spring Shade Rollers,

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814 & 816 Broadway, New-York.

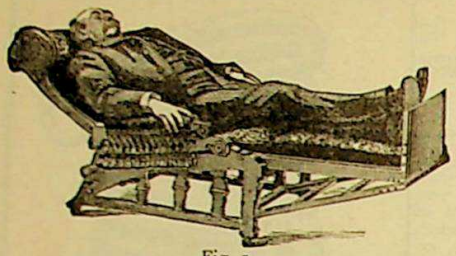

Fig. 1.

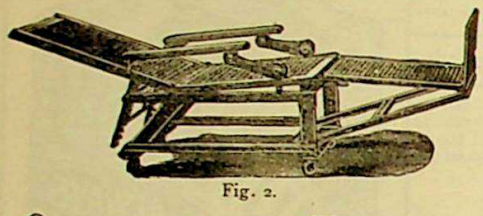

Fig. 2.

These cuts are inserted merely to give you an idea, and to attract your attention. It takes a catalogue of 100 pages to illustrate and describe in detail, variety, and price what they represent.

Our great specialty is to supply everything that an Invalid needs; but a stock so large and varied as ours necessarily runs into comforts and luxuries that well folks want. Space for description is too limited here for anything more than a brief reference to the accompanying cuts, each of which represents a full variety of its respective class. Our Catalogue tells the whole story. WE SEND IT FREE. You run no risk in ordering goods from us. We are widely known. Everything Guaranteed. Money refunded, with cost of delivery, for anything claimed not equal to representation.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 1.—***Sargent's "Monarch" Reclining Chair.*** It embraces every essential to make it perfect as an ordinary upright easy chair, or a reclining chair. It is adjustable to every position that either necessity or comfort requires, one of which is shown in Fig. 1, another in Fig. 11. We believe it to be the best in the world of its class, in every respect. Prices range, according to upholstery, from $80 to $125.

Fig. 2.—***Sargent's Regent Reclining Chair,*** is a modification of the ***Monarch,*** varying somewhat in construction, but having practically its principal features. It is plain in design but equal in respect to quality and finish, and is withal a splendid chair for a moderate price. We make it both caned—to be used with or without cushions—and upholstered with springs and hair. Price, caned, $25; with loose cushions, $10 to $40 extra, according to quality. Price, upholstered, $35 to $60.

Figs. 3, 4, and 5 are representative cuts of our ***Rolling Chairs,*** of which we have all grades, sizes, and prices, from $16 up.

Fig. 6.—***Sargent's Solid Comfort Back Rest and Folding Bed Tray.*** These are, indeed, of inestimable value in the sick-room. Prices, *Back Rests*, No. 1, plain, $4; No. 2, with arms, $5; No. 3, with head rests, $5; No. 4, with both arms and head rests, $6. *Trays*, No. 1, 15x25 inches, $3; No. 2, 17x28 inches, $4—in black-walnut or ash. Mahogany, $1 extra.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 7.—***Earth Closets.*** Made under the Moule patents, which are unquestionably the best. Price, $35.

Fig. 8.—***Sargent's Sanitary Commode.*** The only Commodes made which are absolutely odorless. We make all kinds as well. Prices, $5 to $25.

Fig. 9.—***The "Utility" Adjustable Folding Table.*** Adjustable in height to suit any person or purpose. It is the only original "Utility" Table. Price, $6 up.

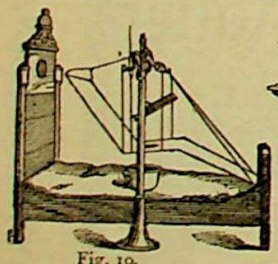

Fig. 10.

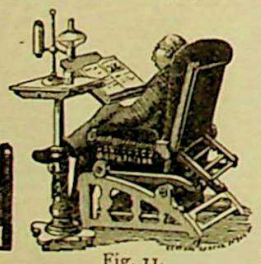

Fig. 11.

Fig. 10.—***Goodwin's Invalid Manipulator.*** An attachment to any bed for the purpose of raising the whole body, or the back, or feet, or turning an invalid. It has afforded relief to many sufferers. Price, $50; with mattress, $58.

Fig. 11.—***Sargent's Table Universelle.*** A marvel of utility and beauty for the library or sick-room.

Fig. 12.—***Sargent's Carrying Chairs.*** The occupant can be comfortably carried up and down stairs. Prices, $10 to $25.

Fig. 13.—***Sargent's Invalid's and Fracture Bed.*** Pronounced by the medical profession to be the most complete of anything ever invented for the purpose. Price, $125.

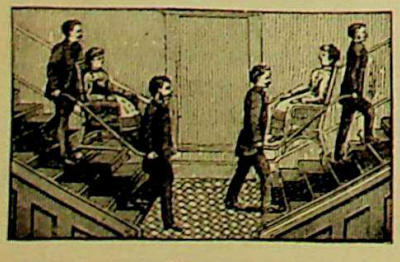

Fig. 12.

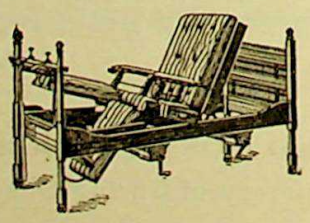

Fig. 13.

In addition to the above, we have Crutches, Physicians' Operating Chairs and Lounges, Exercising Chairs, Rubber Goods, Library Supplies, etc. Special appliances made to order. Correspondence invited. Send for our Catalogue. Address

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Occupant can lie down or sit erect in it.

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EXCLUSIVELY.—ALL Styles and Sizes for use of
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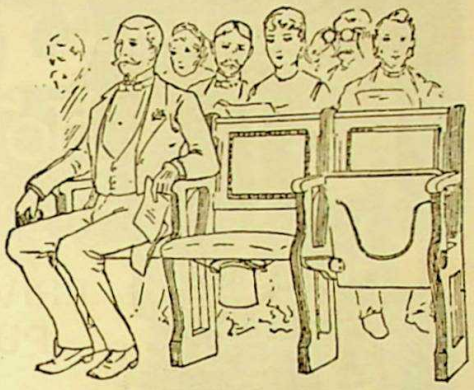

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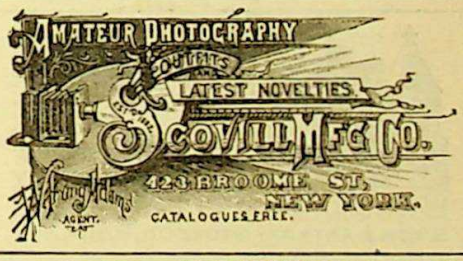

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AS EASTER Sunday falls on the first day of April, we would call the attention of those who intend placing memorials or gifts on that day to the necessity of giving ample time for the designing and careful execution of the work. We shall be pleased to forward any information in regard to such commissions. Send for catalogue of each department.

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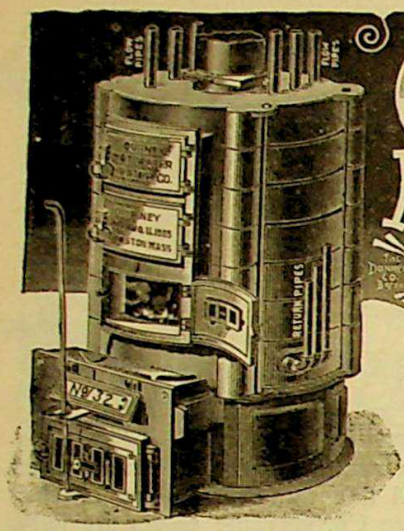

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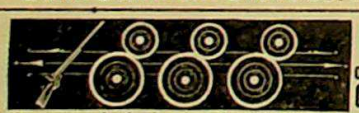

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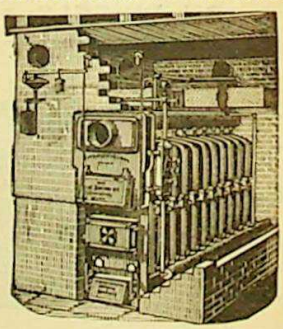

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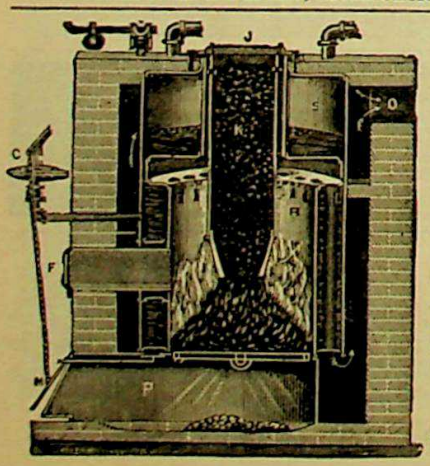

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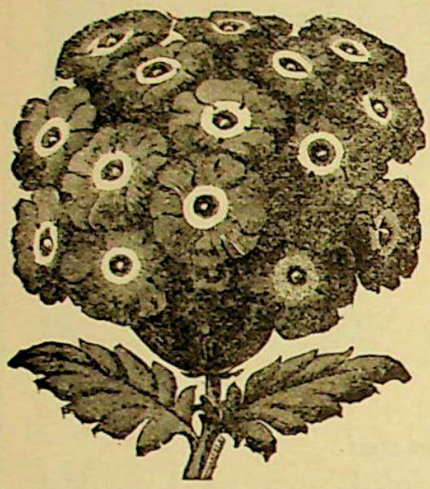

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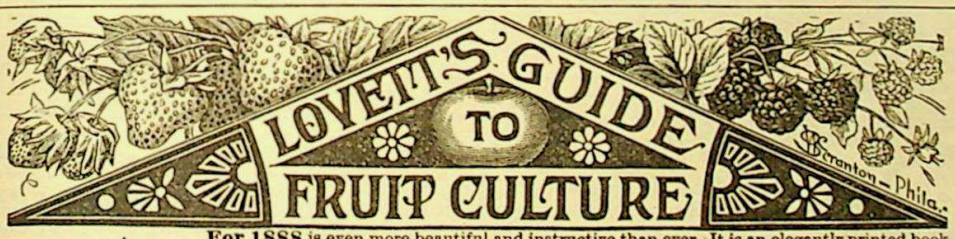

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JUBILEE EDITION.

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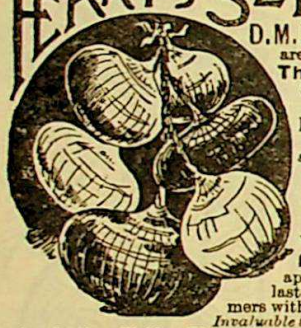

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ALL VARIETIES, SIZES AND PRICES
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20 Years Established. *Over 60 Large Greenhouses.*
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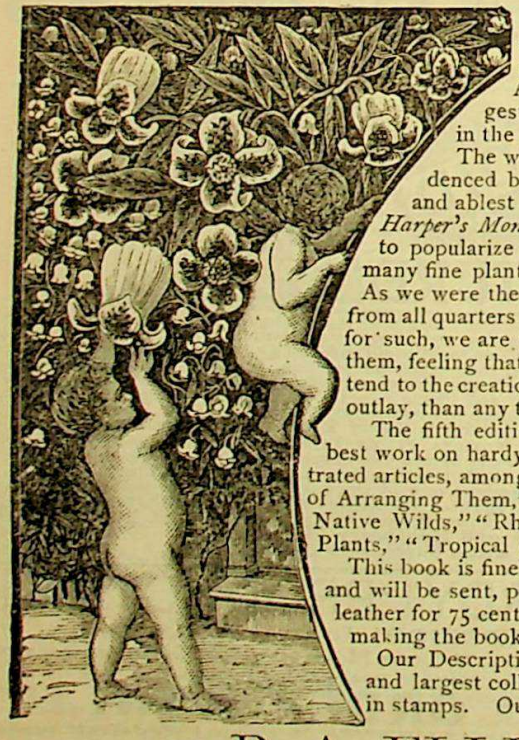


In presenting to our growing company of patrons this, the fifth edition of our book, our dominant feeling is one of extreme pleasure at the generous welcome given our preceding efforts. And we offer this edition in the belief and hope that it may suggest ideas that may be of use, and that may be practically carried out in the making of gardens that must be a source of delight.

The wide-spread desire for better and more artistic gardening is evidenced by the articles recently published on the subject by the foremost and ablest Magazines. An excellent article on "Old Garden Plants," in *Harper's Monthly* for December, 1887, encourages us greatly in our efforts to popularize the Hardy Flowers so loved by our ancestors, together with many fine plants of more recent introduction.

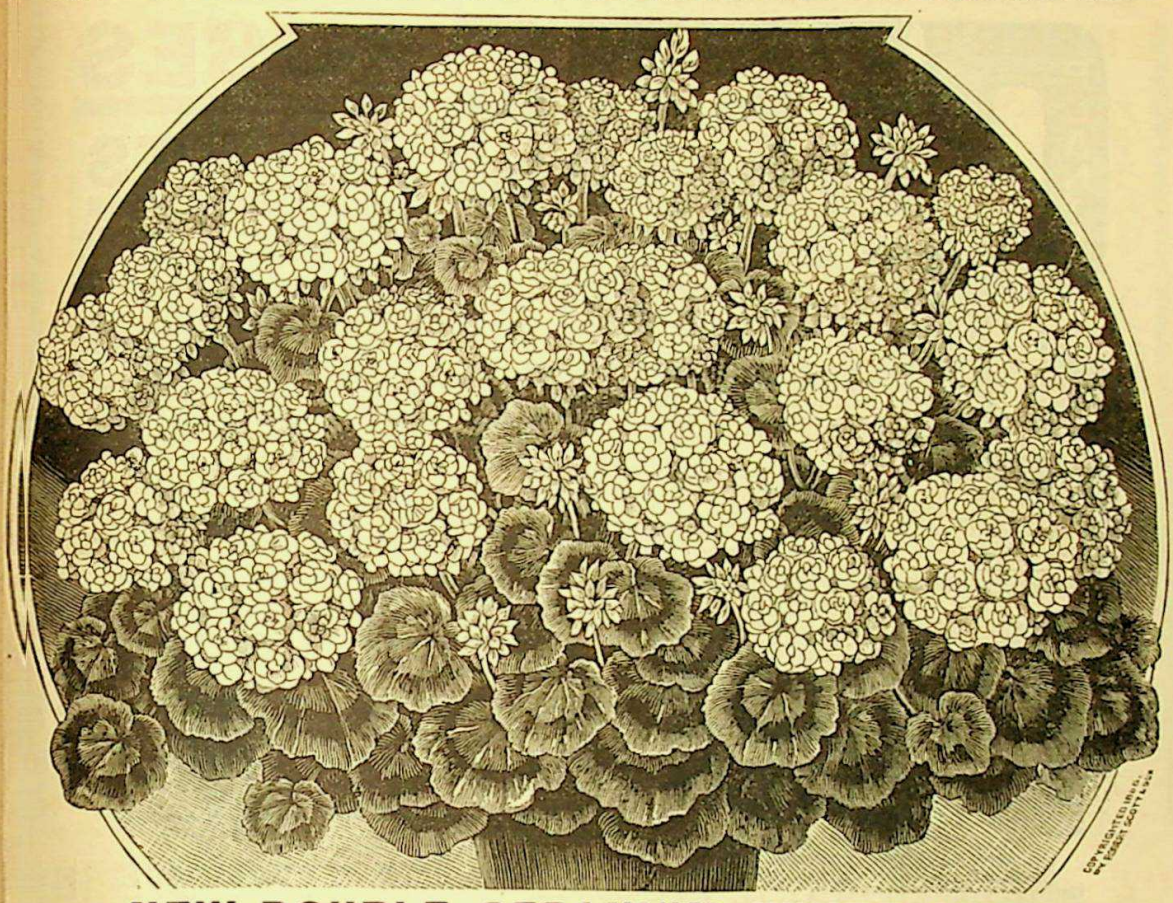
As we were the first in this country to gather a fine collection of Hardy Plants from all quarters of the earth, and to offer them when there was but small demand for such, we are pleased indeed that so much attention is now being given to them, feeling that our efforts in behalf of the almost *forgotten hardy plants* will tend to the creation of gardens more permanent and beautiful, and at much smaller outlay, than any that can be made with tender plants.

The fifth edition of our book will be ready in January. It is the largest and best work on hardy plants published in this country, and contains many finely illustrated articles, among which are "A Talk about Roses," "Hardy Plants and Modes of Arranging Them," "The Making of the Hardy Border," "Some Beauties in their Native Wilds," "Rhododendrons, Kalmias and Hardy Azaleas," "Hardy Aquatic Plants," "Tropical Garden Effects with Hardy Plants," etc., etc.

This book is finely printed on the best of paper, is of real merit and rare beauty, and will be sent, post-paid, bound in durable flexible covers, for 50 cents; or in leather for 75 cents, but the price paid will be allowed on the first order for plants, making the book really free to our customers.

Our Descriptive Catalogue, containing a complete descriptive list of the best and largest collection of Hardy Plants in America, sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps. Our list of valuable low-priced plants sent free upon application.

B. A. ELLIOTT CO. Pittsburgh, Pa.



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In the White Swan we have the finest double White Geranium ever introduced; it is suitable for bedding, and *flowers as profusely* as the best single varieties. It is of dwarf, compact growth, with handsome, banded foliage. The perfect double flowers are unsurpassed; they are borne in large trusses, and are *spotless, snowy white*, retaining their pure whiteness even in the heat of summer. Unlike most illustrations of highly lauded novelties, the above engraving does not exaggerate the profuse flowering character of a well-grown plant—*104 trusses and buds having been counted by us upon a single exhibition plant*, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition in England. On our grounds the plants of this variety were one mass of buds and bloom. THE WHITE SWAN is sure to astonish and delight all who grow it, and having many thousands of strong, healthy plants, we offer at the following **Low Prices**,—25 cents each, 5 for $1.00, 12 for $2.00, or 25 for $4.00, neatly boxed, and sent by mail, post-paid; 50 for $6.00, or 100 for $12.00, by express, at expense of purchaser.

SCOTT'S SUPERB NOVELTY COLLECTION FOR 1888.

$1.00 *The greatest special offer of the season*, includes one good, strong plant each of the grand new **Rose, Princess Beatrice**, color distinct from all other roses *(see colored plate in our Catalogue)*; **New Rose, The Meteor**, intense, dark, rich, velvety crimson (these two roses cannot be bought elsewhere for less than one dollar); **New Double Geranium, White Swan**, the finest double white Geranium ever introduced; **New Carnation, E. G. Hill**, the *finest scarlet* Carnation, of very large size and perfect form; **New Fuchsia, Perle Von Brunn**, a beautiful novelty, flowers as large as *Storm King*, but *pure, snowy white* in color, while the plant is erect and pyramidal. ☞ One good strong plant each of the **Five Novelties** named above, **ALSO**, one packet each of **Five Novelties in Flower Seeds**, including the new *Giant-flowered Verbena, New Giant Mammoth Zinnia, New Crown Prince Pansy, Diamond Asters* and *Superb New Varieties of Sweet Peas*—in all, **worth over $2.50** at our moderate catalogue prices—will be **mailed, post-paid**, neatly boxed, for **One Dollar.** ☞ Do not fail to order this collection. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the liberality of this offer, and will refund price paid, if not perfectly satisfied. ☞ We have grown many thousands of these **finest novelties in plants**, so as to make this a **most popular collection** for the purpose of advertising our Plants and Seeds.

THE MOON FLOWER GRATIS! To every one who sends **One Dollar** (cash or stamps) for **Scott's Superb Novelty Collection for 1888**, and mentions THE CENTURY, we will **give free**, one good strong plant of the famous **Moon Flower**, so widely advertised. *We have grown thirty thousand Moon Flowers to give away!*

☞ **We are determined** to introduce **Scott's Roses** and other **Plants** and **Seeds** to thousands of new customers this year. To attain this object, we offer the above **grand collection** at **less than half its real value**, at retail prices. While this is **OUR GREAT COMBINATION OFFER**, yet in our **New Catalogue for 1888** we make **other special offers** in New and Standard **Roses, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Gladioli, Flower Seeds**, etc.;—offers and collections that will delight and astonish all purchasers.

We grow the **choicest specialties** so extensively that we are able to sell them below the usual wholesale prices. Do not fail to carefully examine every page of our new Catalogue.

SCOTT'S BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS Catalogue of for **1888**, with elegant illustrations and a lovely **Colored Plate** of **Three beautiful New Roses**, will be sent **FREE**, to any address, on request. We grow and sell FLOWERS ONLY. **39 YEARS'** experience enables us to select *the Best Varieties*, and our unsurpassed facilities to produce the **Finest Plants and SEEDS** *at the Lowest Prices.* Write immediately for our Catalogue.

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Feb. '88.

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Rarest New. *Choicest Old.*

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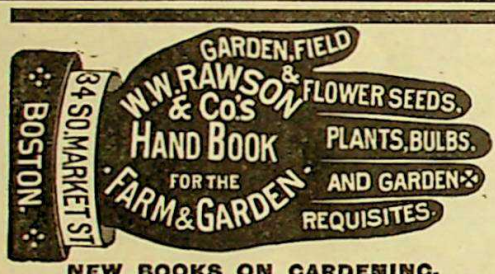

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CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS

FOR **25c.** in Postage Stamps or money, we will send by mail one packet each of the following **rare** and **valuable** seeds: ASTERS, Dwarf French Bouquet, mixed. BALSAMS, Perfection, fine double. DIANTHUS, Double Diadem Pinks, all varieties. **GIANT GERMAN PANSIES.** PETUNIA, large flowering. PHLOX DRUMMONDII, grandiflora, very rare. VERBENA, all fine shades. NEW ZEBRA ZINNIA, bright colors. **A Splendid Everlasting Flower.** The beautiful **MOON FLOWER**, the most elegant climber. BARBADOES DE JOQ (Cape Gooseberry), excellent for pies: fruits first year from seed. **11 Packets, 25c.; 5 collections for $1.00,** with directions for culture. **Our beautiful 96-page Catalogue accompanies each order.** Address **SAMUEL WILSON,** Mechanicsville, Bucks Co. Pa.

Gladioli, Dahlias, Irises, Lilies, Begonias, etc., etc.

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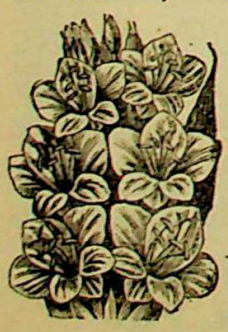

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Please order early as all orders are filled on the extensive farms of

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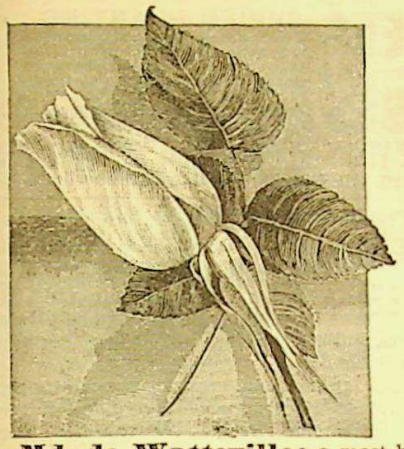
ROSES, CARNATIONS, CYCLAMEN PERSICUM, FUCHSIAS.

Illustrated catalogue free to all applicants. J. TER KUILE, 31 Broadway, N. Y. City.



13 EVER-BLOOMING ROSES For Only $1.25.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER.—In order to induce thousands of new customers to give my plants a trial (knowing that they then become regular customers), I make the following very liberal offer for 1888. This list of Roses embraces many of the gems in my large collection, and at the usual retail prices would cost you $2.50, but I will send the entire collection to any address, prepaid by mail, for only $1.25. Or for $2.50 I will send, prepaid, the same collection from extra-large plants.

Catherine Mermet; one of the finest Roses grown; delicate shade and beautiful.—**Cornelia Cook;** the buds are of the clearest snow-white; magnificent.—**Charles Rovoli;** a lovely shade of brilliant carmine, changing to silver rose.—**Duchess of Edenburg;** velvety crimson, and very beautiful.—**Etoile de Lyon;** one of the finest yellow Roses grown; each bud is a gem.—**Louis Richard;** coppery Rose and very double.—**Marie Duchere;** salmon Rose, highly perfumed.—**Madame Welche;** apricot yellow, shaded with dark orange red; very fine.—**Md. Joseph Schwartz;** white, exquisitely flushed with pink, deliciously fragrant.—**Md. de Watteville;** a most beautiful new Rose, white, beautifully edged with carmine.—**Papa Gontier;** a magnificent red Tea Rose, shaded yellow.—**Souv. de Rambeaux;** rich, rosy cream, with yellow shadings; very fine.—**The Bride;** delicate creamy white, and of exquisite form.

All the above are strong, vigorous Plants, suitable for immediate flowering. Each labeled. From this collection you can have a bouquet of rose-buds almost every day throughout the summer. For $1.25 I will send the "Diamond" (in ordering, simply say "Diamond") Collection of Roses to any address, or six complete collections, ordered at one time, for $6.25. And in addition I will add a copy, **gratis,** of the "HOME FLORIST" (see below). Get up a club for five of these collections, and have one for yourself without cost.

For $1.00 I will send free, by mail, 15 splendid Monthly Roses, or 14 Carnations, all different, or 15 Chrysanthemums, or 14 Single Geraniums, or 14 Double Geraniums, or 14 Fuchsias, or 7 Single and 7 Double Geraniums, or 7 Roses and 7 Heliotropes, or 7 Carnations and 7 Hibiscus, or 7 Tuberose and 7 Gladiolus.

THE HOME FLORIST—For amateurs, treats **clearly** on managing Roses, Fuchsias, Callas, Heliotropes, Ivies, Violets, and **200** other plants, including Annuals, etc., in the Garden, Window, and Conservatory. How to propagate from Cuttings, Seed, etc. Flowers in Winter. Work for each week, etc. Practical, Vigorous, Original, Elegant, Illustrated, Complete. Editors, Authors, and Florists commend it. About **300** pages, cloth, $1.25.

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Address CHARLES A. REESER, Innisfallen Greenhouse, Springfield, Ohio.

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Offer—all free, by mail,

110 magnificent **BEGONIAS** for **$1.00. White, Pink, Scarlet** and **Crimson** flowered, with ornamental foliage, nicely variegated.

88 beautiful **Rex Begonias** for **$1.00.**

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112 Geraniums, Continental novelties, for **$3.00,** all different.

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112 Hibiscus (Rose of Sharon), including the white **Denisonii,** for **$1.00.**

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GENUINE MOON VINES, 20 cents each, **6** for **$1.00.**

114 Magnificent Ever-blooming Roses for **$1.00.**

228 Tea, Bourbon, China and **Polyantha Roses** for **$2.00.**

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See our Catalogue for descriptions of all the above, or any plant you may wish to grow. **CLIMBING PLANTS** a specialty.

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BEGONIA REX.

SEEDS. { Asters, Balsams, Candytuft, Hollyhock, Marigold, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Pansy, Petunia, Phlox, Stocks, Zinnia, etc. Cucumber, Corn, Celery, Cabbage, Lettuce, Melon, Tomato, Onion, etc.

PLANTS FREE BY MAIL. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, full of cultural notes and useful information, **FREE** on application.

HILL & CO. Richmond, Indiana.

LEADING in its artistic illustrations is the paper, *Old Garden Flowers*, in "Harper's Magazine" of December, and it is worthy of note that it is always the garden of hardy flowers, and never the one of "bedding plants," that furnishes subjects for the artist's pencil. Hardy plants have all artistic advantages and all practical ones as well. Their first cost being their only cost, and their greatly increasing in size and beauty year after year, makes an investment in them yield an annual dividend of loveliness not to be computed in any ordinary way.

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Hardy Plant Specialist,
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12 Papers in all, each containing mixed varieties of the sort named Verbena, Pansy, Aster, Phlox, Candytuft, Balsam, Petunia, Alyssum, Morning Glory, Mignonette, Pinks, Chrysanthemum. Send 2-cent stamp for illustrated Catalogue. Address **SPRINGFIELD SEED CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.**

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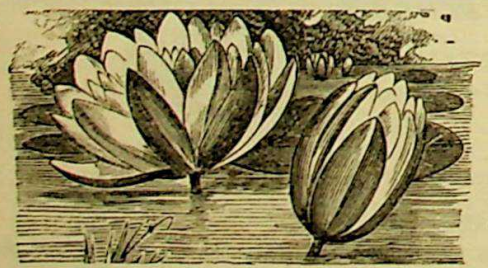
Red, White, Blue,



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The Largest and Choicest Collection in the Country. The **Sacred Lotus** of India and China is hardy in the United States; price, $2.50 to $4.00 each. **Grand New Japanese Nelumbiums,** rose-colored, $2.00 to $3.00 each; white, with red stripes, $4.00; pure white, $5.00. **THE TRUE CAPE COD PINK WATER LILY,** $3.50 each, two for $6.00. Aquatics for fish-ponds. Catalogue free to those mentioning THE CENTURY.

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Fruit & Ornamental.
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SPRING PLANTING. We offer the largest and most complete general stock in the U. S., besides many **Novelties.** Catalogues sent to all regular customers, **free.** To others: No. 1, Fruits, 10c.; No. 2, Ornamental Trees, etc., illustrated, 15c.; No. 3, Strawberries; No. 4, Wholesale; No. 5, Roses. **Free.**

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MOON-FLOWER FREE.

All Garden Supplies

Are listed in my new Descriptive Catalogue for 1888, including **Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Implements, etc.,** together with a **Complete Guide** for the amateur cultivator, with a practical calendar for the operations of each month, and instructions for the successful care and culture of Plants, Bulbs and Seeds. It contains **more information** than any other catalogue published, and will be sent to all on receipt of 20 cents in stamps, for which will be forwarded **free** with the Catalogue one plant of **Ipomæa Grandiflora,** the **New Large-Flowering Improved Moon-Flower.** Address

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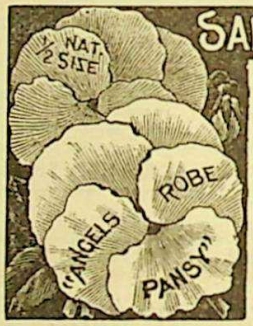

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LEAD the World in exquisite colorings and giant blossoms. **Lady of White House**—contains over 50 glorious sorts, package, 25c. **Salzer's Superb**—contains over 100 Great Giant sorts, package, 50c.; 3 for $1.00. **Angel's Robe**—new, pure white, grand novelty, 15c.; 3 for 25c. 26 packages Earliest Vegetables, postpaid, $1.00. Remit for any of above and receive free finest catalogue ever published.

JOHN A. SALZER,
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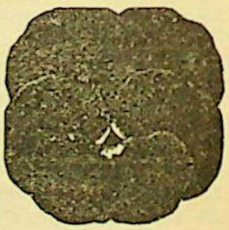
If you have not yet tried my seeds, send three letter stamps for my New Seed Catalogue, *before March 1st*, and I will send you *two sample packets free*, including my improved Prize Sweet-williams, 50 varieties mixed (*awarded 1st Prize by Mass. Horticultural Society*).

L. W. GOODELL, Seed Grower, Dwight, Mass.

FAUST, OR KING OF THE BLACK PANSIES.



This magnificent Pansy is coal-black, with exception of small yellow eye. These flowers are immensely large, of a rich glossy, velvety appearance. Plants very bushy and compact, flower abundantly. A bed of these superb Pansies is a beautiful sight. A delightful novelty. Beautiful illustrated packets with culture directions, 15c.; two for 25c. Illustrated catalogue free. **I. V. FAUST, Seed Stores, 64 and 66 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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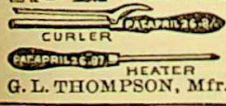

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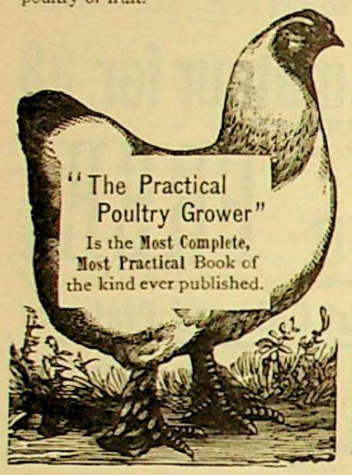

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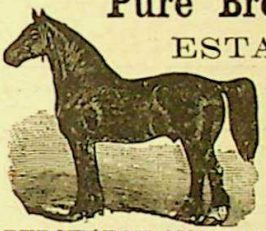

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Is so sweet, flowery, delicate, yet lasting, that it never tires or wearies the senses,—as do many of the heavy, rank odors,—but is always grateful and refreshing. These qualities have won for it not only the praise and indorsement of

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SAYS: "IT'S CHARMING."

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IMPERIAL HAIR REGENERATOR

Instantly restores Gray Hair, Bleached Hair, or Gray Beards to natural color; leaves it clean, soft and glossy and no one can detect it. Acts gradually, but surely, and lasting; dissolves dandruff, cures all humors, prevents hair from falling, and will not fail to restore gray hair to its original color. Contains no sugar of lead, nitrate of silver, or anything injurious to the hair or health. Will not stain the skin, nor rub off on linen. Is not affected by bathing, perspiration, or sea water. Will not interfere with curling fluids. Is not sticky or greasy, but a clear, transparent liquid, and in every way the most desirable preparation for the hair ever offered to the public. Does not color the skin, but only the hair. Is not a dye, but restores the natural color by feeding the roots of the hair with the material nature uses to produce color. Is the only preparation that will restore gray hair to its natural color. Is the only preparation that will restore gray hair to its natural color. Is the only preparation that will restore gray hair to its natural color.

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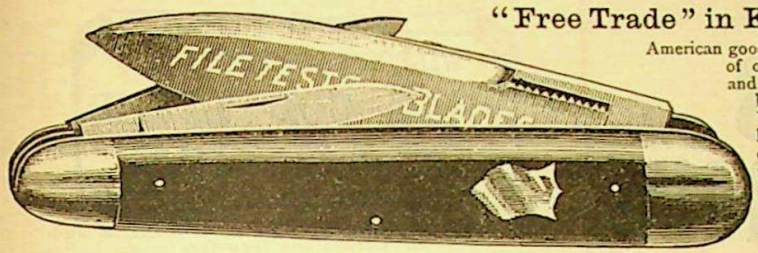

American goods sell by quality, not cheapness. Here is one of our own brand; you can swear by the quality and finish. It is compact, strong, keen. No. 54, black handle, three blades, $1.00; 3 for $2.50. With ivory handle, $1.25; 3 for $3.00. A knife like this with a pair of scissors in it would be a comfort—wouldn't it? We have it. Price $1.75, and we guarantee it the equal of any $3.00 English knife that you ever saw. If you want a heavier knife than this, see the November CENTURY, and you will be suited; or, better still, send for our list, and see all our patterns.

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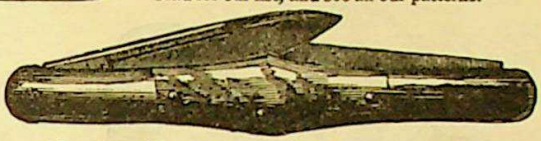

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ACTUALLY CLEANS BETWEEN THE TEETH & HENCE IS A REAL PROPHYLACTIC @ CIRCULARS ON APPLICATION @ KEPT BY ALL DEALERS
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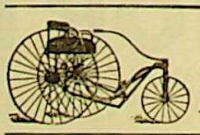

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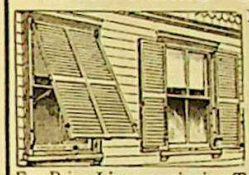

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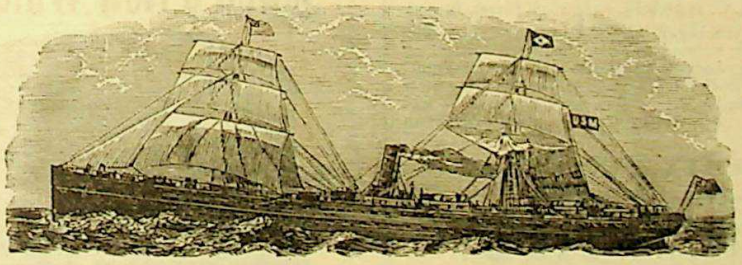

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☞ These Steamers are built of Iron, in water-tight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having Bath-room, Smoking-room, Drawing-room, Piano, and Library; also experienced Surgeon, Stewardess, and Caterer on each Steamer.

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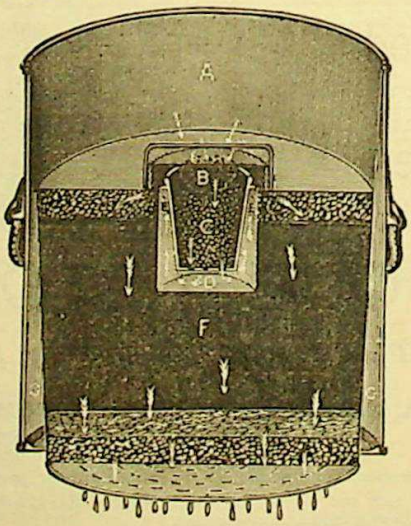

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THESE THREADS ARE IN CONSTANT USE IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT IN THE VARIOUS SCHOOLS OF ART NEEDLE-WORK, AND BY HIGH-CLASS EMBROIDERERS OF ALL VARIETIES OF WORK.

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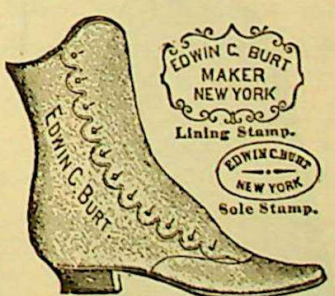

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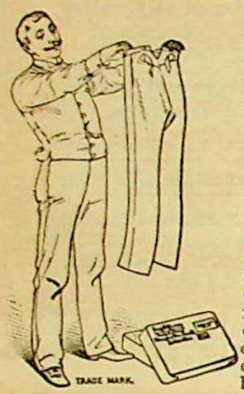

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Ask your retailer for the

JAMES MEANS $4 Shoe

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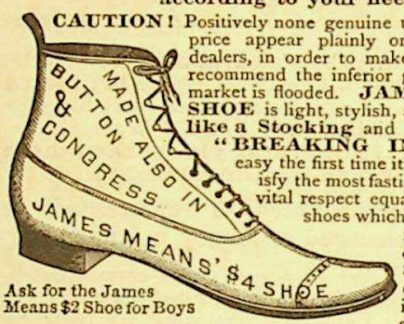
JAMES MEANS $3 Shoe,

according to your needs.



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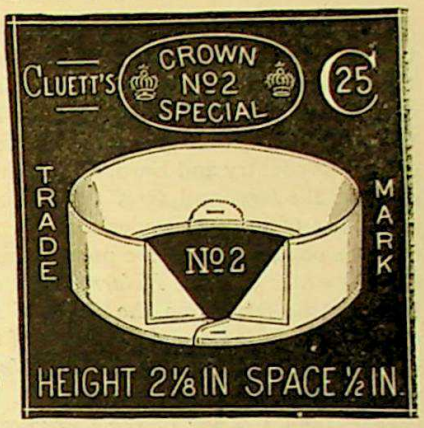

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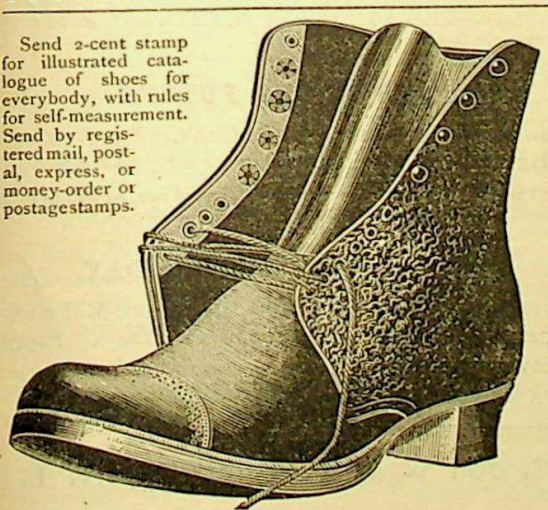

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THE FIRST VOLUME of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" was recently completed by the issue of the eighth part. The work is published in parts (of which there are to be thirty-two, making four large, handsome volumes—Volume I. has 750 pages), and it is sold exclusively by subscription. The publishers are glad to send the illustrated circular describing the plan of the book, with a list of most of the contributors and artists, to any person interested. A postal card written to The Century Co., New-York, will bring it. Agents desiring territory should apply to the same address.

* * *

THE MANCHESTER (England) *Examiner* calls "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," by Frank R. Stockton, "that greatest of recent imaginative humorous triumphs." The Century Co. issue this in attractive paper covers at 50 cents (cloth, $1.00), and "The Dusantes," completed in the present number of THE CENTURY, will be brought out before March 1st, in a companion volume, at the same price.

* * *

OF THE Rev. Dr. Chas. S. Robinson's "The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus," five editions have been issued, and the English publisher has taken a thousand copies. It costs 50 cents in paper, $1.00 in cloth.

* * *

THE NEW edition of *Laudes Domini*, the Rev. Dr. Robinson's latest hymn and tune book, is now ready, printed from new plates. An abridged edition of the same work for chapels and smaller churches is in press. The Century Co. issues a number of books of this character,—for the Sunday-school as well as the church.

* * *

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by cable that the Russian press censors would not permit Mr. George Kennan's articles in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE to enter the country need surprise no one. The Russian press censor always errs on the safe side, and even shuts out advertisements which he has not quite the intelligence to comprehend. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he excludes articles which are attracting attention wherever the English language is spoken. Mr. Kennan's exposure of the methods of the Russian Government in dealing with political prisoners is of great value, because he writes so dispassionately and with an evident determination to risk nothing by overstatement. His statements are based upon careful personal observation, and are, wherever it is possible, fortified by official proofs.—*N. Y. Tribune, Jan. 1, 1888.*

* * *

THERE will be one more paper by Mr. Kennan on the situation in Russia before the series proper, describing "Siberia and the Exile System," begins. This last prefatory paper will appear in the March CENTURY, and in April the story of Mr. Kennan's interesting journey will commence. As announced, the series will be very fully illustrated.

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"PARISH PROBLEMS" is the title of a work, edited by Washington Gladden and published by subscription by The Century Co., which is calculated to help pastors and people everywhere. It consists of articles written especially for this book by prominent ministers and others, discussing every problem which is liable to come up for settlement in a parish, from the ventilation of the church building to the best means of dismissing a minister. Agents are wanted in every church.

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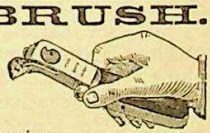

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